

SELECT
MISCELLANIES.
VOL. IV.



Division

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Section

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Mr S Wood



SELECT
MISCELLANIES,

CHIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE
HISTORY, CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES, AND SUFFERINGS,
OF THE
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS;

WITH ACCORDANT SENTIMENTS OF EMINENT AND PIOUS INDIVIDUALS OF
OTHER DENOMINATIONS, INCLUDING MANY REMARKABLE INCIDENTS,
AND A VARIETY OF INFORMATION PARTICULARLY
INTERESTING TO FRIENDS.

✓
BY WILSON ARMISTEAD.

‘Hold fast the profession of your faith without
wavering.’—Heb. x. 23.

VOL. IV.

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SELECT MISCELLANIES.

RICHES IN POVERTY AND POVERTY IN RICHES.

THERE are those who are rich in their poverty, because they are content, and generously use what they have. There are others who, in the midst of their riches, are really poor, from their insatiable covetousness of profusion.

THE CRUEL MAGISTRATE AWAKENED.

SIR JOHN KEITH, who was very violent against Friends, having, in the year 1667, brought away, under a guard, several of this people from Inverury, where they had been previously imprisoned; the magistrates of Aberdeen, to whom they were delivered, after keeping them in confinement some time, caused them to be conducted through the streets, with great contempt and reproach, to the Bow-bridge, where a guard was provided to conduct them southward to Edinburgh, from shire to shire, as the worst of malefactors. When they had proceeded a little way out of the town, one of the prisoners, William Gellie, a man of very weakly and infirm habit, sat

down, and the rest of the Friends followed his example, refusing to go further unless horses were provided. At this, one of the magistrates who attended in order to see them sent out, was much enraged, commanding William Gellie to rise and go forward on foot, and because of his refusal he struck him piteously. Friends, however, continued to sit still, upon which the magistrate, with all his train, not being able to prevail in their purpose, returned to Aberdeen, and the Friends to their respective dwelling-places. But the first object that presented itself to this persecutor, on reaching his own house, was his son, who had by a fall broken his arm, and at the very same time that the father had been using his arm to strike the harmless servant of the Lord; which circumstance, thus coinciding, so awakened the conscience of this person, that he said, and afterward told it to some Friends, *he should never strike a Quaker again.*

PERSECUTION UNDER PRETENCE OF SABBATH BREAKING.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, 1658.—Many Friends going to religious meetings a few miles distant from their own dwellings, were taken up by officers, *under pretence of breaking the Sabbath*, had their horses impounded, and sometimes detained for a penalty of ten shillings, for travelling on that day; and at other times themselves—for refus-

ing to pay the penalty—were set in the stocks.
—(BESSE, vol. i. p. 75.)

TRIALS OF LIFE.

‘THOUGH griefs unnumbered throng thee around,
Still in thy God confide;
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the headlong tide.’

Trials are part of the inheritance of man—the unfailing lot of mortals. That man hath not lived, who never mourned. Yet life has its blessings and pleasures; but it cannot be denied that it has its trials and afflictions; trials numerous and unexpected. Youth is naturally sanguine in expectation of future good; but how seldom are all his expectations and ardent wishes fully realized. Disappointments follow in our footsteps from youth to age.

Disappointments, when frequent and grievous, become trials. Trials become light or burthensome by so much as we are prepared to sustain them. They either elevate the mind and raise the thoughts to God, or deject the mind and lead away the heart from the proper source of blessedness and comfort. Trials all, more or less, must expect to meet in their journey through life. But there is a sweet alleviation to the sorest trials that can beset our pathway. It is found in religion. This will afford a balm for every wound, a cordial for every fear, an alleviation for every pang, a comfort for every sorrow.

Virtue is the safeguard of youth—the rejoic-

ing of manhood, and it will be the stay and solace of old age. It will greatly lighten the burden of life, cheer amid its difficulties, comfort in trial, and will bear at last its possessor to the mansions of ineffable bliss and joy. 'Then

'Let faith suppress its rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude ;
Thy Maker's will has placed thee here,
A Maker wise and good !
He, to thy every trial, knows
Its just restraint to give ;
Attentive to behold thy woes,
And faithful to relieve.'

TESTIMONY RESPECTING GEORGE FOX.

THE following testimony respecting George Fox, from a memoir of Mary Tatham, a pious character amongst the Wesleyan Methodists, is an extract from one of her letters, dated November 19, 1815—

'I have been looking over the life of George Fox, the original founder of Quakerism. Were the Quakers influenced by the same spirit now, which actuated that extraordinary man, they would not only be a living people, but they would carry the world before them. That good man was undoubtedly raised up of God to provoke the churches to jealousy, and to rouse them from that spirit of slumber, indifference, and barbarism, into which some of them had fallen ; particularly he was sent to the Established church, and was, indeed, a *sign* unto them.'

THE BREAKING FORTH OF THE TRUTH.

THE times from which our Society dates its origin were of a very peculiar cast. The apostacy from the purity and simplicity of Christianity, which had discovered itself even in the days of the apostles,* which continued to advance until the whole Christian world was enveloped in the mists of ignorance, superstition, and error, had been long upon the decline. Rays of light, from the great author and source of light, had never entirely ceased to penetrate the gloom, and to give some perception of the surrounding darkness.† But the time was now arrived when a clearer discovery of error should be made, and especially of that antichristian tyranny which man had long exercised over the conscience of his fellow-men. At length, it pleased God that the glorious Sun of Righteousness, which had long, with a steady course, been approaching the horizon, should rise above it. A clear discovery of the errors of the night, and of the great and blessed realities of the gospel day, was the necessary consequence. It was in vain that some denied, others scoffed and derided, and all, as they had power, by cruel persecutions, spoiling of goods, and imprisonments, endeavoured to suppress and exterminate this heavenly manifestation of the Divine will in the latter days. There were, in a short time, many

* Rev. ii. 4, 14, 15; iii. 1, 15, 17.

† See Rev. xi. 3.

who could say, from an assurance not to be shaken, 'The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth.' These, believing in the light, and walking in the light, became children of the light and of the day; being 'transformed by the renewing of their mind,' they could no longer be 'conformed to this world,' its maxims, ordinances, or worships; they came to know 'the removing of those things that are shaken,' and 'those things which cannot be shaken,' to remain; and thus experienced the truth of the apostolic declaration, 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away, all things are become new, and all things are of God.'—(BALL'S *Premonitory Extracts*.)

'COMMON PRAYER BOOK.'

BISHOP HORSLEY says, 'The *Common Prayer Book* is nothing but a long Act of Parliament; all the rubrics are clauses in that statute.'—(*Charge to the Clergy of St. Asaph*.)

TRUE GROUND AND AUTHORITY OF GOSPEL
MINISTRY.

WHEN we consider the nature and spirituality of the gospel dispensation, as set forth in the New Testament, and exemplified in the practice of the primitive Christians, we might have expected that a nation, professing belief in these truths, would have exercised great caution, that,

in the important business of the establishment of a church and worship, it built upon no other than the appointed foundation, or in any way interfered with the office and privileges of the great Head of the church. Without questioning the sincerity or the piety of many concerned in effecting the reformation from Popery in this country, it is well known that the work was not carried so far as some of them had proposed; and that, after a short time, its further advancement was abandoned. The Spirit of Christ, who is the way, the truth, and the life, and which had opened their understandings to discover many of the errors of the church of Rome, was not waited upon to lead them into all truths which it would have been profitable for them to know; and thus many things, which had no higher authority than human wisdom, were retained in their worship and religious observances.

Our reformers appear to have been particularly unhappy, in conceiving themselves called upon to educate and ordain gospel ministers, as thereby an important channel of Divine communication for the discovery of error was much obstructed; and as this 'making and ordaining' of ministers, and the establishment of these by the civil magistrate, as the duly qualified and divinely commissioned ministers of our Lord and Saviour, form a very important feature of the system, it may be profitable to give this branch of the subject some consideration.

As it is impossible for the stream to rise higher than its fountain, and for man to give

what he does not possess, so it is impossible, by education, or any process in the power of man, to confer that spiritual ability and qualification which are essential to the character of a minister of Christ. If the ministers under the gospel had been, like the priests under the Mosaic law, to be made 'after the law of a carnal commandment,' that law would doubtless have been, like other carnal laws, minutely explicit: but they are to be made, like their holy Head, the minister of ministers, 'after the power of an endless life.' 'As every man hath *received the gift*, even so minister the same one to another,' saith the apostle, 'as good stewards of the manifold grace of God. If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God; if any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth, that God, in all things, may be glorified through Jesus Christ;' and not *man*, who would indeed be glorified, if he could of himself acquire this qualification, or bestow it on whomsoever it might please him. 'Enticing words of man's wisdom' are at his command; 'the demonstration of the Spirit and of power' is not so. It is well known that the ministers of the established religion in this country lay claim to a Divine qualification for their office, in virtue of a supposed ordination derived from the apostles, and preserved, in an unbroken succession, to the present time. But this outward ordination and succession, so inferior in point of solemnity, significant ceremony, and security of preservation, to the ordination and

succession which were instituted by the Almighty for the Mosaic priesthood, can neither be shown to have been instituted and made essential by our Saviour, nor, if so instituted and made essential, can they be shown to have been maintained. This position has been sufficiently established by writers of the Church of England. And supposing the clergy to have actually received a superhuman appointment and qualification, how can they lay this precious gift at the feet of the civil magistrate, to be modelled, and limited, and restrained, or the exercise of it even suspended by him without base treachery to the heavenly giver? and how dares the civil power thus restrain and limit the acknowledged gift of God?

We have an example, in the Scriptures, of one who 'thought that the gift of God might be purchased with money;' and from the resemblance which it is supposed to bear to the crime of Simon Magus, the obtaining of the corrupt presentation to an ecclesiastical benefice is termed simony, and is considered a grievous crime by the statute law of this country as well as by the canon law: but a great legal authority is of the opinion, that the 'purchasing of holy orders,' or 'a license to preach,' is more analogous to the crime of this sorcerer, and therefore to be 'the true, though not the common notion of simony.'* Whether the minis-

* Blackstone's *Commentary*, Book I., cap. xi., § 5; and Book II., cap. xviii., § 4.

ters of the established church, however they may be acquitted by human laws, are not deeply implicated in this crime, must appear, when they are called upon, before a higher tribunal, to produce their authority for the character which they have assumed, as the delegated ministers of Christ.

It is not the assumption of the character, nor the allowance of that assumption by human laws, which constitutes a minister of the gospel; nor will high pretensions justify our neglect of the injunction of our Saviour, 'Beware of false prophets.' Our blessed Lord foresaw that such would arise; such as would not only deceive others, but, as it appears, themselves also. He assures us that, in the awful day of account, '*many*' would expostulate with him, and evidently in the agony of disappointment, 'Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied *in thy name*? and *in thy name* have cast out devils? and *in thy name* done many wonderful works?' These, it is evident, entertain the persuasion that they had preached, and done many wonderful works *in the name of the Lord*. But the dreadful answer will dissipate the delusion; 'I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.' It is very easy to preach in the name of the Lord, and to baptize in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and to communicate the supper of the Lord *in word and in form*; but to do any of these truly, and in very deed, *in the name and authority of the Lord Jesus Christ*, requires nothing less than the

immediate power and assistance of God through the Holy Spirit, purchased for us by the atoning blood and mediation of the Redeemer. The baptism of Christ, which thoroughly purges the floor of the heart, and burns up the chaff with unquenchable fire; his supper, to which those are graciously admitted, who hear his voice and open the door at his knocking; these are indeed 'wonderful works,' which man may undertake, but which, of his own ability and strength, he will never perform. Nor is the preaching of the gospel more within his reach. To this office, the saying of our Saviour appears peculiarly applicable, 'He that is not *with me*, is against me; and he that gathereth not *with me*, scattereth' (Luke xi. 23).—(BALL'S *Premonitory Extracts*.)

CHRISTIAN MIRACLE OF LOVE.

WE read that when a heathen surprised a Christian, and beat him with much cruelty, and, with great scorn, asking him what great wonder his Master, Christ, ever did? The believer replied, 'Even this great miracle, that, though thou use me thus cruelly, I can heartily forgive thee!'

LETTER FROM A CLERGYMAN TO PATIENCE BRAYTON, OF NEW ENGLAND, WHEN ON A RELIGIOUS VISIT TO OLD ENGLAND.

FRIEND,—That love that thinketh no evil, and rejoiceth in the truth, constraineth me to say

that your exhortation on Wednesday was suited to my case or state.

I am humbly thankful God hath not left me without his witness in my heart, and also that he hath inclined you to point me out; may I humbly wait his time of deliverance, and follow by faith his fiery and cloudy pillar all through this howling wilderness. I have, I humbly hope, preached Jesus Christ, but not in your Society, and, I hope, in a good degree, with a single eye to the glory of God; but, having been lately exercised with many and severe trials from the professed church, I have been led to retire inward, to commune with my own heart and be still. I see my own ignorance, my will-worship, my forms and modes and gospel schemes, my unfeeling prayers, and often unreasonable preachings without spirit and without life, as only arising from a carnal mind which is at enmity with God, and the imagination exalting itself against him. From six years of age, I have tasted at seasons Divine love and favour, but I much lament I have too often lost the savour of his precious truth, may it be so no more; many times, like Israel, have I been delivered, and as often, like them, have I provoked him by distrust; yea, he hath chastised me, and I have been like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke. O! that I might be so moulded into his heavenly image, as daily to say, experimentally, 'Thy will be done.' He indeed renewed his love to me that evening; and he has since caused his grace to distil as the dew, and hath

given me to know that, in his own time and way, he will lengthen my cords and strengthen my stakes, and cause me to break out on the right hand and on the left. I feel my spirit melted while I write this with the tenderest love and affection towards you, that minister in the Word, and towards your Society; I joy in your joys, and should sorrow in your sorrows did I know them. Pardon me if I go too far in saying that I have seen, in my mind, what the Lord will do in his own time:—Antichrist will fall, with all his power, and a pure primitive church (perhaps like thine) will arise out of its ruins; for in the evening-time it shall be light, and that shall shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. I am burdened with the weight of an awful, fearful apprehension, that the Lord hath a controversy with us as a nation laden with iniquity; his hand hath been, is, and will be stretched out against us, if we do not repent, and turn to him with all our hearts. O! Friend, I know, by many years' experience, though I am but a young man, that, if you are but faithful to reprove publicly and privately, you will suffer persecution; perhaps even amongst some of your own whole-hearted people (for all are not Israel that are born of Israel); but continue you faithful unto death, and you know who hath said he will give you a crown of life. I conclude; may the peace of God reign in your heart, and may you be stirred up to thankfulness to him, in your spirit, on my account, and may all who heard you on that evening (if He

so will) meet to praise him for ever. As to me, at a suitable season, thy people shall be mine; I will live and die in their communion, and amongst them (if I can and the Lord please) be buried.

Thy God is my God, and to his grace I am a great debtor. When you find freedom in prayer, remember your affectionate Friend.

GEORGE KEITH.

THE following particulars respecting George Keith may be new to some. It is rather amusing to observe how similar the anticipation of Dr. Wallis, as to the usefulness of George Keith as a spiritual oculist, are to those of the credulous Bishop Burnet, who, in his account of him, writes thus, 'he was reconciled to the church, and is now in holy orders amongst us, and likely to do good service in undeceiving and reclaiming some of those misled enthusiasts' (meaning the Quakers). *Risum teneatis amici?*

(From the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1789,
p. 780.)

MR. URBAN,—As the mention of some names on any account remarkable, has brought forth anecdotes which, in a Miscellany professedly designed for the curious, are no doubt acceptable, I have some well-authenticated ones of George Keith, to whom a letter of Dr. Wallis*

* The expressions alluded to are contained in the exor-

is addressed, and which will show how well the 'hopes and prayers' of the good Doctor were answered, as to his becoming 'a good instrument in opening the eyes of the blind,' after he entered into the communion of the Church of England. I am qualified to do this, not only from what has been published of his life, but from some memoirs in MS. left by a very respectable yeoman of the neighbourhood where George Keith settled, which was at Eberton, in Sussex, of which place he was rector; a place very unfavourable for his practice as a *spiritual oculist*, as it does not appear there were any of the *poor blind dissenters* in the parish. However, after labouring much to convince the Quakers of their errors, and endeavouring in vain to confute *his own* publications in defence of their principles, it appears he did not go much abroad to annoy them further, but went to quarrelling with his parishioners about tithes, and rendered himself so troublesome to his neighbours, both rich and poor, that they declared 'it was almost impossible to live peace-

dium of the Doctor's letter, and are as follows:—'Sir, I thank you for those sermons of yours you were pleased to send me, which I received by the hands of a very good friend, and which I have read with good approbation. I hope (and pray) that the good pains you have taken, for some years past, in discovering the errors of the common Quakers, and instructing others formerly seduced by them, and your good example in embracing the communion of the Church of England, may be of good use, through God's blessing, for opening the eyes of some others who are yet blinded.'

ably by him,' and said they should be glad if the Quakers would have him again, so that they could be rid of him.

It was an ancient custom in the parish of Edberton, that many of the lower classes brought offering-money at a set day in the year, when they used to receive good entertainment of the rector. But *Parson Keith's* entertainments were such as raised most grievous outcries against him; and one poor woman affirmed that he took every tenth egg of her, who had but one hen in the world, and also the tenth of her carrots, turnips, and apples, even if she had under a gallon.

He was lame, and rather helpless, for more than three years before his death; and, being incapable of walking to church, he hired his clerk, whose name was Edward Rhodes, and another man to carry him, but, refusing to satisfy them for their trouble, they would carry him no longer; after which he was presented by his own parishioners for doing duty himself, or hiring a curate; the latter, at last, he was obliged to do. He was presented for divers neglects, as not repairing the parsonage, &c.; and would frequently not pay lawful taxes without prosecutions. He lay bed-ridden more than half a year before his death, during which time, such was the general disgust he had given his hearers, that very few of them ever went to visit him. He died in 1716.

He was undoubtedly a man of great abilities, but seems peculiarly to have possessed those

powers of the imagination to which instability of character is too frequently annexed.

We here behold a man glowing with the love of human kind, travelling through various countries, devoting his faculties and all he possessed to the preaching of the free grace of God, afterwards become the quarrelsome, oppressive, and miserable rector of an obscure parish; verifying Pope's melancholy reflection—

‘How oft we see at sixty all undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one.’

Yours, &c.,

R. S.

RELIGIOUS UNITY.

WHEN the Lord put the different animals into the ark—lions, tigers, lambs—all agreed with each other. If we are really in the ark, we shall also be blest with the spirit of concord. People dwell too much upon the fringes and phylacteries of religion, instead of laying due stress upon religion itself, and this is one reason why we do not agree as we ought.—(ROWLAND HILL.)

THE CURSE OF WAR.

IF there is, in the affairs of mortal men, any one thing which it is proper uniformly to explode, which it is incumbent on every man, by every lawful means, to avoid, to deprecate, to oppose, that one thing is, doubtless, WAR. There is nothing more *unnaturally wicked*, more pro-

ductive of *misery*, more extensively destructive, more obstinate in mischief, more *unworthy of man* as formed by nature, *much more of man professing Christianity*.—(ERASMUS.)

ESCAPE FROM THE PERILS OF THE SEA TO SUFFER CONFINEMENT IN PRISON.

WILLIAM CATON, one of the earliest associates of George Fox, having married into Holland, visited his Friends in England in 1662. On his return, the vessel being in danger of foundering in a storm, he first took his turn at the pump with the seamen, and then called upon the Lord, and prayed to the Most High for deliverance from the danger; and lastly praised the Almighty for the great mercy shown to him and the mariners.

After this, the vessel put back to Yarmouth, where he was taken, with seven others, from a religious meeting on the first day of the week, and confined above six months in prison in England.

ANCIENT MEETING-HOUSES IN AMERICA.

Of these there is a very ancient one at Catawissa, a large village, on the banks of the Susquehanna, in Columbia county, State of Pennsylvania. This place is in the midst of picturesque scenery. It was, originally, a Quaker settlement, says Sherman Day, in his *Historical Collections of Pennsylvania*. On a beautiful shady knoll, a

little apart from the dust and din of the village, stands the venerable Quakers' meeting-house, a perishable monument of a race of early settlers that have nearly all passed away. 'And where are they gone?' we inquired of an aged Friend, sitting with one or two sisters on the bench, under the shade of the tall trees that overhung the meeting-house. 'Ah!' said he, 'some are dead, but many are gone to Ohio, and still further west. Once there was a large meeting here, but now there are but few of us to sit together.' Pennsylvania exhibits many similar instances, in which the original settlers have yielded to another and more numerous race.

One of the venerable meeting-houses, founded by the early Friends from Wales, is that at Lower Merion, situated near the Columbia railroad, about two miles west of Mangunk. It was erected, as appears by a date on a tablet, in 1695; and is probably the oldest place of worship in Pennsylvania. Among the early settlers in Merion were—the Roberts' family; Edward Jones, a man given to hospitality, and generally beloved, who died in 1737, at the age of 82; and Benjamin Humphrey, who came over in 1683, and died in 1737, aged 76. He was also remarked for his hospitality, and was a useful member among the Quakers.

I believe it was at the house of the above-named Edward Jones, that William Penn lodged, when the interesting circumstance occurred, related at p. 156, vol. ii. of these *Miscellanies*.

Some years ago, the old meeting-house of

Merion was repaired and stuccoed; and it is still in use. My friend, Isaac Collins of Philadelphia, having obliged me with a pencil sketch of it, I have had it drawn in chalk, to face the title-page of this volume. Some of the beautiful trees by which it is surrounded, are probably those planted by Robert Sutcliffe, with whose travels in America Friends are pretty familiar. In his *Journal*, under date 5th month, 2d, 1806, he says, 'I attended Merion week-day meeting, and spent the afternoon pleasantly, in company with R. J. and H. B., whom I assisted in planting several paper mulberry trees, in the vacant ground near the meeting-house, which were intended to be a shade for Friends' horses in the summer season.' There is generally a plot of ground round the country meeting-houses in America, sometimes of several acres, planted with shady trees, under which the horses and carriages of Friends stand, during meeting time, and which forms a most interesting piece of scenery.

Smith, the historian, gives the following dates of the establishment of Friends' meetings in Pennsylvania—

In 1683, he says, a First-day meeting was established to be held at Tahoney or Oxford. Another was also established at Poetquessing. And afterwards in the same year, a monthly meeting was set up, to consist of those two meetings; and that at Abingdon, to be held by turns among them.

The 24th of the 7th month, 1716, the meeting

at Horsham was settled, at first only in the winter season ; but Friends increasing, after some time a meeting-house was built, and it was fixed there constantly, and so continues.

At North Wales a meeting-house was built in the year 1700, which was but two years after the arrival of the Welch Friends to that place, and meetings were kept therein by the consent of Haverford monthly meeting, to which they had at first joined themselves. Finding truth to prevail, and their numbers to increase, they found it necessary to build another meeting-house in 1712 ; and on the 19th of the 9th month that year, the first meeting for worship was held therein. Their number afterwards still increasing, as well among themselves as by the union of many adjacent settlers, Friends, belonging to North Wales or Gwynned, Plymouth meeting settled a monthly meeting of business amongst themselves, by the consent of Haverford meeting aforesaid, and the quarterly meeting of Philadelphia. The said monthly meeting was first held the 22d day of the 12th month, 1714 or 1715, at Gwynned meeting-house, and called Gwynned monthly meeting.

Plymouth meeting-house was built a considerable time before this, and a meeting for worship held there as at this day. The said meeting was in being the 4th of the 1st month, 1688-89, and how long before, is not certain.

FRIENDS' PRINCIPLES NOT UNDERSTOOD.

NOTWITHSTANDING nearly two centuries have elapsed since the rise of the Society, during which period many treatises explanatory of its views have been published, yet at the present day there exists a contrariety of opinions respecting the faith of the primitive Quakers. This has not arisen from any deficiency of full and explicit declarations of their belief; for these are numerous, comprehensive, and perspicuous. But these declarations lie scattered among a great mass of controversial works, written more than a century ago; possessing little of the attractive novelty of modern literature, and withal so voluminous, that few persons have either the inclination or the leisure to examine their instructive pages. These circumstances, added to their great scarcity, have occasioned their being little read even by the members of our own Society, and hence many are not aware of the plain and positive avowal of their Christian belief, which our worthy predecessors repeatedly made. Too many among us have grown up in ignorance of those precious doctrines, in support of which their forefathers endured the heat of cruel persecution, suffered patiently the loss of property, imprisonment in loathsome and unhealthy dungeons; and even sealed their testimony with the sacrifice of life, rather than renounce the holy profession which they had espoused.

It is certainly much to be regretted, that

there should be any want of information on subjects of such great importance, so intimately connected with the welfare, and even the existence, of our religious Society; and in which every rightly exercised member must feel a deep and earnest interest. It surely becomes those who have the charge of educating children, seriously to consider whether the acquisition of this knowledge ought not to form a prominent feature in every system of religious instruction, and whether the neglect to impart it is not a breach of that duty which they owe to the tender objects of their care, for which an awful responsibility must devolve upon them.

The faith of the Society of Friends, which is grounded upon the New Testament, may be found clearly set forth in Barclay's *Apology*. Evan's *Exposition*, an American work, is a compilation exhibiting the doctrinal views of the early Friends in their own language; and proving, by the concurrent testimony of numerous contemporary writers, that they sincerely believed, and openly avowed, the great fundamental truths of the Christian religion. Clarkson's *Portraiture*, Bate's *Doctrines*, Tuke's *Principles*, and other works, may also be consulted as explanatory of the principles of Friends. The *British Friend* edition of Clarkson's *Portraiture* is well adapted for general readers, and Barclay's *Apology* for more deep inquirers. Both are published in very cheap forms.

JUDGMENT ON A PERSECUTOR.

It is related in Jaffray's *Diary*, that Alexander Gordon, professedly a minister of the gospel, who procured the imprisonment of George Keith, for preaching the truth in the grave-yard at Old Deer, in Scotland—and caused him, with another Friend, to be kept all night in a very filthy dungeon, called the Thieves' Hole, where there was no window, either for light or air—was immediately after cut off by death in a sudden and surprising manner.—(*Irish Friend*, p. 290.)

LETTER FROM JOSIAH COALE TO GEORGE FOX.

Newgate [Prison], London, 22d of 6th mo.

[8th mo.], 1664.

DEAR GEORGE,

My love in the Lord doth dearly reach forth and extend itself to thee; and therewith do I most dearly salute thee, even in the bond of love and covenant of peace and life, into which the Lord, by his eternal power and arm of strength, hath gathered many in this day of his appearance and loving-kindness unto the sons of men; in which we are daily made partakers of his endless riches and mercies, which he multiplies unto us, and renews in us through Christ our Lord and life; by and through which we live, and are kept alive unto him, and enabled to do his will and to answer his requirements, in whatsoever he makes known and reveals unto us to be our duty to do.

Truly, dear George, the Lord is not slack concerning the promises of his blessings unto his own seed, now in its suffering condition ; neither is he wanting unto us in this our time of trial : but indeed I may say in truth, that he causeth his love and kindness to abound in us, and our cups to overflow. What may I say of his endless love, it is indeed beyond declaring ; for I know not what more can be desired than the Lord hath done for us or given unto us, as concerning the present enjoyment of his rich love and blessings ; for which blessings, glory and praise be unto his name for ever and ever ! Amen.

And now, dear George, to give thee an account of things here, and how it hath been of late, it is in my heart at this time to do. Yesterday week, after I had been speaking the truth to the people, in the Bull and Mouth, about one hour and a half, the sheriff came, with (I judge) near half a hundred of the city officers, to break our meeting ; and after they had made proclamation in the street for the multitude to depart (for they feared the multitude, which was great, that came to see what became of us), they rushed in violently to the meeting and commanded me down ; but I was not free [to obey] their command. Then they drew their swords, and one of them laid on me with a hanger, but struck with the flat side of it ; and the rest laid on Friends with swords and staves, and so pulled me down and out to the sheriff in the yard. Then I spoke to them of

the unmanliness of their proceedings, to come in such a posture amongst an innocent peaceable people that would not resist them, that it was far below the spirit of a man; and they were ashamed, and commanded the swords to be put up. So afterwards they fetched out the rest of the meeting more quietly, and two or three of the officers took me and led me alone to the Guildhall; and afterwards brought Friends, two, three, four, and six at a time, to me, till they had brought near two hundred. And I drew them together about the judgment-seat, and had there a very precious meeting, for the power and presence of the Lord was plentifully manifested amongst us. So, after a while, the Mayor and Aldermen, &c., came, but were so employed with Baptists and Pendants [Independents], that they meddled not with us; but kept us there under strong guards till midnight, not permitting Friends to come to us; but they had, one way or another, turned out near half our company. Then about midnight (that people might not see us), they brought us to Newgate; and the next day they sent for about twenty to the Guildhall, and committed about sixteen, and let the rest go. The Fourth day they sent for me and eleven more, saying, we must go before the Mayor and Bishop at Guildhall; but when we came there, no Bishop appeared: and I asked of the Mayor for the Bishop, telling him it had been more honourable to have sent him to the Bull and Mouth with his spiritual weapons, and thereby overcome us if he

could; but he would say little to that, but appeared very moderate to me. I had fine talk with him, and he told me he had rather set us at liberty than commit us, but he could not avert it, for I must either pay 5s. fine, or go to prison fourteen days. I told him if he would prove that I was in meeting in other manner than is allowed by the Liturgy of the Church of England, I would then pay him 5s.; but he would not say more, but left the bench, and I was sent away. Then they called in the rest, one at a time, and committed them in like manner; they did things in an inner room, where none but themselves might hear, though many hundreds of people were without, murmuring to get in; and so they sent us to Newgate again. On Sixth day they sent the rest, about sixty in all, to the Old Bailey, and committed them for about nine days a piece.

On Third day last, as I was speaking in our meeting on the chapel side [in Newgate], one of the keeper's men came and fetched me away, and put me in the hole where condemned men used to be put; but they kept me not there an hour. On Fifth day, as I was speaking, he came again; and because Friends stood round about me, that he could not reach me, he fell laying on both men and women with a great staff; and the felons fell on with their fists, beating Friends; and some of the women thieves, with a knife or knives, threatened to stab Friends, and did attempt so to do, but were prevented. At last they brought me away, and

put me to dear A. P. in Justice's hall: and I wrote to the Mayor and sent a Friend with it. He seemed to be wroth with them for so abusing us, and said we should not be so abused; but he would take a speedy course to have it otherwise. Since that, he [the keeper's man] would let me go over to them sometimes, but not be always with them. I have very quiet precious meetings with them when I go; and indeed the glorious and mighty power of God [is felt] to the admiration of many. But last First-day, the Mayor and wicked Brown came to the Bull meeting themselves; and Friends were fetched out before them in the porch, where they fined them and committed them, upwards of two hundred, and sent them to Newgate; but they that brought them turned many away by the way, and some of the halbert men would run away from them, and leave them in the street; so that I think but about one hundred and twenty only were brought in. But Brown showed himself very cruel, and pinched the women sorely, and pulled the hair off the men's heads; and would take them by the hats, and bring their heads near the ground, and then cast their hats in the dirt. James Parke was taken there; and from the Peall [Peele] about thirty were brought to Newgate, and about twelve from Mile-end; but we know not yet how long they are committed for: we judge here are, in all, in this Newgate, about three hundred of us. But the Lord is with us of a truth, and doth bear up our hearts far above all sufferings, blessed be his name for

ever! John Higgins and one more are in upon the third account; and at Hertford, eight are sentenced to be banished—four to Barbadoes, and four to Jamaica; and some more are in on the third account.

Dear George, pray for us, that we may be kept faithful in the power and authority of God, and that his presence and love may be always continued with us. Dear A. P. [Alexander Parker] dearly salutes thee; and my love salutes M. F. and the rest with thee. I would be glad to hear from thee, who am thine in the Lord.

JOSIAH COALE.

THE QUAKER PROPHETESS.

AMONG the first of those who opposed the practice of slaveholding was a female Friend residing in Virginia, and for this opposition she was disowned from her Religious Society. When on her death-bed, she sent for the committee who had treated with her, told them that the near approach of death had not altered her mind on the subject of Slavery, and then, gently waving her hand toward a very fertile and beautiful tract of country that lay before her window, she said with great solemnity, 'Friends, the time will come when there will not be Friends enough in this district to hold one meeting for worship, and this garden will be turned into a wilderness.' There were, at the time, seven meetings of Friends in that part of Virginia,

but they have all long since been deserted, and the country literally desolated.

Summer's sun was going downward
Toward his empire on the sea,
And the forest shadows travell'd
Slowly o'er the lea.

And the coolness of the evening
Lingered but an hour away,
When a daughter of Virginia
On her death-couch lay.

On her lip a smile was resting,
Faith and love shone from her eye,
Yet her longing spirit flutter'd
For its home on high.

Full before her open window
Lay a wide extended plain ;
Here the tassel'd corn was growing,
There the ripening grain.

Stately mansions in the distance
Dimly she could just behold ;
Nearer, fields and valleys chequer'd
With their green and gold.

While she mused, familiar faces
Cross'd the threshold of her door ;
Soon beside her bed were standing
Counsellors of yore.

Loving were her tones of greeting,
Gentle words replied, and then,
In that dying woman's chamber,
All was still again.

Brief the pause ; and O how strangely
Did the heavenly message sound,
While she thus, in trembling accents,
Spoke to those around :—

‘ Friends, my days on earth are ended,
The pale messenger is near,
Yet his firm and sure approaches
Move me not with fear ;

‘ Still my faith remains unshaken,
That, whate’er excuse we plead,
To enslave a fellow-mortal
Is a cruel deed ;

‘ And the wrongs of Afric’s children
Yet will bring, in judgment, down,
On the objects of his blessing,
God’s indignant frown !’

Toward the scene that lay before her
Then she waved her wasted hand,
While she added, ‘ This fair garden—
All this fruitful land—

‘ Will become a desolation ;
Its inhabitants will flee,
And your fields an ample covert
For the wolf will be.

‘ Your deserted meeting-places
Will become the fox’s lair ;
Bats and reptiles soon will revel
Unmolested there.’

Noble woman ! true and faithful
Were thy words of prophecy ;
Shall the day of their fulfilling
Pass unheeded by ?

Through that once delightful region
Spirit-like I seem to glide ;
How the footprints of oppression
Mar its ancient pride !

Desolated habitations
Slowly moulder into clay ;
Lone, deserted, ruined churches
Rise along my way.

Clustering vines, and moss, and briers
Grow amid their crumbling walls ;
There, at eve, the gloomy night-bird
To his fellow calls.

O'er these hillsides, where the negro
Tilled the soil in hopeless woe,
Spreading woods and tangled thickets
Unmolested grow.

Break this sleep of death, Virginia,
Up for liberty—be free ;
Rise and burst the negro's prison,
'Twill deliver thee.

Here thy only hope remaineth ;
This hath power alone to save ;
Rise, and, for thy own redemption,
Disenthral the slave.

I LOVE TO FEEL WHERE WORDS COME FROM.

IN 1763, under gospel solicitude for the welfare of the Indians of Pennsylvania, John Churchman paid a religious visit to those residing about Wyoming and Wehaloosing, on the Susquehanna river, nearly 200 miles from Philadelphia. In this visit he was drawn into near sympathy with these poor people, and qualified at times, by his Divine Master, to impart counsel and direct them to that unerring guide in the secret of the heart, which would lead all men, without distinction of colour, to a saving knowledge of the Lord, their Maker and their Redeemer. He often spoke to them through interpreters ; but on one occasion, feeling his mind covered with the spirit of prayer, he expressed his willingness

for them to omit interpreting. The meeting ended with feelings of solemnity; and before the people went away, one of the Indians who had been zealously labouring for a reformation among them, remarked to the interpreter, 'I love to feel where words come from;' thus manifesting, that though the language was foreign, yet there was a savour accompanying this heaven-prompted prayer, which had met a sympathetic feeling in the mind of this simple child of the forest.

WAR.

THAT war, that horror of horrors, that system of murder, robbery, and every conceivable villany rolled into one great gory abomination, should have been tolerated till now, spite of common sense and the sacred principles of religion, is the most astonishing thing in the history of man. It shows that, while the people can be deluded into a sanction of it, no feeling of its misery on the part of rulers will put a stop to it. They will drive us to their shambles; they will still sell us, bone, and carcase, and skin, to the dealers in human flesh. It is for the people to put it down; and they *will* put it down. It has been called 'the game of kings,' *at which they play*. But the people once enlightened will cease to be the royal playthings. If kings or governments will much longer play at war, they must look out for fresh tools. Men now are fast learning that they are *men*; that

they have limbs and feelings, duties and responsibilities, holy and eternal; and they will refuse to be murderers and assassins at the command of any earthly authorities. They will not do it, they cannot do it; for knowledge has awoko conscience, and the feeling that man is not only the brother of man, but that these brothers are the sons of the God of order, beauty, peace, and love, is becoming clear, in the minds of the multitude, as the sun in heaven. New desires, new views, broad, and beautiful, and divine views of civilization, unity, increase of comfort and refinement, of mind responding to mind, and heart to heart, all the world over, are spreading through the masses, and men can no longer listen to suggestions of bloodshed, of foreign carnage, lust, and rapine, but as to the suggestions of the devil. It can no longer be said of us, as *a people*, as it was said by Coleridge during the last great war, in verse which ought to be read at every fireside, and deeply imprinted in every human bosom—

‘Thankless for peace—

Peace long preserved by fleets and perilous seas—
 Secure from actual warfare, we have loved
 To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war !
 Alas ! for ages ignorant of all
 Its ghastlier workings, famine, or blue plague,
 Battle, or siege, or flight through wintry snows,
 We, this whole people, have been clamorous
 For war and bloodshed ; animating sports,
 The which we pay for as a thing to talk of—
 Spectators, and not combatants ! No guess
 Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,
 No speculation on contingency,

However dim and vague, too vague and dim
 To yield a justifying cause ; and forth—
 Stuffed out with big preamble, holy names,
 And adjurations of the God in heaven—
 We send our mandates for the certain death
 Of thousands and tens of thousands ! Boys and girls,
 And women, that would groan to see a child
 Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,
 'The best amusement for our morning meal !
 The poor wretch who has learnt his only prayers
 From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
 To ask a blessing from his heavenly Father,
 Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
 And technical in victories and defeats,
 And all our dainty terms for fratricide ;
 Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues
 Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which
 We join no feeling and attach no form !
As if the soldier died without a wound ;
As if the fibres of this god-like frame
Were gored without a pang ; as if the wretch
Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,
Passed off to heaven, translated, and not killed ;
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him !

We cannot now, thank Heaven, say that of
 the people of England. There is nothing that
 shows more strikingly the advance society is
 making than this fact ; and we trust that no
 power of sophistry will ever be able again to
 kindle a war-spirit amongst us.

But we cannot yet ponder too often or deeply
 the impressive words of Coleridge, just quoted.
 Let women, boys, and girls, that would groan
 to see a child pull off an insect's leg, more and
 more reflect that this god-like frame cannot be
 gored without a pang ; that the wretch who falls

in battle, doing bloody deeds, does not pass off to heaven translated and not killed. That he has a God to judge him, and often a wife to pine for him. The more we look on this side of the awful question, the more we shall see our awful responsibilities, and into what horrors and responsibilities we thrust our fellow-men, not only when we encourage the spirit of slaughter, but every hour that we do not discourage it.—(Howitt's *People's Journal*.)

WILLIAM PENN MAKES INTEREST AT COURT FOR HIS FRIENDS.

WILLIAM PENN was so greatly in favour with James II., that his influence at court was considerable, and he refused none of his friends any reasonable office he could do for them. 'Hence,' observes Croese, 'his house and gates were daily thronged by a numerous train of clients and suppliants, desiring him to present their petitions to his majesty. There were sometimes there two hundred and more.'

THE BISHOP REBUKED.

CHRISTOPHER BACON, of Pollinghill, in Somersetshire, was formerly a soldier in the King's army. Going to a meeting of Friends, in 1656, not to receive good, but to scoff and to deride, he was, in the Lord's mercy, reached in his conscience, and afterwards became a zealous mini-

ster amongst the sect he had despised, and many were convinced of the truth by him.

He was several times imprisoned for his testimony, and his *fourth confinement for tithes*, in a very cold room in Bridgewater jail, broke his constitution, so that he lived but about three months after his discharge. 'He was,' says Whiting, 'a valiant man for the truth, and freely given up to suffer for it.' Being taken at a meeting at Glastonbury, he was had before Bishop Mew, at Wells, who reproached him, calling him rebel, &c., for meeting contrary to the king's laws. Christopher said to him, 'Dost thou call me rebel? I would have thee to know I have jeopardied my life for the king, in the high places of the field, when such as thou lay behind the hedges.'—(WHITING'S *Memoirs*.)

A PERSECUTING SPIRIT REPROVED.

ARAM was sitting at the door of his tent, under the shade of his fig-tree, when it came to pass that a man stricken in years, bearing a staff in his hand, journeyed that way.

And it was noon-day, and Aram said to the stranger, 'Pass not by, I pray thee, but come in, and wash thy feet, and tarry here until evening; for thou art stricken in years, and the heat overcometh thee.' And the stranger left his staff at the door, and entered into the tent of Aram; and he rested himself. And Aram set before him bread, and cakes of fine meal

baked upon the hearth. And Aram blessed the bread, calling upon the name of the Lord; but the stranger did eat, and refused to pray unto the Most High, saying, 'Thy Lord is not the God of my fathers, why, therefore, should I present my vows unto him?' And Aram's wrath was kindled, and he called his servants, and they beat the stranger, and they drove him into the wilderness. Now, in the evening, Aram lifted up his voice unto the Lord, and prayed unto him. And the Lord said, 'Aram, where is the stranger that sojourned this day with thee?' And Aram answered and said, 'Behold, O Lord, he ate of thy bread, and would not offer unto thee his prayers and thanksgivings, therefore did I chastise him, and drive him from before me into the wilderness.' And the Lord said to Aram, 'Who hath made thee a judge between me and him; have not I borne with thine iniquities, and winked at thy backslidings, and shalt thou be severe with thy brother, to mark his errors, and to punish his perverseness? Arise, and follow the stranger, and carry with thee oil and wine, and anoint his bruises, and speak kindly unto him; for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, and judgment belongeth only to me. Vain is thine oblation of thanksgiving, without a lowly heart. As a bulrush thou mayst bow down thine head, and lift up thy voice like a trumpet, but thou obeyest not the ordinance of thy God if thy worship be for strife and debate. Behold the sacrifice that I have chosen; is it not to undo the heavy

burdens, and let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke? to deal thy bread to the hungry, and to bring the poor that are cast out into thy house?’

And Aram trembled before the presence of God, and he arose, and put on sackcloth and ashes, and went out into the wilderness, to do as the Lord had commanded him.—(PERCIVAL.)

COMMUNION WITH HEAVEN.

WHEN one who holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where the pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
’Tis e’en as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
And tells us where his treasure is supplied.

(COWPER.)

JUDGE HALE ON PRAYER.

MANY things in the world are necessarily intermitted, because they are tied to place or times; all places, all times are not convenient for them; but in case of prayer it is otherwise, it seeks no place, it attends no time. It is not necessary we should come to the church, or expect a sabbath or an holiday; for prayer, indeed, especially was the sabbath ordained, yet prayer is loft sabbathless, and admits no rest, no intermission at all: if our hearts be clean, we must, as our apostle commands us, lift them up *everywhere* at all times, and make every place a church, every day a sabbath, every hour can-

onical. As you go to the market, as you stand in the streets, as you walk in the fields, in all these places ye may pray as well, and with as good acceptance, as in the church. For you yourselves are temples of the Holy Ghost, if the grace of God be in you, more precious than any of those which are made with hands.—(*Golden Remains of the ever-memorable John Hale, from his sermon on Luke xviii. 1.*)

GEORGE FOX REPROVES THE PEOPLE FOR
SECURING THE WRECKS OF VESSELS, NOT
CARING TO SAVE THE LIVES OF THE PAS-
SENGERS.

‘WHILE I was in Cornwall, there were great shipwrecks about the Land’s End. It was the custom of that country, at such a time, *both rich and poor* went out to get as much of the wreck as they could, not caring to save the people’s lives; and in some parts of the country they called shipwrecks God’s grace. It grieved my spirit to hear of such unchristian actions; considering how far they were below the heathen at Melita. Wherefore I was moved to write a paper and send it *to all the parish priests and magistrates*, to reprove them for such greedy actions.’ The paper occupies a page and a half in folio, and he says of it, ‘This paper had good service among people, and Friends have endeavoured much to save the lives of men in time of wrecks, and to preserve the ships and goods

for them. And when some who suffered shipwreck have been almost dead and starved, Friends have taken them to their houses to succour and recover them, which is an act to be practised by all true Christians.'—(*Journal*, p. 292–298.)

RUDIMENTS OF THE YEARLY MEETING, AND MEETING FOR SUFFERINGS.

ABOUT the beginning of 1660, George Fox visited Bristol, and afterwards held large general meetings, one near that city, another at Balby, and a third at Skipton, Yorkshire.

The last is said in the *Journal* to be 'a meeting of men Friends out of many counties, about business relating to the church, both in this nation and beyond the seas. Several years before,' he adds, 'when I was in the north, I was moved to recommend to Friends the setting up of this meeting for that service; for many Friends suffered in divers parts of the nation, their goods were taken from them contrary to law, and they understood not how to help themselves, or where to seek redress. But after this meeting was set up, several Friends who had been magistrates, and others who understood something of the law, came thither, and were able to inform Friends, and assist them in gathering up the sufferings, that they might be laid before the justices, judges, or parliament. This meeting had stood several years, and divers justices and captains had come to

break it up ; but when they understood the business Friends met about [especially that relating to the care of the poor] they passed away peaceably.' *Here we have the rudiments of the Yearly Meeting and Meeting for Sufferings now held in London.*

ON THE RIGHT EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

TIME is precious, but its value is unknown to us ; we shall attain this knowledge when we can no longer profit by it ; our friends require it of us as if it were nothing, and we give it to them in the same manner ; it is often a burthen to us, we know not what to do with it, and are embarrassed about it.

The day will come, when a quarter of an hour will appear of more value and more desirable than all the riches of the universe. God, who is liberal and generous in all his other gifts, teaches us, by the wise economy of his providence, how circumspect we ought to be in the right management of our time ; for he never gives us two moments together ; he gives us only the second as he takes away the first, and keeps the third in his hands, leaving us in an absolute uncertainty whether it shall ever be ours or not. Time is given us that we may take care of eternity, and eternity will not be too long to regret the loss of our time, if we have misspent it.—(LEADBETTER'S *Extracts.*)

A HEALER OF BREACHES.

WHEN William Allen and Stephen Grellet were travelling on the Continent, in 1816, visiting prisons, hospitals, and other public institutions, they remained about a week at Pymont. They were much concerned to find, that, from some apparently trifling causes, the harmony of the little company of Friends there had been much disturbed ; a root of bitterness had been implanted, and in some minds had sprung up, so as to cause much trouble. William Allen believed it right to have a private interview with the individuals concerned. Of this occasion he makes the following memorandum—

On meeting them, I was under much concern of mind, being thus alone, with so weighty a work on my hands ; but my secret petitions were fervent, that I might be favoured with Divine help ; and that, if I could do no good, I might, at least, be prevented from doing any harm. After a little time of silence, I addressed them under a feeling of love and sweetness, that I have not often experienced, and had humbly to believe that my request was granted. I desired that they would state what it was that had grieved any of them, with respect to the conduct of a brother or a sister. Some free communications passed, with explanations that tended to reconciliation ; the cause of offence seemed chiefly to rest with two individuals. After a pause, I addressed these persons, reminding them that they were both much ad-

vanced in years, and in the common course of nature, verging towards that state, in which it would be felt extremely desirable to them to be rid of this burden. They then embraced each other, and most present burst into tears; it was indeed a heart-touching scene, and, I believe, deeply felt by every one as a memorable time; all present parted with appearance of much love and tenderness.

A LETTER FROM THOMAS CLARKSON, TO
HENRY, KING OF HAYTI.

*Playford Hall, Suffolk, England,
May 24, 1816.*

I HAD the honour of receiving your Majesty's letter, dated at Palace of Sans Souci, Feb. 5, which was brought to me by Mr. Prince Sanders; and it is my intention to return an answer to it by the same person, as well as to enter into some particulars which I think may be acceptable to you.

Having, however, heard that my esteemed friend, Mr. Stephen Grellet, who is a minister of the gospel belonging to the religious Society of the people called Quakers, and who is now in North America, intends, with other ministers of the same Society, to visit some of the English West Indian Islands, and also Hayti, for the purpose of preaching the gospel for a season in those parts, I have thought it proper to send you this letter by him, in order that he may not go into your island without a suitable introduction.

I am sensible how vigilant it becomes you to be in respect to strangers, some of whom may possibly visit Hayti for the purpose of plotting against its liberty and independence. And it is my belief that such cases may exist, which induces me to lay before you the character of Mr. Grellet and his friends, in order that they may come among you without suspicion; and that they may experience the protection which all those persons ought to find who feel it their duty, like the apostles of old, to visit foreign climates, and to hazard their lives for the sake of promoting the religion of Jesus Christ.

I will begin, then, with informing you, that Mr. Grellet was born in France, but that he left his country during the Revolution, and went to the United States of America, where he embraced the principles of the religious Society of the Friends, or, as they are most commonly called, *Quakers*. After this he became a minister of the gospel in that Society; and in this capacity he visited England, Germany, and France. During his stay in London, for many months, I had the happiness of knowing him. It also happened, during his stay there, that his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Russia, arrived in England; Mr. Grellet had the honour of an audience with that noble and august personage, and I know that he advocated, before him, the cause of all the injured children of Africa.

As to Mr. Grellet's private character, I may comprehend it in a few words, by saying, that

he daily affords, in his own person, a proof of modesty, humility, charity, and those other virtues which belong to the Christian character.

Having said thus much of this estimable person, I feel myself bound to say a few words on behalf of the religious Society to which he belongs, for it is possible he may have companions with him, and it is right that your majesty should know some of the civil and political principles of the Quakers.

In the first place, they consider it to be their duty to obey civil magistrates, as the rulers under God for good, except in those religious customs and cases where their consciences would be wounded by it.

In the second place, they conceive it to be their duty never to go to war, or take up arms even in their own defence; they had rather submit to the most cruel injuries, than shed the blood of any of their fellow-creatures. Hence there is no rebellion, no insurrection, no plotting against Government, wherever the Quakers are.

And thirdly, they have long ago conceived it to be their duty to consider all the children of Africa as their brethren, and to have no concern whatever, either in buying or selling, or in holding them in bondage. In all America, there is not one Quaker whose character is stained by such inhuman practices.

The abolition of the slave trade, and of slavery also, has become a principle, and has been incorporated as such into their religion. I could dwell here, if the time would permit, with the

greatest delight; and I ought to add, with the greatest gratitude, on this part of their character.

They have been the constant fellow-labourers, in England, of Mr. Wilberforce and myself in this great and noble cause, from the first moment in which we ourselves embarked in it; and in North America they have equally supported it: indeed they have been the original instruments of effecting whatever has been done, in that country, on behalf of the injured Africans and their descendants. In fact, whenever you see a Quaker, you see a friend to the distressed, but more especially to those of the African race. And I cannot doubt, therefore, that every Quaker will experience your Majesty's kind protection and regard; but more particularly when he comes to you, not for the purpose of commerce, but as a promoter of the interests of religion.

I shall only add to this account, that the Quakers are, in many respects, a singular people. They are singular in their language, dress, and customs. They have laid aside the usual ceremonies and formalities of the world, in saluting or addressing themselves to others.

Some years ago I wrote their history, and if Mr. Grellet should receive this letter in time, he will probably present your Majesty with a copy.

I am your Majesty's friend,

THOMAS CLARKSON.

P.S. The above is the copy of a letter which I sent last week, enclosed to my friend Mr.

Stephen Grellet, that he might deliver it, with his own hand, to your Majesty; but having just heard that it is probable that Mr. Grellet may have left America for Hayti before he receives it, I have thought it right to send this copy immediately to yourself, in order that it may be known to your Majesty who he is, should he come without my first letter.

THE KING OF HAYTI'S REPLY.

*Palace of Sans Souci, Nov. 18, 1816,
and 13th year of Independence.*

THE KING TO MR. THOMAS CLARKSON.

Sir, my friend,

YOUR two letters, of the 10th of June and 16th of August, have reached me. They relate to Mr. Grellet, a minister of the gospel in connection with the religious Society of the Quakers, and also to the principles of that inestimable Society, with which I am perfectly well acquainted.

If Mr. Grellet and his companions should visit this country, I will not fail, according to your recommendation, to treat him with kindness, and to entertain for him the respect which is due to his own character, as well as to the consideration of his being your friend. I am delighted to hear that he is a friend to the Abolition of the Slave-trade, and to the unhappy Africans and their descendants. These sentiments, which indeed particularly distinguish the Quakers, must ever ensure them my respect and esteem. I have received, with

pleasure, the *History of the Quakers*, which you sent me by Mr. Prince Sanders, and thank you for it with all my heart. Believe me, with the highest respect, and the most cordial friendship.

HENRY.

SARAH MARRIOTT,

DAUGHTER of Richard and Elizabeth Marriott, of Mansfield, was a child religiously inclined, which was observed by her behaviour, especially in meetings. She was taken ill of a consumption in the eighteenth year of her age; after some time, she went into Warwickshire, for change of air, to some relations there, but receiving no benefit thereby, and finding herself declining, was very desirous to return home, that she might see her brothers and sisters before she died; accordingly it pleased the Lord to give her strength to accomplish it, to her own and her relations' great satisfaction. She came home in 11th month, 1732. The same evening, her heart being opened in the love of God to impart her mind to her sisters and those about her, she signified that she had had a weaning time from the world, and that she saw nothing engaging in it but the company of her relations; she also expressed what an exercising time she had witnessed when at Coventry, for want of the presence of the Lord, which he had withdrawn from her a little time; and that although she had never been guilty of anything that was bad, yet she found little things hard

enough to get over, but now could speak of the goodness of the Lord to her. She said he had been good to her many ways, and that nothing stood in her way, for which she praised his holy name, in a sweet heavenly frame of mind, being resigned to his will, and so continued those few days she was with us; in which time she gave good exhortation to her sisters, as that they might be careful what company they kept, and to avoid all such as are light and airy, which draws the mind further from God, but rather to choose the company of such as are religious; and also to avoid the reading of all vain and unprofitable books, which tend to corrupt the minds of youth, but charged them to read the Holy Scriptures, and such books as promote godliness; and desired they would be watchful against sleeping in religious meetings, and she set forth the evil of it; as also singing of songs, warning them against it; and further added she hoped they would remember her words when she was gone. Speaking of the visitation of God to her very early, she said, 'I heard his call before I knew what it was.'

About twelve hours before her death, being up in her chair, she desired her relatives might have a little meeting with her, in which time she was in a solid retired frame of mind, much desiring she might have an easy passage out of this life, which was granted her to all appearance. She all along continued very sensible, and was not attended with those pains which are usual, but lay breathing in spirit to the Lord;

and, a few hours before her departure, she desired her love might be remembered to all her relations and friends, and to all that asked after her; and that her father and mother might give her up to the Lord, desiring to be resigned to the will of him that gave her being. She departed this life the 12th of the eleventh month, 1732, aged eighteen years.

MOURNING APPAREL.

FROM AN AMERICAN JOURNAL.

‘But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again?’

THESE remarks against mourning apparel are submitted with the sincerest kindness towards the afflicted. These trappings of grief seem indifferent and childish where there is real grief, and where there is not, they are mockery. The principal objections against the custom of wearing mourning apparel are, that it is useless, inconvenient, and expensive.

For what use does it serve? To remind me that I am in affliction. I do not wish that to be pointed out. Shall the sable garb be adopted, then, because it is grateful to my feelings—because it is a kind of solace to me? I can gain no consolation from it.

But if the custom is useless, its inconvenience forms a still greater objection. It is inconvenient, because it throws the care of purchasing and making clothes upon a family, at the very

moment when, on every occasion, it most needs seclusion and quietness; when worn out with care, and watching, and sorrow, and it needs retirement and relief. There is a shocking unseemliness, I had almost said a sacrilege, in turning the house of death into a shop for the dressmakers! Who that ever witnessed what is passing on one of these occasions, who, that has seen the broken-hearted victims of affliction brought forth to be dressed up as pageants, and harassed into inquiries about mourning gowns and bonnets, or heard, intermingled with their sighs and tears, paltry and vain discussions about the adjustment of mourning caps and ribbons—who, I say, has not felt this inconvenient, ill-timed, and unbecoming, beyond what any force of language can express!

But the greatest objection, after all, to the use of mourning apparel, is the expense. That the expense presses heavily upon the poor, is a matter very well known, and, I believe, very generally regretted. But this is not all, it presses heavily upon the community. None but the opulent, in fact, can afford it. There are few families in the country with whom the expense of mourning apparel does not form a burdensome addition to the bills of the merchant. Besides this, this is the most expensive kind of apparel; and there is always on these occasions, from haste and natural improvidence of an afflicted mind about worldly things, a great deal of extravagance and waste. And, more than all, this expense comes at a time

when, of all times, it can be least borne. It comes in addition to all the expenses of sickness, the paying of attendants, and the charges of the physician. It comes, perhaps, when the main support and reliance of the family is taken away. When the husband, the father, the provider, is cut off, when he has departed from the world with no feeling of distress so deep as that he was to leave destitute those who were dearer to him than life, then it is that the desolate and deprived, under a false notion of showing respect to him, are obliged, by the custom of society, to abridge the already narrow means on which they have to rely. How many are the cases in which a considerable portion, and even the whole of what remains for the widow and the fatherless is expended, not in providing for their wants, but in merely arraying them for their desolate condition.—(Brook's *Daily Monitor*.)

A RETROSPECT OF OUR SOCIETY.

WHEN we turn over the pages of the history of our religious society, and read the account of its early days, we cannot but admire the beauty of its principles. Holding the grand doctrine of the immediate teachings of Christ by his Spirit, its early members were led to separate themselves from the vain fashions and customs of the world; as also from the prevailing and formal mode of worship. Not only were they led to wait in reverence before the Lord, in

their public assemblies, thus testifying to others their entire allegiance to Jesus ;—but also to seek his guidance in their daily walk among men, and to carry out their knowledge of his will, in simplicity of life and conversation. Thus abiding in his strength, they became a brave living people. They were as lights in the world, and many, very many, flocked around the standard, which they so nobly upheld. The language was truly applicable—‘ This people have I formed for myself, they shall show forth my praise.’

Contrasting these days with the present aspect of our Society, our hearts are filled as with mourning and lamentation. That Society, which was once the glory of the church, how is it degenerated ! And is it not for want of following on in the same path of *simple obedience*? My chief inducement in now taking up my pen, is to endeavour to bring before my young friends especially, the great want of faithfulness in our important, well-known testimony to plainness of speech, behaviour, and apparel. We ought not to lay too great stress on our apparel or our language, but we ought to lay stress on obedience and faithfulness, to that which we profess. In the account of the cruel sufferings of our early Friends for these things, we see plainly that *they were laid upon them of the Lord*. In the midst of their persecutions, they were upheld by him. A reference to the Sermon on the Mount, will plainly show the simplicity of behaviour and apparel which

our blessed Lord enjoins ;—and his gracious words are : ‘Ye are my friends, if you do whatsoever I command you.’ It is greatly to be feared that the real cause of the declension of many among us, is the fear of reproach—the fear of the world’s dread laugh. O ! dear Friends, remember the terms of discipleship : ‘If any man will come after me, let him take up his ‘daily’ cross and follow me.’ How instructive is the example of Moses ; he is described as ‘choosing rather to *suffer affliction* with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season—esteeming the *reproach of Christ* greater riches than the treasures of Egypt.’ But, O ! this reproach of Christ ! What ! my Friends, will a double-minded course of conduct please him ? Will it please him to change the garb for fear of his reproach ? Will it please him, who seeth all things, to say thou, to our Friends, and you, to the world—to be one thing in our meeting-houses, and another thing in our counting-houses ? Is it not said, ‘He that knew his master’s will, and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes ?’ How do I desire for every one of us, that we might give these things our candid and prayerful consideration ; that, under a deep sense of the state of our Society, we might inquire, is it I ? What part have I in the declensions amongst us ? May we be in right earnest to do our part for its improvement, earnestly desiring of the Lord that he would enable us to do his will, walking in humility before him. Surely the Lord would

bless us. 'O! that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments, then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.' Have we not abundant cause to believe, that the Lord is yet watching over us to do us good—that he is waiting to gather us? Poor and fallen as we are, is he not even yet near in our solemn assemblies, and does he not qualify his ministers to sing his praise? so that it may even now be said, at seasons, the shout of a king is heard in the camp. Let us then return to the good old way, that a revival may take place amongst us; that we yet be a brave living people, to our Saviour's praise—that, waiting day by day, in *simple obedience* and living faith, before him, our sons may become as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace—that we may all 'go on from strength to strength, till every one appear in Zion before God.'

'Happy is the people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord.'

SUFFERINGS OF JOHN AND DEBORAH WYNN.

DEBORAH WYNN had a religious education, and was favoured with the visitation of truth in early life; and, by giving up to the manifestation thereof, she came to experience the work of its power in her heart, and by being obedient thereto, attained to a degree of settlement in

the truth when young, which prepared her to undergo those trials and exercises, which early began to fall to her lot; for about the 16th year of her age, her father and mother were both carried prisoners to York, for the testimony of a good conscience towards God. She being their only child, the management of their trade and business fell under her care; and, during their imprisonment, she travelled to York, twenty-two miles, on foot, once in two weeks, to visit them, and to carry them what money she had got for their support. Being a young woman sincere in heart to God, and, through his grace, faithful to the truth, she grew in experience, and, about the 18th year of her age, she was concerned to bear a public testimony in meetings, to the comfort and edification of Friends. She was afterwards married to John Wynn; and, being both ministers, and the meeting in its course held at their house, heavy sufferings fell to their share, in the times of the informers, who stripped them three several times of all their outward substance that was valuable; for such was the cruelty of the persecutors and informers of those days, that at one of the times mentioned, she was lying-in, in child-bed, and they went to take her bed from under her; but the neighbouring women, abhorring the inhumanity of such an attempt, interrupted their design, and would not suffer it; but they ransacked the room, and took what they could lay their hands on. Their avarice not yet being satisfied, they met her husband

in the street as they went away, who had been at a neighbouring market, and was driving before him his horse, with the goods on his back, and his riding-coat upon the pack, all which they seized and took away with the rest of the plunder. Being thus deprived of his horse, pack, and coat, he came home, and found his shop stripped of the goods, and the house of the furniture, that he had neither chair nor stool to sit down upon to rest him, until some of his kind neighbours, whom he found there bemoaning this unchristian usage, went and brought him in some one thing, and some another, for their present use, until they could provide furniture of their own for their necessary accommodation ; and afterwards some of the inhabitants of the town hearing of his intention of buying more goods to carry on his trade, came to him, and earnestly entreated him to buy no more, for he might see they were resolved to ruin him. He told them he was not at all discouraged, he had a little money left, and intended to lay it out for goods as far as it would go, and if they took them from him also, they could have no more than all, but he believed they would be limited in the Lord's time ; which came to pass accordingly. And as they retained their integrity, and stood faithful to truth's testimony, they were favoured of the Lord to surmount all the difficulties their great sufferings brought upon them.—(LEADBETTER'S *Extracts*.)

THE PRIEST CONFOUNDED.

‘Freely ye have received, freely give.’—Matt. x. 8.

IN one place George Fox visited, in Yorkshire, he mentions being well received by Justice Hotham, who was so deeply struck by the simple eloquence with which he advocated the cause of truth, that he much wished to have sent for some of the neighbouring ministers to discourse with him ; but this George Fox would not agree to, preferring to act, as he believed himself at the moment directed. A curious incident resulting from such an impression, is very characteristic of his mode of plain dealing. It occurred whilst staying with Justice Hotham, at Cranstick, in Yorkshire :—In the afternoon, on a First day, I went to another steeple-house, he says, about three miles off, where preached a great high priest, called a doctor, being one of them whom Justice Hotham would have sent for to have spoken with me. So I went into the steeple-house, and staid till the priest had done. Now the words which he took for his text were these—‘Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy, and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.’ Then I was moved of the Lord God to say unto him, Come down, thou deceiver ! Dost thou bid people come freely, and take of the water of life freely, and yet thou takest £300 a year of them ? Mayest thou not blush for

shame? Did the prophet Isaiah, and Christ do so, who spake the words and gave them forth freely? Did not Christ say to his ministers whom he sent to preach, 'Freely ye have received, freely give?' So the priest, like a man amazed, hastened away, and after he was gone, and had left his flock, I had as much time as I could desire to speak to the people.—(KELTY'S *Early Friends*.)

DO GOOD.

THERE is more satisfaction in doing than receiving good. To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence, and is attended with a heavenly pleasure, unknown but to those that are beneficent and liberal.—(HOLT'S *Extracts*.)

UNIVERSAL LOVE.

My heart deceives me greatly, if I have not a high veneration, and sincere love for all good people, however they differ from one another or myself. The marks of goodness indeed I have always looked for, in the temper and conduct, and where these fail, the author of my religion hath taught me to pronounce all other pretences vain and delusive.—(CASPIPINI.)

THE PRIEST'S WARNING PROVES A GOOD
ADVERTISEMENT.

A FEW years ago, Robert and Phebe Alsop were from home on religious service, and they had several public meetings in the county of Essex. At one village, a barn was provided and fitted up, and notice given of the intended meeting; which, coming to the ears of the Parson, he took the opportunity, at his next public service, which happened to intervene, to inveigh against this intrusion of our Friends, he being the appointed minister, and the spiritual and sufficient guide of his parishioners, without any interference from those who were very likely to lead his flock astray; and he, having a great regard for the spiritual interest of his people, affectionately cautioned them against going to the *Conventicle*, about to be held in the aforesaid barn, &c. This public announcement of the meeting operated as a most effectual advertisement; and accordingly, at the time appointed, the barn was filled to overflowing. A solemn and satisfactory meeting was held, and our Friends were both largely engaged in the exercise of their gifts in the ministry, to an attentive audience; many of whom, after the meeting had concluded, manifested their entire satisfaction and concurrence with the doctrines which had been delivered; crowding around to take an affectionate farewell, and to express their gratitude for the opportunity which had been afforded them.

SIN THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY.

A SERIOUS Christian once asked a great backslider whether he had really found more satisfaction in the indulgence of his lusts, and the full swing of carnal pleasure, than he before had done in the profession of the gospel, and in the hours he had formerly spent for God. He honestly replied *he had not*: and that, so far from being happy, he was not even untormented, except in a state of intoxicated dissipation. It pleased God to restore him again, but not without such bitterness of soul as all the mad pleasures he had pursued were but a poor compensation to him for.

To what a wretched state does sin reduce men; that they must commit one sin in order to banish the reflection of the effects of another.

It is recorded of Marius, that after his overthrow by Sylla, he was always in consternation, as if he heard the sound of the trumpets, and the noise of the victorious army pursuing him. And his fears were no longer quiet than whilst charmed with wine or sleep; he therefore was continually intoxicated, that he might forget himself, his enemy, and his danger. Thus men make a pitiful shift to forget their latter end, and, whilst they are following either secular affairs or sensual pleasures, are unconcerned for what is to be hereafter.

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.

THE following remarks are extracted from a dedication and prefatory discourse to a volume of Sermons, by Thomas Hartley, rector of Winwick, Northamptonshire, printed in 1755, and dedicated to Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. This is probably the individual alluded to by our Friend Samuel Scott, in his Diary, pp. 31, 96, 137. The sentiments of the writer are remarkably free from sectarian feeling. Some of his views are open to objection; but even these, he informs his hearers, will be of no avail, unless the spiritual nature and import of them are experienced—

‘The narrowness that is observable in many Christians (who, in other respects, are of good report) towards such as differ from them in some particular points of doctrine or modes of worship, is not only a great hinderance to their perfection, but also a very unhappy blemish in the beauty of holiness, and owing chiefly to their resting in the outward courts of the temple, and not entering into that which is within the vail; for the more spiritual any person is, the more diffusive of benevolence and charity is the heart of such an one towards all the members of Christ’s mystical body.

‘The gospel of Christ is a dispensation of peace, graciously calculated to reconcile us both to God and one another; but how it has failed in general of these blessed effects, through the prevailing power of corruption and sin, let the

anuals of church history testify, which iuform us how often Christendom has been turned into a field of blood, and represent the horrid barbarities of Christians, so called, towards their brethren, as equalling, and, in some instances, exceeding the tyranuous hatred of persecuting heathens: and therefore all those prophecies, which foretell the peaceable happy state of Christ's church on earth, suffer violence when expounded, as already fulfilled; the outward establishment of Christiauity has, in no sufficient sense, yet answered the glorious description, and, consequently, they must refer to some future joyful time, when men shall not only live safe uuder the profession, but also in the temper and spirit of the gospel; then, and not till then, shall nation cease to lift up sword against nation, and they that are called by the holy name, depart from iniquity, and love as brethren.

‘The bloody sword of persecution hath iudeed, for some time, slept in its scabbard, but the spirit of it neither slumbereth uor sleepeth: the animosities that prevail among the several divided parties of Christians in the world, are an indubitable proof of this; nor can we hesitate to pronounce that they have war in their hearts, whilst they sharpen their tongues like a serpent, and shoot out their arrows, even bitter words. If we go to and fro among the outward churches of Christendom, and fix our attention on the wrangliug disputes of the learned, and the bigotted zeal of the ignorant multitudes, instead of saying, ‘Lo, here is Christ; or, Lo, there!’ we

shall be tempted to say, that he is neither here nor there, but that the whole is a Babel of contention, and that were the emblematic dove sent forth from the ark of God amongst us, she would find little rest for the sole of her foot; nay, to such a height have the waters of strife prevailed, as scarcely to afford her an olive branch for a token of peace upon the earth. Now where envy and strife is, there is not only confusion, but every evil work; wickedness in high places, and wickedness in low.

‘Great pains and much invention have been employed, by authors of different persuasions, to fix the character of antichrist on this or that particular church. Some of our own, learnedly wise in their exposition of the Apocalypse, have fancied that this mystery of iniquity, in every limb and feature, is exactly and singly portrayed in the bishop of Rome; and some among the weaker of the Protestant Dissenters, led by an educational prejudice against Episcopacy, have divided the hoof, and given one half to the church of Rome, and the other to the Church of England; not knowing that Antichrist has no more to do with the hierarchical than with any other form of church government; that he is not confined to any particular characters, places, or churches, but hath set his foot on the breadth of the whole earth, and erects his throne as easily in a synod of presbyters as in a consistory of cardinals. For wherever there is a thirst after earthly dominion, or the exercise of tyrannical power over men’s con-

sciences; wherever the same hands that deal out the mystical body and blood of Christ, are defiled with the wages of unrighteousness; wherever those hearts which should be temples of the living God, and bear the image and superscription of the humble Jesus, are exalted in pride above their brethren; wherever anything that is in man, or can be of man, usurps the place of Christ, and robs him of any part of the honour of our salvation; and lastly, wherever persecution holds out her bloody flag for the ravening wolves to hunt and devour the harmless sheep of Christ; whether this be at Rome or Geneva, among Papists, Lutherans, Calvinists or others, there abomination sitteth in the holy place, there Cain smiteth Abel, there Antichrist lifts up his horn.'

BRIEF MEMOIR OF JOHN DUDLEY,

CAPTAIN OF THE 'MANCHESTER' STEAM-VESSSEL, WHO PERISHED AT SEA, WITH ALL ON BOARD, ON THE VOYAGE FROM HULL TO HAMBURGH, ON THE NIGHT BETWEEN THE 15TH AND 16TH OF 6TH MONTH, 1844.

THE *Manchester* was the vessel in which William Backhouse, of Darlington, was to have embarked on his intended religious visit to Norway, with his nephew, Edward Backhouse, jun., as companion.

John Dudley, son of Sheldon and Elizabeth Dudley, was born at Roscrea, in the county of Tipperary, Ireland. In early life he was of a very cheerful disposition, always ready to enter into

youthful enjoyments with his brothers, sisters, and a large circle of young friends. When quite a young man, he had a desire to take a sea voyage, which his parents assented to, thinking that it might have the effect of causing him to decline pursuing a course of life attended with so many dangers and privations, but their expectations were not realized. The effect of this first voyage was to fix his choice of that line of life, and the bent of his mind being very strong towards it, he was placed under the care and instruction of Captain Bodell, who, it is believed, was a native of Whitehaven, and was also a member of the Society of Friends.

After being a sufficient time with Captain B. to gain a proper knowledge of nautical affairs, John Dudley was variously engaged in different sailing vessels, and went several voyages to New York. In that city, he had the privilege of enjoying the society of some of his relations; his father's brother, Edward Dudley, having, some years previously, gone to reside in New York, and had a numerous family of children and grandchildren. Being a young man of an open and affectionate disposition, John Dudley, as might be expected, was a great favourite with his relatives and friends.

In course of time, he was engaged, by the St. George Steam Packet Company, as first mate, or chief officer, in one of their large steam-vessels, that traded between London and Cork. As he then visited London every fortnight, he had much more opportunity of being

in the society of his family connections, than had been the case for several years before; his mother, now a widow, to whom he was a dutiful and affectionate son, having removed with her family from Ireland to Peckham, near London. He also occasionally found time to visit his sisters at Staines, where two of them are married and settled; and truly glad they and their families were, whenever he could thus, for a short time, sojourn among them.

When the St. George Steam Packet Company fitted out their finest vessel, the *Syrius*, to cross the Atlantic, John Dudley was chosen as chief officer to Captain Roberts—who was afterwards lost in the *President*, with the whole of the passengers and crew—and they had the gratification of getting into New York a few hours before the *Great Western*; consequently, they had the credit of taking into that port the first steam-vessel that probably ever had sailed from England to America.

Subsequently, our Friend got the appointment of captain to a steam-vessel that sailed from Hull to Gottenberg, in Sweden. He afterwards commanded a vessel from Hamburgh to Toningen, in Denmark; and his last appointment was to the command of the *Manchester*, a large steam-vessel that traded between Hamburgh and Hull.

In the winter of 1843–1844, John Dudley was laid up in Hamburgh with a very severe illness, which nearly cost him his life; but which illness we may trust was sent in mercy, to turn

his thoughts more decidedly towards heaven and heavenly things. In the spring of 1844, when sufficiently recovered, he resumed the command of his vessel, but it was only to make a few more voyages.

On the 13th of 6th month, the day before his sailing from Hull the last time, in writing to his sister, he says, 'A very melancholy circumstance happened at Darlington, last First-day, during meeting, in the sudden death of William Backhouse, a ministering Friend. He was to have gone with me, accompanied by his nephew, this next voyage to Hamburgh, on a religious visit to Norway; their places were taken here on board by Joseph Sanderson. Alas! it shows how little we can know what is before us, and how uncertain life is; which ought to be a great cause of serious thoughtfulness.'

How very soon indeed were these words verified; for, in three days afterwards, the vessel, with all on board, was lost. But his friends entertain the comforting hope that, though he was not permitted to reach the earthly port to which he was bound, yet that he has been safely piloted into the haven of eternal rest.

The cause of the loss of the *Manchester* is not, and probably never will be certainly known. It is quite possible, however, that it might have arisen from some accident to the machinery, by which the vessel became unmanageable; and, the weather being at the time very rough, she was driven on the sands on the south-western coast of Denmark.

It is a singular circumstance, that both John Dudley and Capt. Richard Roberts, who were the first to reach New York together by steam, should each have been lost in his own vessel, with every one on board, and each of them well-experienced men.

The foregoing brief account of the life and melancholy death of this promising young Friend, it is hoped, may not be without instruction and encouragement to persons engaged in a similar calling, beset as it is with peculiar temptations and snares. Yet a seafaring life has much connected with it calculated to impress the mind with serious thoughtfulness. 'They that go down to the sea in ships,' says the pious Psalmist, 'that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep' (Ps. cvii. 23, 24). John Dudley, though in an exposed line of life, though much in the world, was yet, in a great degree, preserved from its vices. This, it is believed, was the result of his mind being measurably influenced by that fear of the Lord which is declared to be not only 'the beginning of wisdom,' but also 'a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death.' He was not one who professed much, but we trust his conduct before other nautical men was not without its beneficial effect; and, we may add, that, when opportunity offered, he was a regular attender of our meetings. His sudden removal is another call to survivors—'Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.'

On Denmark's shore thy grave they made ;
 No relative was near,
 To mark the spot where thou wast laid,
 And o'er it shed a tear.

Though not allow'd that port to reach,
 To which thy ship was bound ;
 Though lifeless wash'd upon the beach,
 Thy manly form was found.

We humbly trust that in that hour
 Of shipwreck and dismay,
 The everlasting Arm of Power
 Thy spirit bore away.

To brighter shores of cloudless light,
 Where endless joys are known,
 And ransom'd souls in praise unite
 Before Jehovah's throne.

AFFLICTION.

AFFLICTION is a pill which, if wrapped up in patience, may be easily swallowed; but when discontent puts us upon chewing, it proves bitter and disgusting. Under the influence of religion, David could say, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.'

NONE THEIR END OBTAIN.

THE miser has his anguish,
 The merchant weary pain,
 The lover long doth languish,
 Yet none their end obtain.

The toiling farmer soweth,
 The reaper reaps the grain ;
 The traveller forward goeth—
 Yet none their end obtain.

The miser leaves his money,
The merchant all his care,
The lover, gall and honey,
For thus it is they fare.

The farmer in death's furrow
Is buried like his grain ;
The labourer on the morrow
From labour doth refrain ;
All pay the life they borrow,
For *all that end* obtain.

They lay them down to slumber
Beneath the churchyard stone,
With all the woes they number,
Their destiny unknown.

And what thus could they follow,
With such continued quest ?
What fitting dream and hollow
Thus robbed them of their rest ?

Power, wealth, or love, or leisure,
Alone could not be sought ;
Beyond must be some treasure,
Some phantom of the thought.

They sought, thus truth confesseth,
But, erring, failed to find,
What heaven alone possesseth—
The calm and happy mind !

(RICHARD HOWITT.)

THOMAS CHALKLEY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS SON GEORGE.

AN EXAMPLE OF EARLY PIETY.

HE was a youth much inclined to read the Holy Scriptures, and other good books ; and was always obliging, obedient, and loving to his parents, and ready and willing to do any service

he could to his friends, which he cheerfully performed and took delight in. He was very diligent, and ready to go to religious meetings, and an entire lover of religious people. In his sickness, he behaved himself more like a wise man than a child, bearing his pain with a great deal of patience. I being in another part of the world, he would gladly have seen me, but said he should never see me any more, and therefore desired his mother to remember his dear love to his father, and tell him that he was gone to his heavenly Father. He was very fervent in prayer in the time of his sickness, and prayed that God would preserve his people all the world over. One time, when in great pain, he prayed to Christ, saying, 'Sweet Jesus! blessed Jesus! give me patience to bear my misery and pain, for my misery is greater than I can well bear! O come, sweet Jesus, why art thou so long in coming? I had rather be with thee than in the finest place in all the world.' Another time he said, 'My misery and pain is very great, but what would it be if the wrath of God was in my soul?' Believing in the love of God in Christ, made him desirous of being with him: and, seeing the joy that was set before him, he thought the time long to be with Jesus, knowing that then he would be out of all misery and pain. His heart was full of love to his relations, acquaintances, and friends, who came to see him in his illness; and, full of tender sweetness and Divine love, he took his last leave of them, which greatly affected many. This was one of

the most pinching exercises I ever met with in all my days, losing this promising youth, my only son; but, as he said in his illness, so I now write, 'The wisdom of the Lord is wonderful!' One time in this child's sickness he said, 'O! the good hand of the Lord help me, give me ease, and conduct me safe.' He was affectionately concerned for his mother, doing whatever he could, freely and cheerfully, to serve her, and told her not to do things which he thought too much for her, saying, 'Mother, let me do it, if I were a man thou should not do anything at all;' meaning as to labour, my dear wife being very industrious, and apt to overdo herself at times; and she being affected with his filial love and care for her in his father's absence, it caused her sometimes to turn about and weep. He was ten years and seven days old when he died, and, as he was much beloved for the sweetness of his nature and disposition, so he was greatly lamented by many who were acquainted with him. This dear and tender youth, when reading, if he met with anything that affected him, either in the Sacred Writings or other good authors, he would write it down, and get it by heart. One which much affected my mind, that he thus wrote down, was Isa. lvii. 15—'For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.'

INDIAN HOSPITALITY.

WHEN George Fox was travelling in America, John Burnyeat, with some other Friends, accompanied him overland from Maryland to New England, attended by an Indian guide. Their journey was tedious, toilsome, and dangerous, through a wild country, where none of their countryman dwelt at that time. The Indians were kind and helpful to them, and one night they were received by an Indian king, who showed them such hospitality as lay in his power. His provisions being exhausted he could not supply them with food; but lodged them as he was lodged himself, on a mat spread on the ground, with a piece of wood for a pillow. Sometimes the woods afforded them lodging.

ON THE TEACHING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, AND
BLESSED EFFECTS OF OBEYING ITS REQUIR-
INGS.

THE Spirit of God, were we mindful of its requirings in our own hearts, would make just rulers and upright people (2 Sam. xxii. 3), loving husbands and tender wives, affectionate parents and obedient children, kind masters and faithful servants, it would make us dutiful to our Maker, peaceable in ourselves, and friendly towards each other.

It would bridle our tongues, set a watch before our mouths (Psal. cxli. 3), and conduct us

in all our ways. It would reform the drunkard, the swearer, the liar, the thief, &c., and prevent mankind from committing those things, which the adversary of our souls entices the children of men unto. It would discover the various wiles of our potent enemy, and guard us against his wicked and subtle devices. It would enable the young, or even the most headstrong and ungovernable, to cleanse their ways (Psal. cxix. 9), be a comfort to the aged in their declining years, and conduct mankind to their graves in peace. It would wean our affections from the things of this world (Col. iii. 2), and set them on things of a more excellent and substantial nature. It would teach us to be true to God, just to man, and honest to our own souls; and keep us from thinking more of the world, or the ways, customs, and usages thereof, than such things deserve to be thought on or esteemed of. It would conduct us in the way of life and salvation, and be a lamp to our feet in our spiritual journey. It would make us more mindful of the Divine law in our hearts (Jer. xxxi. 33), and imprint the fear of the Lord in our inward parts (Jer. xxxii. 40; Psal. cxi. 10; Prov. i. 7-10); which fear, besides many others, has this blessing ever attending it, which is, that it keeps mankind from those vain and unnecessary fears, which so frequently terrify and sometimes overwhelm their minds. It would fortify our souls against every exercise that can befall us, and make all things work together for our good (Rom. viii. 28). It would procure the love and

favour of God, draw down his blessings on us, and make our souls beautiful and lovely in his most holy sight. It would thoroughly baptize us into one body (1 Cor. xii. 13), and make us members of Christ, the children of God, and heirs of his kingdom, in deed and in truth. And what can, or need more to be said, to recommend mankind to the dictates and manifestations of God's Spirit in their own hearts and minds?

The Spirit of God, through its Divine influences and operations in our own minds, is the inspirer of every good thought, and the doer of every good act. It is the discoverer of sin, and the condemner of it in the heart. It is the supporter of the weak, the resolver of the doubtful, and the teacher of all true and essential knowledge. It is the enlightener of the mind, the purifier of the heart, and the procurer of every Divine favour which we either do or ever can enjoy. It is the instructor of the ignorant, the counsellor of the just, the wisdom of the wise, and the strength of the mighty; and those who follow its Divine leadings and holy instructions, actually find that it succours them in all dangers, supports them in all troubles, assists them in all difficulties; is with them in adversity, and that it stands by them in every needful and trying time; that it is a sure guide in health, and a sweet companion in time of sickness; that it directs the rich how to use their riches, and sustains the poor in the midst of their poverty; that it is with the faithful in

every exigence and vicissitude of life, and that it forsakes them not at the approach of, or in the hour of death.

Now one may reasonably hope that every sincere lover of the Holy Scriptures cannot but see, that to be led and guided by the grace or good Spirit of God (Tit. ii. 11; John xiv. 26; xvi. 13), is the foundation of true religion, and the sum and substance of the gospel.

And, to be brief, as the Spirit of God descended on Christ and his disciples, and, by its Divine influence, was abundantly manifested through the faithful in former ages; so now, whenever he enlightens the understandings, and vivifies the hearts of any, the effects thereof cannot but be visible, or made manifest in their lives and conversations, in their conduct and behaviour; for the fruit of this Spirit is, and ever will be, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, patience, contentment, and resignation to the Divine will, in every state and condition of life (Gal. v. 22); which blessings, that all may witness and be favoured with, is the ardent desire of
H. M.

HARD SENTENCE—SPIRIT OF FORGIVENESS EXEMPLIFIED.

FRANCIS HOWGILL was imprisoned, in 1664, for holding meetings in his house, and was, at an ensuing assize, premunired. The conclusion of his case was as follows :—

The judge said, *with a low faint voice*, You are put out of the king's protection and the benefit of the law. Your lands are confiscated to the King during your life, and your goods and chattels for ever, and you are to be prisoner during your life.

F. H.—Hard sentence for obeying the command of Christ ; but I am content and in perfect peace with the Lord ; and the Lord forgive you all !

Judge.—Well, if you will yet be subject to the laws, the King will show you mercy.

F. H.—The Lord hath showed mercy unto me, and I have done nothing against the King, nor Government, nor against any man, blessed be the Lord ! And therein stands my peace ; and it is for Christ's sake I suffer, and not for evil doing.

So he was returned to prison, *where he continued to the end of his days.*

A FEMALE SORELY BEATEN AND IMPRISONED TO DEATH.

1656.—ABOUT this time several persons were committed to Newgate, in Bristol, for bearing testimony to the truth in the places of public worship there. Of these, seven are mentioned as having been first beaten and miserably misused by the mob ; and one woman, Temperance Hignell, being concerned to reprove a certain priest, after he had ended his sermon, was

knocked down in the place, to the taking away her senses, and sorely beaten and bruised, her clothes being torn from her back ; after which she was cast into prison, where, being dangerously ill, she was carried out in a basket, and, within two or three days, died. George Harrison was also there imprisoned till death.

Such fruits of the priest's ministry, more especially sanctioned by his own example in using personal violence, sufficiently evinced the necessity of some kind of warning from the servants of God to the congregation, *to turn from the evil of their ways and fear Him.*

EARLY FRIENDS AND MODERN PROFESSORS, AND THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM CLEARLY SEEN BY OTHERS.

AN estimable female Friend, a minister in our Society, was lately travelling in a coach, and had an interesting conversation with a fellow-passenger ; who began by speaking of the many leaving the Society, and said he greatly approved of our sentiments in many respects, and wished there might never cease to be such a people — that we were raised up for a good purpose, to bear a peculiar testimony, and wished that it might never be suffered to fall to the ground ; but, said he, it must be upheld *in its ancient purity.* He then remarked how greatly we were gone from our primitive simplicity ; that we were an industrious people,

blessed in our trade, some got rich, and then got out into the worldly spirit—but that he trusted a little remnant would be preserved faithful, making a stand against these things, and then, although from these siftings that are come upon us, we may be reduced to be few in number, yet we should shine forth more brightly, and others would flock to us.

VICTORY.

W^AFT not to me the blast of fame,
That swells the trump of victory ;
For to my ear it gives the name
Of slaughter and of misery.

Boast not so much of honour's sword,
Wave not so high the victor's plume ;
'They point me to the bosom gor'd,
'They point me to the blood-stain'd tomb.

The boastful shout, the revel loud,
That strive to drown the voice of pain ;
What are they but the fickle crowd,
Rejoicing o'er their brethren slain ?

And, O ! through glory's fading blaze,
I see the cottage taper, pale,
Which sheds its faint and feeble rays,
Where unprotected orphans wail.

Where the sad widow weeping stands,
As if her day of hope was done ;
Where the wild mother clasps her hands,
And asks the victor for her son.

Where, midst that desolated land,
The sire lamenting o'er his son,
Extends his pale and powerless hand,
And finds its only prop is gone.

See how the bands of war and woe
Have rifled sweet domestic bliss ;
And tell me if your laurels grow,
And flourish in a soil like this.—(SIGOURNEY.)

THE UNBROKEN TREATY.

RESPECTING William Penn's treaty with the Indians of North America, Voltaire remarks, with much truth and severity, that it was the only one ever concluded which was not ratified by an oath, and the only one that never was broken.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE IN THE LIFE OF JOHN CROOK.

It is related of John Crook, one of the most eminently gifted ministers in the early period of the Society of Friends, that he was once brought by an informer before a justice of the peace, for preaching in a meeting ; and the justice, being a moderate man, was loath to send him several miles to prison, so late in the evening as he was brought before him, and told the informer to call in the morning and he would then hear his accusation. The justice told John Crook, as he appeared a decent man, he should have lodgings in his house that night, if he had no objection to sleep in a room his servant said was haunted, no other being unoccupied, as he had company. John expressed his acknowledgment for this favour, and accepted the offer. He was kindly entertained,

and had much conversation with the company on religious subjects, with which he and they appeared well pleased. He was shown his lodging-room at the further end of a long gallery, by the Justice himself, and slept well till about one o'clock, and then awoke with the overflowings of sweetness and peace covering his mind, and such intimations of Divine favour as greatly refreshed him. Just at this time a rattling noise was heard along the gallery, which continued for some time, and on its ceasing, a shrill voice, as if coming through the key hole of the door, said, 'You are damned,' repeating it three different times. John answered, 'Thou art a liar; for I feel this moment the sweet peace of my God flow through my heart.' All the noise and the voice ceased, and he soon after fell asleep, and did not awake till about his usual time of rising. He then walked about the garden waiting for the Justice rising; soon after which, a servant-man came up to him and fell on his knees, and begged forgiveness, and his prayer to God to forgive him; and he confessed, that it was he who made the noise near his chamber in the night, and spoke those wicked words; but that his reply pierced him to the heart. He also informed him, how his master had been robbed by him and others for years past, and concealed a discovery of their practice with the pretence of spirits haunting the house. All this, at John Crook's request, the servant told the master with penitence, and obtained his pardon, as did John his dismissal

from the informer. This servant became an altered man, and soon after joined Friends, becoming a minister amongst them.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

‘To-DAY,’ the active *worldling* cries,
 ‘My gains and business I’ll pursue ;
 And then to-morrow I’ll be wise,
 And seek my soul’s salvation too.

‘To-day my *pleasure* calls me hence,
 Stranger to care and friend to mirth ;
 To-morrow quit the joys of sense.’
 Thus speaks the votary of earth.

‘To-day, the call where glory leads,
 With zeal and ardour I’ll attend ;
 To-morrow, I’ll perform the deeds,
 Which make the eternal God my friend.’

And thus the thoughtless and the gay,
 Deaf to religion’s hallowed theme,
 Which sweetly cries, ‘Be wise to-day,
 Nor longer of to-morrow dream.’

To-day the lov’d Redeemer stands,
 And woos thee, sinner, to his arms ;
 O listen to his blest commands,
 And thus escape to-morrow’s harms.

The day, declining, fades away,
 Eternity’s wide sea rolls on ;
 Secure the grace without delay,
 To-morrow grace may be withdrawn.

LLEWELLYN CUPIDO MICHELS,

WAS born in South Africa, being a descendant of a celebrated Hottentot chief. When quite

young, he was sent to Hankey, to attend a missionary school. Edward Williams, the missionary then resident there, was struck with the appearance of intelligence in the child. A deep interest in the native tribes, and a desire to promote their civilization, induced him to take six of their children into his own family, that he might attend to their moral and religious instruction himself, with a view to their being ultimately placed as teachers in the native school. Cupido became one of these pupils, and, by his amiable and gentle disposition, gained the affections of the family.

In this guarded situation, his mind appears to have been early impressed with the necessity of seeking the Lord, and he frequently resorted to his 'praying spot in the bush,' a practice common with the native converts in South Africa, and he was considered a hopeful character.

In 1843, the declining health of the missionary induced him to return to his native land, and he brought the young Hottentot with him to educate, and become fitted for usefulness. After spending a few months in Wales, Cupido was placed in the mission school at Walthamstow; and shortly after, Edward Williams, his kind protector, died; he had been a faithful labourer in the Lord's vineyard, and his removal, in the prime of life, was deeply felt in the mission field. Previous to his death, he committed Cupido to the care of James Backhouse, a minister of the Society of Friends, who had

undertaken to raise the funds necessary for his education. He greatly felt the loss of his early friend, but he steadily pursued his studies, and became a general favourite in the school. In 1846, his health declining, he left Walthamstow, and became an inmate in the family of James Backhouse, at York. His inquiring mind, combined with much intelligence and simplicity of manners, endeared him to the family circle; his religious thoughtfulness was very apparent, and his ardent attachment to his own country was often strikingly portrayed. He continued to decline rapidly, but it was interesting to observe, how much his thoughts were turned to subjects of the highest importance. He was frequently engaged in prayer, and several times requested that his friends would pray for him.

Being told that the doctor considered his recovery very doubtful, he observed, 'I should liked to have lived a little longer to have gone to Africa;' but added, 'the Lord's will must be right.' He remarked that, in looking back to his past life, there were many things which gave him great regret, and said with much earnestness, 'I do wish that I had lived nearer to the Lord.'

Being asked if he had any message to send to James Backhouse, who was absent from home on religious service, he said, 'Give my dear love to him, and tell him I believe this illness has been greatly blessed to me; it has made me feel very thankful for all my blessings, and drawn me nearer to the Lord Jesus. I hope his work

prosper, and that, when it is finished, if we are permitted to meet, it may be with joy in the Lord.'

As he was becoming much weaker, the remark being made that his present state of trial was not likely to last long, he said that he believed it was not, and requested to have a letter read to him which had been received from Jane Williams, the widow of his first Christian caretaker, in which she expressed her desire that, whether he lived or died, the Lord might be his portion for ever, &c. With this he was much pleased; he sent a message of love to her, and spoke of her kind care in keeping him near to her when he was a little boy; regarding this as a link in the chain of Divine Providence, which had been so wonderfully extended to him up to the present time; he spoke with joyful anticipation of meeting her husband in heaven, and continued, 'O Lord, take care of his children; watch over them as he used to do over us.' He again referred to the hope he had entertained of returning to labour, in the Lord's vineyard, in his native land; how his heart had yearned to be made instrumental in the conversion of his benighted countrymen, and more especially of his own immediate connections, saying, 'O Lord! take thine own work into thine own hands, and, by thy Holy Spirit, visit their hearts, and turn them unto righteousness.'

In reference to his own state, he said, 'I believe that the blood of Jesus has cleansed me from all sin;' and, with a countenance beaming

with joy and gratitude, he exclaimed, 'O Lord, blessed and praised be thy holy name.'

At one time his soul seemed filled with the love of his Saviour, and he emphatically exclaimed, 'Why do not all sinners come to Christ?' Seeing those around him weep, he said, 'I wish you to be comforted; do not cry at that which is the will of God; the Lord bless and reward you for all your kindness to me.' He then took an affectionate leave of them, and gave directions respecting the distribution of his books.

He continued to praise and magnify God, and said, 'I am thirsty here, but I shall soon drink of the river of life; I am going to that place where there will be no want.' He died in the 9th month, 1846, aged about 17, doubtless to join the ransomed of all nations, kindreds, people, and tongues, who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. His remains were interred in the burial ground belonging to the Friends in York.

WORSHIP DOES NOT CONSIST OF SINGING MUSIC, AND OTHER PERFORMANCES.

JOHN ROBY, author of *Traditions of Laneashire*, and *Seven Weeks in Belgium, Switzerland, &c.*, in speaking of the service at the Roman Catholic cathedral at Cologne, one of the largest in the world, though yet incomplete, makes the following remarks—'The service, as a whole, to me at least, was anything but devotional. An opera, a tragedy, or any sublime scenic repre-

sentation, would have given birth to similar feelings, without one spark from a higher and holier source. There was no rising of the soul to communion with heaven. I felt too satisfied, too pleased with earth and its witcheries, inso-much, that a thought of the more awful solemnities of another and an eternal state of existence, seemed an intrusion and an abhorrence. What effect such performances may have on others, I cannot determine. An elderly Spaniard in the next seat seemed in a fever of ecstasy, but whether from earth or heaven, I may not judge.'—(ROBY'S *Seven Weeks in Belgium, &c.*)

THOMAS TAYLOR,

AN eminent minister of the 'Established Church' (so called), was one, amongst many others, who joined the Society of Friends in its early rise. He was a remarkable man, and George Fox has left the following testimony concerning him:—
 'He had been an eminent parish priest, and of note amongst the professors and other priests; and also a lecturer in several parts of the country, preaching sermons on the week days. And he, coming to Swarthmoor in Lancashire, with some other priests, I asked him and them, before Judge Fell, whether he or any of them could say, that they ever heard a voice from God or Christ, from heaven, that bid them go to speak to any people, as God and Christ did to the prophets and apostles? And Thomas said

before them all, that he never heard any such voice or command. And I asked him what he preached to the people then? He made answer, and said, "his experiences." I told him *his* experience might not reach to every condition; but he that had *the word of the Lord* might teach it, whom God sent, and *that* would reach all conditions. So the Lord's word and power struck him that he was silent, but the rest of the priests were high and opposed, and came to nothing. And Judge Fell wondered and astonished at what he heard Thomas say, that he had never heard the voice of God nor Christ to command him to preach to any people; the said Thomas Taylor being looked upon as a high priest, and above the common priests, and a sober man, and beloved among the outward professors. I went along with him that day to a place called Newton, in Lancashire, where he used to preach sometimes, and he was very much cast down, and sad, and groaned that night.

'And the next day we went to a meeting which we had in the worship-house yard, but he would have gone into the house, but the priest would not let us; and I told him it was no matter. And there came another priest from Underbarrow, and several others; and Thomas sitting still, at last a tender spring of life sprang up in him, and he spoke very well in it to the people, both of his own condition and the people's; and now how they must turn to the Lord Jesus Christ. And the Underbarrow

priest and some other professors were offended, and opposed him; but the Lord's power came over them all, for he was looked on, in the time of his priesthood, to be above them. And Thomas Taylor grew in the grace and truth of Christ, and came to know the word of the Lord, and preached Christ freely, and forsook his parish steeple-house, and his old parish wages, and the rest of the priests that preached for hire; and he travelled up and down in many parts of England, preaching the word of the Lord, and his gospel freely, *as he* was commanded.'

'The foregoing,' says John Barclay, 'is a plain man's account of a plain matter of fact. It is not set off by the beauties or power of language, yet the unprejudiced reader, discovering a native intrinsic excellency in the piece, will not despise it because of its simplicity. George Fox, who penned the narrative, it is well known, was what would now be called an unlettered and a homely kind of man, not accustomed to the refinements of the age *he* lived in, much less to those of *our* day; partaking, therefore, in our view, a certain roughness or plainness in his mode of speaking and writing, as well as in his general habits; at the same time a *gentleman* in the literal and strictest sense of the word, a Christian in his manners and deportment, endeavouring, to his utmost, to promote "peace on earth, and good will towards men." The subject to which he thought fit, in the present instance, to direct the attention and discourse of his company, is one of great importance,

comprehending, it is believed, the most main characteristic of the ministry of Friends; as such, the passage is, in particular, recommended to the serious consideration of our youth, being calculated to convey much instruction without much formality. It is indeed to be feared, whether some under our profession, of riper years and judgment, may not stand in need of being reminded by this simple relation, that the minister of Christ must receive nothing short of *the word of the Lord*, and when commissioned, must preach it where, and as he is commanded.

This view of the matter cuts shorts the elaborate contrivances of most professors of Christianity, to arrive at a supposed sufficiency in preaching by human skill. Certainly it is holiness, an entire submission or yielding to the Divine will, so far as we know it, and a quiet expectation and endeavour after farther acquaintance with the same, can alone prepare the soul to become, through mercy, instrumental in the Lord's hand for the everlasting good of others. Remarkable is the exemplification of this truth in the case before us. Thomas Taylor was a man of erudition and piety; he had been in the way of imbibing whatever a college education could impart; and, being strict in his profession, was, no doubt, earnestly engaged in attaining all the helps and props, which a ministry like that he had been brought up to, evidently required; yet he came to see, by the fresh extended power

of Divine help, that his views of the ministry were defective. With the apostle, he could say in the language of sincerity, ‘That which we have seen, heard, and felt, declare we unto you;’ he preached his experiences, as he acknowledged; but he had not apprehended it his duty to look for the manifestations of that ‘Word of Life,’ of which the apostle there speaks, through which alone the true preacher of the gospel is enabled to administer effectually to the states and wants of his hearers. The great Shepherd declared, that ‘his sheep *hear his voice,*’ and that he *call-eth* his own sheep by name, *and leadeth them out.* And when *he putteth forth* his own sheep, *he goeth before them,* and his sheep follow him, for they *know his voice.* Nevertheless, this zealous pastor confessed, he had not been sensible of such distinct dealings towards him. He, no doubt, spoke of good things to the people, perhaps with the best of motives; but had he known the inward appearance and voice of Christ in his soul, and come under its directions and limitations in his religious services, he would have preached, when he preached, with the authority of a Divine commission, even ‘as the oracles of God.’ Where a person professing the ministry is brought to see all his ability for real usefulness, all the good springing up in him, to be wholly dependent on the particular and express extensions of heavenly grace *at the time*; where he is brought to resign himself to these without reserve on all occasions, then may he most truly be said to be *an instrument* in the Divine hand.

The effect and influence of the gospel preaching under such circumstances, is often very striking, as in that of Thomas Taylor, who, in a short time, became an eminent preacher of *the Word*; and it may be said of him as it was of his holy Pattern and Teacher, 'he spake as one having authority,' even 'in the demonstration of the Spirit, and of power;' many thereby being turned from darkness to the light, prevailed on to bring their deeds to it, and enabled to walk in the same. His writings will always be valuable to those who look for substance, not show; something of the meekness and gentleness of Christ appears on the face of them; there is also much Christian experience evinced in parts, and what is very rarely seen in the productions of those who have some share of literary acquirements; there is, throughout, an uncommon simplicity of language and plainness of style, with so little semblance of study, that one might fancy his parentage and education to have been as humble and homely as his who was called the *carpenter's son*, or as his fishermen apostles.—(BARCLAY'S *Anecdotes*, p. 98.)

REMARKS ON PERSECUTION, BY CHARLES
BUCK.

PERSECUTION and intolerance are words at which my soul recoils; words which call up the most unpleasant ideas; which make me tremble when I consider the inexpressible depravity of the

human mind, and how far it has been extended and manifested among mankind.

Of all the absurdities and impieties, that of persecution for difference of opinion is the most cruel and flagrant; nothing more unreasonable, nothing more abhorrent, for the true genius of Christianity.

That a man should be indifferent as to what he believes, or suppose that all doctrines are alike, this would be a mark of an ignorant and impious mind. Every man is bound to search into the will of his Creator, so far as it is revealed; to study his obligations to him, and to be earnestly concerned for the promotion of his glory in the world. But to triumph over others, to attempt to rob them of their private judgment, or to persecute them in any way, because they differ from us in *thought*, is the greatest disgrace to reason, religion, and humanity. It is also as useless as it is wicked. It may make hypocrites, but not Christians. Attempts have been made to establish an exact uniformity of sentiment, but all in vain; so it must be, while variety characterizes all the works, material and intellectual, of the Creator's hand. Racks, tortures, gibbets, fires, with all the instruments of cruelty, have been applied, but the mind has risen superior to all; yea, the very sanguinary methods made use of, have, instead of repressing, supported and strengthened the cause of truth, while it has injured that of the opposers. It was a true saying of the emperor Maximilian II., that 'such princes as tyrannizo over the

consciences of men, attack the throne of the Supreme Being, and frequently loose the earth by interfering too much with heaven.' The spirit of persecution has been too prevalent in every age, and almost in every party; nor has free toleration been rightly understood till within these few years. The accounts given us of the ten pagan persecutions, the successive and unheard-of cruelties of the church of Rome, and, alas! the too great portion of this spirit among Protestants, are enough to make humanity sicken at the thought. We, however, live in a time, when this spirit begins to be treated as it should be. How our forefathers suffered, history informs us. We cannot be sufficiently thankful for the liberty we now enjoy. The dawn of truth, love, and intelligence, now appears, and the glorious sun of religious liberty sheds its benign influence around us. May it never cease to shine, till the whole world be enlightened, and the spirit of intolerance and religious oppression be heard of no more! Amen.

What a different spirit to that of persecution did Louis XII. manifest, and how much more commendable. When he was incited to persecute the Waldenses, he returned this truly great and noble reply—'God forbid that I should persecute any for being more religious than myself.—(Buck's *Anecdotes*.')

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

THIS prince was so warm an admirer of Homer, that he is said to have placed a copy of his works under his pillow, and carefully deposited the *Iliad* in a most beautiful casket, observing, that the most excellent work of human genius—*pretiosissimum humani animi opus*—was worthy of the most valuable and precious case in the world.

What an example to Christians to love and reverence the best of books—the Bible! for, while Homer sings of arms, bloodshed, and desolation, the Holy Scriptures sing of mercy and peace through the blood of Jesus, offered to the worst of sinners.—(BUCK'S *Anecdotes*.)

REBECCA COLLINS,

WIFE of William Collins, of Alveston, near Stratford-on-Avon, was of a remarkably meek and placid disposition. Her natural diffidence, whilst it formed a pleasing trait in her character, caused her virtues to shine in a more contracted sphere, and diminished that usefulness in society, which her example might otherwise have extensively promoted; still the peculiar innocence of her life, could not fail forcibly to strike those who were acquainted with her, her general conduct holding out the encouraging language—‘Follow me, as I endeavour to follow Christ.’

Both before and after her marriage, her residence being in the country, she was of course much secluded ; but she had always free access to some of her affluent neighbours, who admired the benevolence, simplicity, and integrity of her heart. Among these and others, she would circulate religious books and tracts ; and, as suitable opportunities offered, would advocate the Christian principles she professed.

She had a pleasing taste for poetry, and frequently indulged it on moral and religious subjects. Ever ready to advocate the cause of humanity, the unnecessary sufferings of the brute creation affected her sympathizing mind, and furnished frequent themes for the exercise of this talent.

Towards young persons she felt a peculiar attachment ; she was desirous that they should prize their privileges as members of our Society ; and would at times hand them counsel and encouragement. She would also often contribute to their innocent amusement by the productions of her muse, in which instruction and recreation were happily blended.

During the last years of her life, she laboured under many bodily infirmities, that were thought to originate from an accident that in some measure injured the spine. Her faith remained unshaken in the prospect of increased suffering, from the rapid progress of a cancer in the breast, which her medical attendant deemed it necessary to remove. In a letter to a friend, a few days before the operation, she said—‘ I

feel supported beyond what I could expect, and I do not know but my dear husband and sister are greater objects of commiseration, they feel so much from antieipation.'

She passed the eventful period with much composure and resignation, and lived some time after the wound appeared perfectly healed; but the shock which her constitution suffered, gradually impaired her health. She was confined to her bed one month, and at times her sufferings were very great; but she evidently experienced the everlasting arm to be underneath. She died 1st month 1819, aged 56.

The following lines were written by her, on hearing some remarks made by a young man, after attending a silent meeting at the burial of a Friend—

When expectation anxious wishing
Eloquence of words to hear,
The solemn pause of awful silence
Mortifies its itching ear.

'Tis thus perhaps the great Dispenser
Sees it best to deal with man;
The depth of whose unerring counsel
Human wisdom cannot scan.

The striking scene of death before us,
What can more instructive plead?
It is a road we all must travel,
'Tis a path that none evade.

Though learned phrase and flowery language,
Please the proud exalted part;
Yet deeply-searching home reflection
Can alone improve the heart.

INCIDENTS RELATING TO GEORGE FOX.

It was in 1652 or 1653, that, at the Lancaster sessions, George Fox was honourably exonerated from the charge of blasphemy, on which charge he had been summoned. Through divers persecutions of jangling opposers, and now and then a beating or stoning, &c.; he pursued his course for about another year; when, finding his way to Carlisle, and preaching there, with his accustomed boldness, it was not long before he was again sent to prison, upon the old charge of being a blasphemer, &c.; a charge, of all others, which, *at first sight*, appears the most singular to be preferred against a man who was exhibiting a constant willingness to suffer, even to the hazard of his life, for the defence of the gospel. Yet, looking at the *whole, unbroken, and easeful* condition of his accusers, and at the *false* views of Christ's religion by which they pacified their consciences in such a state, we cannot much wonder that they stigmatized him with the character of a blasphemer; for, in preaching against their indulgences, or, in other words, against the 'gods many, and lords many,' that were the *real* objects of their worship, he, no doubt, was guilty of sacrilege in their eyes. That this was the *true* foundation of such a charge, we may well infer, because experience proves, that there never has been a ministration of the Spirit, which has not drawn upon the minister thereof this accusation of being a blasphemer, or a denier of some of the leading

doctrines of Christianity. Not to mention the case of Fenelon, or that of Madame Guion, or of Molinos, on the Continent, or that of the pious William Law, in our own country, and many more that might be spoken of, let us look at the testimony of Scripture to this point; and here we find the great apostle of the Gentiles, whilst a *persecutor* of the followers of Christ, and whilst zealous for the law or the letter—in high acceptance with the Scribes and Pharisees, or the doctors of divinity of the Jewish church—but the same Paul, preaching Jesus and the resurrection, and stating that he had received an *immediate revelation* and command from his Master, is greeted with—‘Away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live.’* But need we ask for further instances, to prove how inherent is this disposition in the unregenerate heart, to stigmatize with the worst epithets the purest doctrines; seeing that it was levelled against the Fountain of Purity itself? ‘For a good work,’ say the *real* blasphemers to the holy Jesus, when he meekly asks of his barbarous persecutors, for which of his good works were they about to stone him, ‘For a good work we stone thee not; but for blasphemy!’ (John x. 33.)

But to return to George Fox. Whilst he was in confinement at Carlisle, he was visited by

* Acts xxii. 21, 22; and also ch. xxiv. 5, where he is accused of being ‘a pestilent fellow, and a mover of sedition,’ &c.

many persons ; both his name, principles, and increasing followers, having, by this time, rendered him an object of extensive fame and curiosity ; a circumstance, which, added to a natural hatred of the *kind* of religion he taught and practised, so much increased his adversaries, that efforts, it seems, were not wanting to consider the practicability of his even forfeiting his life.

When the assizes came, he states, ‘ All the talk and cry was that I was to be hanged, and the high sheriff, whose name was Wilfred Lawson, stirred them much up to take away my life, and said he would guard me to my execution himself.’ He also says, that ‘ great ladies, as they were called, came to see the man that they said was to die.’ As closely was he guarded as if his crime had been of the blackest dye, three musketeers keeping watch upon him continually. Nevertheless, the project of getting rid of him by the hand of the executioner, was frustrated by some point of law, which, as he says, ‘ Confounded all their counsels ;’ and this difficulty, indisposing or incapacitating them for bringing him to trial, he was left in prison at the time of the assizes ; an act of cruelty which caused Justice Pearson, whom he had greatly impressed by his preaching at Lancaster, to address a letter to the Judges and court in his behalf ; and which, as manifesting the view that was taken of his case by a judicious and educated man, it may be desirable to give it at length :—

‘ TO THE JUDGES OF ASSIZE AND JAIL DELIVERY
FOR THE NORTHERN PARTS, SITTING AT CARLISLE.

‘ You are raised up to do righteousness and justice, and sent forth to punish him that doth evil, and to encourage him that doth well, and to set the oppressed free. I am therefore moved to lay before you the condition of him who is called George Fox, whom the magistrates of this city have cast into prison for words that he is accused to have spoken, which they call blasphemy. He was sent to the jail till he should be delivered by due course of law; and it was expected that he should have been proceeded against in the common law course at this assize. The informations against him were delivered into court, and the act allows and appoints that way of trial. How hardly and unchristianly he hath been hitherto dealt with, I shall not now mention; but you may consider that nothing he is accused of is nice and difficult; and, to my knowledge, he utterly abhors and detests every particular which, by the act against blasphemous opinions, is appointed to be punished; and differs as much from those people, against whom the law was made, as light from darkness. Though he be committed, judgment is not given against him; nor have his accusers been face to face, to affirm before him what they have informed against him; nor was he heard as to the particulars of their accusations; nor doth it appear that any word they charge against him is within the act. But, in-

deed, I could not yet so much as see the information, no, not in court, though I desired it both of the clerk of the assizes, and of the magistrate's clerk; nor hath he had a copy of them. This is very hard; and that he should be so close restrained that his friends may not speak with him, I know no law nor reason for. I do, therefore, claim for him a due and lawful hearing, and that he may have a copy of his charge, and freedom to answer for himself; and that rather before you, than to be left to the rulers of this town, who are not competent judges of blasphemy, as by their mittimus appears, who have committed upon him an act of parliament, and mention words, as spoken by him at his examination, which are not within the act, and which he utterly denies. The words mentioned in the mittimus he denies to have spoken, and hath neither professed nor avowed them.—

‘ANTHONY PEARSON.’

But the friendly efforts of this gentleman were fruitless. It was resolved not to bring George Fox to trial; and he was left, at the close of the assizes, to the jurisdiction of the magistrates of the town; who testified what sort of favour he was likely to receive from them, by ordering him into a still worse place of imprisonment than the jailer's house, where he had hitherto been confined, but from whence he was now removed into the jail, amongst moss-troopers, thieves, and murderers; the painfulness of whose society was augmented by the

accompaniment of every other sort of abomination, which the filthy and degraded condition of prisons in that age, and of those that inhabited them, could exhibit. 'Yet, as bad as the place was,' he says, 'the prisoners were all made very loving and subject to me, and some of them were convinced of the truth, as the publicans and harlots were of old.'

At this time there appeared little prospect of his release. However, it happened that a report of his case coming to the knowledge of the Parliament, by whose authority the country was at that time governed, a letter was sent down to the sheriff and other magistrates concerning him, and not long after he was liberated. And now, the Society having much increased, not only in numbers, but also in able ministers, their doctrines began to be more generally known and considered; and, although the persecution they met with from hypocritical professors of religion, and profane deriders of it, was in no degree lessened, yet the general integrity and uprightness, not merely of their principles, but their practice, had gradually removed the prejudices which, in the first instance, threatened to impoverish them, by causing the different customers of such of them as were in trade, to cease from dealing with them.

'But afterwards,' says George, with his accustomed simplicity, 'when people came to have experience of Friends' honesty and faithfulness, and found that their yea was yea, and their nay was nay, that they kept to a word in their deal

ings, and that they would not cozen and cheat them, but that, if they sent a child to their shops for anything, they were as well used as if they had come themselves, *the lives and conversations of Friends did preach*, and reached to the witness of God—conscience—in the people.'

'Then things altered so,' he goes on to say, 'that all the inquiry was, where was a draper, or shopkeeper, or tailor, or shoemaker, or any other tradesman that was a Quaker? Inasmuch that Friends had more business than many of their neighbours,' &c.

In the same artless strain he afterwards speaks of the approbation which, when more duly organized, and their different meetings permanently established, their orderly mode of conducting the Society's affairs, and their method of assisting the poor, extracted even from their enemies. 'When they saw Friends' books,' he says, 'and accounts of collections for the relief of the poor, how we took care—one county to help another, and to help our Friends beyond sea, and provide for our poor—that none of them should be chargeable to their parishes, &c., the justices and officers confessed that we did *their* work, and would pass away, peaceably and lovingly, commending Friends' practice. Sometimes,' he proceeds, 'there would come two hundred of the poor of other people and wait till the meeting was done (for all the country knew we met about the poor), and, after the meeting, Friends would send to the baker's for bread, and give every one of those poor people

a loaf, how many soever there were of them; for we were taught to do good unto all, though especially to the household of faith.'—(KELTY'S *Early Friends*.)

THE AZURE SASH.

THERE was at Shackamaxon an elm-tree of a prodigious size. To this the leaders on both sides repaired, approaching each other under its widely-spreading branches. William Penn appeared in his usual clothes; he had no crown, sceptre, mace, sword, halberd, or any insignia of eminence. He was distinguished only by wearing a sky-blue sash round his waist, which was made of silken net-work, and which was of no larger dimensions than an officer's military sash, and much like it, except in colour. This sash is now in the possession of Thomas Kett, Esq. of Seething Hall, near Norwich.—(CLARKSON'S *Memoirs of Penn*.)

Proud martial banners hang in famed St. Paul's,
 Trophies of victories won in bloody fields;
 But, ah! with aught such exhibition yields,
 Compared, how cheerfully the mind recalls
 The deeds and emblems of delightful peace!
 I'd rather the grave Quaker's belt of blue
 Were mine, than proudest flag that ever flew
 O'er war's most glorious feat. O when shall cease,
 E'en from earth's centre to the utmost poles,
 Man's feuds with man, and heroes be despised,
 And symbols only of sweet peace be prized?
 E'en when the gospel car triumphant rolls
 O'er the wide world, and every race of men
 Shall call each other *Friend*, and honour peace like
 Penn. (JOHN HOLLAND.)

ILLITERATE PREACHERS.

SPEAKING of the power which accompanied the preaching of some of the plain and illiterate ministers amongst the primitive Friends, Isaac Pennington remarks, 'O! the breathings and meltings of soul, the sense of the living presence of God, the subjecting of the heart unto the Lord, &c., which hath often been known, and sealed to, from the powerful appearance of God, in their ministry! Indeed, when I have considered these and such-like things in my heart, and narrowly marked them in my converse with them, I have been often forced to cry out concerning them, "Truly, here is a man very weak and contemptible, but God very glorious and powerful!" And, indeed, when at any time I looked on the man, I was hardly able to forbear disdaining them; but, on the other hand, when the eye of my spirit beheld the power and glory of the Lord in them, I could hardly forbear over-esteeming and exalting them.'

But is not this the way of the Lord, the invariable way? Is it not his established purpose to 'stain the pride of human glory,' by choosing 'those whom man despiseth' to be the instruments of his noblest purposes? Man, vain man, seeing no farther than the sholl, craves to have *that* well ornamented; and he gets his gold and his scarlet, his languages and his learning, and what then? Are *these* the things wanted to renew a fallen, degenerated soul?

It is easy, indeed, to tako the *outside* pattorn

of the high-priest's garments, but where is the Urim and the Thummim—the lights and perfections?—where is the breastplate of judgment? where is its engraving like that of a signet, with ‘Holiness unto the Lord.’—(KELTY'S *Early Friends*.)

ORIGIN OF MILTON'S PARADISE REGAINED.

THOMAS ELLWOOD, one of the early Friends, was on terms of particular intimacy with the poet Milton, who resided in London. During the time that the plague raged in London, he desired Ellwood to take a house for him in the neighbourhood in which he was residing, that, as Ellwood observes, ‘he might go out of the city, for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont,’ he says, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, &c. ; and soon making him a visit to welcome him into the country, after some common discourse had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his ; which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me, and read it at my leisure ; and, when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon.

When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled, *Paradise Lost*. After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book,

with due acknowledgment for the favour he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it ; which I modestly, but freely told him ; and, after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, ‘Thou hast said much here of paradise lost ; but what hast thou to say of paradise found ?’ He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse ; then broke off that discourse, and fell upon another subject.

After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither ; and when afterwards I went to wait on him there, which I seldom failed of doing, whenever any occasion drew me to London, he showed me his second poem, called *Paradise Regained* ; and in a pleasant tone said to me, ‘This is owing to you ; for you put it into my head, by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.’
—(KELTY’S *Early Friends*, p. 229–30.)

PRACTICAL EFFECT OF CHRISTIANITY.

LORD BARRINGTON once asked Collins, the infidel writer, how it was, that, though he seemed to have very little religion himself, he took so much care that his servants should attend Divine worship so regularly ? He replied, ‘To prevent their robbing or murdering me.’ To such a character, how applicable are these words—‘Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee.’—(BUCK’S *Anecdotes*.)

ADDRESS TO THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

By Thomas Wilkinson, when in company with John Pemberton, on a religious visit to that country, in 1787.

WHILE over many a Highland hill I stray,
And pick thro' many a glen my devious way,
On every side I cast my wondering eyes,
Where lakes expand or rugged mountains rise;
And still I find new pleasures as I go,
Wherever hills ascend or waters flow.
But backward oft my silent musings stray
Among the charming groves of Inveray,
Not fresher lawns on Albion's bosom smile,
Not taller forests crown her fruitful isle,
Not bolder hills her southern skies invade,
Nor boast our winding vales a deeper shade.
Argyle—would other wealthy lords agree
To clothe with wood their naked plains like thee.
To bid the rocks with infant forest spring,
And call the birds on silent hills to sing,
The vacant hand of poverty employ,
And fill their cottages with humble joy;
Then rocks in barren majesty arrayed,
Would wrap their limbs in beauty's softest shade,
Among the hills then would the native stay,
Nor seek for happier fortunes far away;
Then would this land increasing thousands bear,
And o'er the seas her cheerful mountains rear.
But not these bold luxurious scenes confine
My wand'ring search, or stay a heart like mine;
I love to pierce the peasant's humble cell,
I love to see how all my brethren dwell;
And sure it fits a social mind to trace
The various lots assigned the human race.
Peace to the humble swain whose simple lot,
Is bounded by the narrow Highland cot;
Joy to the noble hospitable breast,
Whose pillow sinks the stranger into rest,
Whose ready board his every want supplies,
And converse bids his drooping spirits rise:

Such have I found the Highland vales among,
Such kindness well may warm my grateful song.
Ye hills, farewell, if e'er I rest again
On the fair bosom of my native plain,
Of Highland scenes my tongue will often tell,
My heart will long on Highland kindness dwell ;
Nor will, I trust, oblivion soon efface,
From the remembrance of this generous race,
The pious toils my loved companions bore,
Where men like us were never seen before ;
The voice of love their deepest valleys found,
Along the mountain's ran the gospel sound.
Sweet was the sound and powerful was the call
To heaven within, the happiness of all.
The modest Highland maid, the aged dame,
The cottager and chief, together came ;
Silent they sat, and marvelled when they knew,
That gospel love so far its votaries drew.

INDIANS' RESPECT FOR THE NAME OF PENN.

THE following anecdote is recorded as a just tribute to the character of the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania, being related by Dr. Robert H. Rose, of Silver Lake, Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania.

Dr. Rose was travelling a few years ago, with an interpreter, in one of the Western States, and, finding themselves, as the shades of night closed around them, in the midst of a hostile tribe of Indians, from whom there was no escape, he conjectured within his own mind, by what avenue he could appease their ferocious feelings. Being familiar with the character of William Penn, and his untiring kindness and honourable conduct towards them, he desired his interpre-

ter to tell them he was of the country of Penn, a native of Pennsylvania. Instantly he saw the magical influence of a name associated with all the peaceful and civic virtues which had been handed down from tribe to tribe. The whole manner of the Indians became so kind, as to inspire the most entire confidence, and insure a night of comfortable rest.

PROTRACTED IMPRISONMENT FOR NOT SWEARING.

Dorset, 1667.—This year, says Besse, John Pitman was prisoner in the county jail, *where he had been above four years*, under sentence of premunire for refusing to swear.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME PENNSYLVANIA— EXTENT OF THE PROVINCE.

From the accounts which William Penn had received of his newly acquired territory, he was desirous of naming the province Sylvania, from the circumstance of its abounding in forests; but the King insisted that the name of Penn should be prefixed. Penn remonstrated, fearing that it would be charged to himself as a piece of vanity, but the King overruled his objections, and the province was named Pennsylvania.

Soon after he had published his frame of government, he received a free gift from his friend, and his father's friend, the Duke of York,

of another tract of land, belonging to the government of New York, and lying contiguous to the province of Pennsylvania, at that time inhabited by a few Dutch and Swedes. By this additional grant, Pennsylvania contained an area of upwards of 40,000 square miles, or about 288 miles by 156.

THE ONLY REFUGE.

‘ Lord ! to whom shall we go ? thou hast the words of eternal life.’ John vi. 68.

O WHITHER shall the hungry soul
For nourishment repair?—
Thine only, Lord ! the quick’ning words
Of life eternal are.

Thou art the Rock of ages, whence
The heavenly waters flowed,
That through the weary wilderness
Refreshed the pilgrim’s road.

Then grant that in this vale of tears
Thy grace my steps may guide,
Through all its slippery ways protect,
And for my wants provide.

And when my longing eye shall see
The Land of Promise near,
May my worn spirit bow to thee,
Thy Word that spirit cheer.

OLIVER SANSOM.

Few things are perhaps more worthy of notice, in the history of our early Friends, than the remarkable unity of doctrine and practice which prevailed, amidst the greatest outward variety

of circumstances. Whether called from amongst the rich or the poor, the old or the young, the learned or the illiterate of the world, they 'walked by the same rule, and minded the same thing.' They witnessed that there was 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism; one body, and one Spirit, even as they were called with one hope of their calling.' Whatever might have been their former professions or circumstances, they threw down all their crowns at the feet of Jesus, and became one in Him. Like the primitive believers, they 'by one Spirit were all baptized into one body.' But in one body are many members, to whom are allotted various offices, as set forth by the apostle; 'diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit; differences of administrations, but the same Lord; diversities of operations, but the same God who worketh all in all.'

The subject of the present notice lived in a retired part of the county of Berks, where, for many years, he preached Truth in his life and conversation as well as in the assemblies of the people; and for his faithful adherence to its testimonies he was in various ways a great sufferer; for not only, as his Friends testified of him, 'was he a preacher of love and good works, but he practised them.' His testimony was against all the pollutions of the world, against all pride and the vain fashions and customs thereof; and he laboured that Truth might be in dominion, and that such as professed it might prosper and grow therein; so that in his ministry, and other services of the church of

Christ, he was very serviceable, and was preserved unto a good old age, in a holy life and exemplary conversation.

Oliver Sansom was born at a small village in Berkshire, on the 8th of 7th month, 1636; of parents who were members of the Church of England. When about twenty years of age, he first attended, at the invitation of a friend, a meeting of the people called Quakers; at which he appears to have been convinced of the truth of the doctrines preached, and to have experienced desires of walking accordingly. His own words were, speaking of the testimony he then heard, 'I was fully convinced and satisfied in myself, that that was the Truth and way of God, which was matter of great joy and comfort to me; for I now hoped to go forward, and walk in it without any obstruction.' Through the working of the enemy, however, he allowed himself much liberty, and 'made merry over the witness within,' until a sickness in 1661 brought him low; recovering from which, he abstained from his 'former vain courses, was much reformed in his conversation, yet through the workings of the grand adversary upon the weak part, could not as yet confess the Lord openly.'

Whilst living thus, as he says, 'somewhat like Nicodemus,' having a love for the Lord in his heart, but not daring through weakness to follow Him in an open profession of his Truth, he married one Jane Bunce, a sober and suitable woman, and still continued to walk in great seriousness of mind, and spent much time in

reading good books, more especially the Holy Scriptures; yet did he conceal his judgment, not in any part denying the worship which was wrong, nor standing up in a testimony for that which he was satisfied was right. He met with a book written by Isaac Penington, which was of much service to him; and as he conferred not with flesh and blood, but looked to the Lord, he was made willing to endure the cross; and cried earnestly unto the Lord to enable him to walk in the way he should go, and for strength to follow Him therein fully unto the end.

Friends now began to increase in these parts, and persecution raged, so that 'many Friends were in prisons, and sufferings grew sharp and great,' so that Oliver says, 'I could no longer keep back or conceal myself; but a necessity came upon me to show myself, and take my part and lot with the sufferers that suffered for righteousness' sake. Thus were the bonds of faithful Friends made a means to confirm and embolden him, and no doubt many others, to profess the Truth and right way of the Lord.

Towards the end of the year 1663, Oliver Sansom went to dwell at a place called Boxford, near Newbury, in Berkshire; and diligently went to the meetings of Friends, though his wife continued to go to the priest's worship. He had not been long here, before he had some trouble from the parish priest, who proved a great persecutor; and with whom and his curate, Oliver Sansom endeavoured, both by word and writing, to set forth and vindicate his principles; but

from these parties he met with continual persecution. Time and space forbid our following him through his numerous and varied troubles, and frequent imprisonments. His goods were continually distrained, sometimes to the last thing he possessed; yet the Lord blessed his labours, and made him thankful that he was counted worthy to suffer. He became a great stay and support to Friends in those parts, encouraging them in their testimony, both by precept and example, and writing them valuable epistles of comfort and counsel, to remain stedfast to those testimonies for which he was so continually in bonds. His letters to his wife, who became a valuable friend to the Friends of his own and other meetings, as well as those he addressed to some priests, justices of the peace, &c., are full of instruction, sound doctrine, and faithful advice. In the language of one of his contemporaries, 'his letters were grave and seasoned with that which made them savoury; and showed that he wrote in a sense of the holy Truth he professed and suffered for.' He travelled occasionally in the work of the ministry in this country, and twice in that capacity visited Friends in Ireland, but his labours were mostly in his own and neighbouring meetings. He appears, as his journal sets forth, to have availed himself of all opportunities to defend the Truth and Friends from those reproaches which its enemies were constantly throwing on it and them, and for its sake and theirs to have welcomed rather than shunned suffering.

Having borne a faithful testimony at Boxford, he believed it right to remove to Farringdon; and at a subsequent period, the Abingdon meeting growing small, he believed himself called on to go and live there, which tended much to the comfort and edification of Friends at that place. In each of these situations he was called to suffer on behalf of those principles which were so dear to him. Having reached a good old age, with an unclouded prospect of a resting-place where 'the wicked cease from troubling,' and an assurance of the reward promised to the faithful, he departed this life at Abingdon, the 23d of 2d month, 1740.

Thomas Ellwood, the Friend to whom were committed the papers and autobiography of Oliver Sansom, and who prepared them for the press after his decease, in a testimony he gives of him, amongst other things says: "Though he came later into the Lord's vineyard than many others, yet from the time he did come in, he came not behind many others for painful diligence and watchful industry in the work he was called to. For the last twenty years or more of his life, I knew him well, and conversed with him often either personally or by letter; and from the knowledge I thus had of him, and the sense which dwells upon my spirit concerning him, I have this testimony to bear in a few words of him, and to his honest and innocent life; that he was a good steward of his Master's treasures; a faithful dispenser of the Divine mysteries committed to him; an inward

and heavenly-minded man, more in substance than in show; greater in power than in expression; a man meek and quiet in spirit, yet full of zeal: but that so well tempered with and governed by knowledge, that it tended to the good of all nor hurt of any. Adorned he was with humility, temperance, and self-denial, valiant in the Lamb's war, and bold in defence of the Truth; patient in suffering for the Truth, through which he obtained the victory; so addicted he was and wholly given up to the service and promotion of the Truth, that he spared not on all good occasions to spend as well as be spent therein; contracting his own private expenses, and rather straitening himself, that (his outward estate not being great) he might be able the more freely to lay forth himself and it in public services for Truth and Friends. The Lord send forth more such faithful labourers into his vineyard, and support and bless them in their labours therein till their work be finished, as He did him; of whom in a word it may be said, he lived and died a servant of the Lord."

TO THE SONS OF MY PEOPLE.

YE sons of my people, dissevered in part
From the nourishing sap of the fruit-bearing vine,
O why from the stay of your life would ye start
On the clods or the verdure of earth to recline?
Enough of the moisture and goodness ye need
From the root to each fruit-bearing branch to arise,
Then why should ye seek from the stem to be freed,
To revel in ampler and grosser supplies?

Ye surely would prove the fair bosom of earth,
Tho' deck'd in its gayest and brightest array,
To the branch that hath strayed from the place of its birth,
A certain—a premature bed of decay?

Time was when the sons of my people were bold
To look through the surface of things to their root,
When the springs of corruption they dared to unfold,
And prob'd to the kernel each fair-looking fruit.

They saw in the names of the months and the days,
Tho' ages had past since those names had been given,
A pagan attempt other gods to emprise
Than the Lord—the dread ruler of earth and of heaven.

They saw that the titles of Mister and Miss,
And the plural addresses so common to one,
Tho' little suspected, or counted amiss,
In the lust and the pride of the world had begun.

They saw and they dared, in despite of its frown,
To use the plain language of truth and of sense,
Nor cared they who looked all indignantly down
From the ramparts of pride with the arms of offence.

Where now are the vestures all spotless and clear
That covered with brightness the Sons of the Cross?
And why in our ranks do such numbers appear,
Their garments so sullied, or loaded with dross?

And where is the single, the bright-beaming eye,
Well skilled through the surface of things to divine,
Corruption's dark features so prompt to descry?—
Anointed with eye-salve, once more may it shine.

Then surely that engine so potent and dread,
Which bore the stern horrors of war o'er the world,
Would no more be fostered, no longer be fed,
Nor silver nor gold to its vortex be hurled.

Do you ask for the name of a monster so vast,
And wonder, whatever these numbers may mean?
On the books of the *Bank* be your glancing eye cast,
And there, 'midst the three and the fours, will be seen

Loans funded, with interest—dire parent of woes,
Which *war* has engendered and left in its train,
All cut into bits and disposed in long rows,
Each slice and its owner descriptive and plain."

* * * * *

O think if the pitiful price that was paid
For your Master and Lord had been thousands instead,
That these into *stock* had been afterwards made,
And through a long line of succession had sped ;

Then say could ye ever have chased from your view
The object for which at the first it was raised?—
But cease we the heart-rending theme to pursue,
You start from the thought of such purchase amazed.

You start—but why should not the *wars* of your kind,
Which contracts and loans have but raised and supplied—
The myriads of souls to destruction consigned
For whom that Redeemer descended and died—

Provoke a deep feeling of sorrow and shame
You ever were joined to a scheme so impure—
That bright beaming interest your judgment o'ercame,
Or the prospect of making your treasures secure.

Whilst others from far to the standard are teeming
Of *peace* and good-will by your fathers unrolled,
Is it well for their sons in their tents to be dreaming
O'er garments of Babel, or wedges of gold?

Then may the dark days that are over suffice ;
Arise, and in beauty and dignity shine ;
Be your constant adorning the pearl of great price ;
Your treasure, bright deeds of assurance divine.

1830.

(J. H. WIFFEN.)

FAITHFULNESS IN ADMONISHING THE GREAT.

MANY a man capable of spirit-stirring actions
has felt himself daunted in the presence of the
high and illustrious, and incapable of faithfully

uttering the dictates of his conscience. There is as much cowardice as flattery in the adulation which kings and rulers receive; and to speak the plain unvarnished truth to persons in such a station, is a task few appear equal to.

About the end of the last, and the commencement of the present century, Thomas Shillitoe, a good man, of humble birth and limited education, a member of the Society of Friends, reflecting upon the vast responsibility which rested upon kings, and the opportunities they possessed for improving the moral condition of their people, felt it a matter of duty to attempt to obtain audience of some of the rulers of the earth. According to human probability, nothing seemed more unlikely than that such an individual, so humble, and in every way so uninfluential, should have opportunities afforded him of unburthening his mind of the responsibility which, in this matter, he felt rested upon it.

Yet the strong desire to do good, the obligation to a faithful discharge of what conscience dictated, and the reflection that words of truth were very seldom spoken to those in the elevated sphere he contemplated, all encouraged him to persevere in his determination. When Thomas Shillitoe mentioned his concern to the members of the denomination he belonged to, they heard him with respect and affection—for such is their wonted manner and feeling—but much encouragement he did not receive, the general impression being that the attempt, though in itself laudable, was impracticable.

However, in the year 1794, Thomas Shillitoe, accompanied by a Friend named Stacey, went to Windsor, and having some slight knowledge of a person holding a subordinate situation in the castle, they obtained admittance to the part where the royal stables were. The hour was morning, and, as if Providence smiled on the design of the two Friends, King George III. came towards the stables, accompanied by two of his nobles, and passed near where they were standing. The king observed them, and came near as if to give them an opportunity of speaking. For an instant the companions were not prepared to crave the attention of the monarch, and he accordingly turned about, and, though still looking towards them, went into the stable. Thomas Shillitoe, feeling compunction that the first opportunity had been lost, proposed to follow the King into the stable. This, however, the attendants would not permit. But the King, hearing their remarks, came out; when Stacey said, 'This friend of mine hath something to communicate to the King.' On which his majesty raised his hat, and his attendants ranging themselves on his left and right, Thomas Shillitoe advanced in front, saying, 'Hear, O king,' and, in a discourse of about twenty minutes' duration, pressed upon the monarch the importance of true religion in persons of exalted station, and the influence and responsibility attached to power. It is to be regretted that, in the memoirs of Thomas Shillitoe, there is no account kept of the words of

this address; a circumstance accounted for by the fact of its being entirely unpremeditated and extemporaneous. Yet we may infer it did not want power, by the effect it produced on the royal hearer, who stood with the utmost attention, 'the tears trickling down his cheeks.'*

It was said that he did not pursue his diversion of hunting that day, but returned to the Queen, and informed her of what had passed.

In the year 1813, the same energetic man drew up an impressive religious address to the Prince Regent; and going to Brighton, where the Prince then was, in defiance of the remonstrances of timid friends, he sought and obtained a personal interview, in a manner seemingly as accidental as that had been with the King, his father, and presented his address. When the inaccessible and ceremonious character of George IV. is remembered, such an event seems particularly striking, and evidences that nothing is too difficult for zeal and perseverance to accomplish.

The Society of Friends acquiesced in the wish of this indefatigable minister to visit the Continent of Europe on a religious mission, in which he was to do good, as he had opportunity, to all men. One circumstance which deeply and painfully impressed the mind of Thomas Shillitoe, was the universal desecration of the first day of the week, which he saw almost in every Continental town. It seemed to him an imperative

* See *Journal of Thomas Shillitoe*, vol. i. p. 21.

duty to remonstrate with the rulers of the people, in reference to the general laxity of morals and religion. Consequently, when he was in Denmark, he determined to see the King. He had no friend in Copenhagen, either to advise or aid him in his undertaking; yet, having resolved on it as a matter of duty, he determined to use every means to accomplish his object. Accordingly, learning the name of the prime minister, he went to him and requested his influence in obtaining him an audience with the King. This bold request, though urged with all the mild self-possession of native courtesy, startled the prime minister, who, gazing on the attire of the person making such a request, said, 'You do not mean to appear before the King in those clothes, do you?' With the utmost simplicity, Thomas Shillitoe says, in his journal, 'I told him I had no others with me, as it was uncertain I should want my best until summer. I had left them at Altona, intending to furnish myself with winter clothes when I reached Norway.' The nobleman smiled at this frank reply, and promised, on the following morning, to procure the applicant the interview he wished.

Accordingly, the following day, Thomas Shillitoe was introduced to the King of Denmark, with whom he faithfully remonstrated on the desecration of the Lord's-day throughout his dominions, and also took occasion to remark on the sinfulness of that species of gambling known by the name of lotteries, which the Government licensed, and by which many poor deluded people

were reduced to ruin. It required no small effort of moral courage to enable an obscure stranger thus to speak to a King, in reference to the institutions and abuses existing in the land. His communication was heard with indulgent attention, and from this it is but reasonable to infer that good was done.

In 1823, this same indefatigable man drew up an address on religious subjects, and presented it to George IV., at Windsor, where, waiting in the long walk of the park, when the King was taking an airing in his pony-chaise, Thomas Shillitoe presented the address, by order of the King, to the Marquis of Conyngham. Some few words of religious admonition were added, which, when they were concluded, the King politely said, 'I thank you,' and departed on his drive, most probably impressed with the singular, yet solemn manner and appearance of his humble monitor.

In 1824, Thomas Shillitoe was again on the Continent, visiting schools, hospitals, and prisons. When in Prussia, he felt the same desire, as on former occasions, to have an audience with the King, and a most interesting interview was the result of his endeavours. The audience with the King of Prussia took place in the garden of the palace of Berlin. Thomas Shillitoe, in the first place, presented a petition in reference to the persecution of a member of the Society of Friends, in consequence of his refusing to serve as a military man. This the King received graciously, and

promised that no man in his dominions should be persecuted for conscience sake. After this, the faithful Shillitoe added a solemn admonition, in reference to the duty of persons in authority to be 'a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well,' and to rule their people in righteousness. The King not only listened with attention, but promised to profit by the admonition.

THOMAS SHILLITOE'S VISIT TO PETERSBURG,
AND INTERVIEWS WITH THE EMPEROR OF
RUSSIA.

PROBABLY the most interesting of all the visits paid by this faithful minister of the gospel to royal personages, was that to Alexander, the late Emperor of Russia, and brother to the present Emperor Nicholas.

In the year 1825, Thomas Shillitoe visited Russia, and beholding in Petersburg the same desecration of the First-day, and general laxity of morals, he was induced to address a circular to all the Protestants inhabiting that city, remonstrating with them, and showing the necessity there was for their being more consistent in life and conduct, so as to be lights in the darkness of an evil world. The opportunity of obtaining an audience of the Emperor, to press upon him also the necessity of this improvement, was not so difficult as in other instances. Thomas Shillitoe was now known and

honoured ; the religious body of which he was a member, was highly esteemed by Alexander. There were several of that denomination in Russia. William Allen and Stephen Grellet, eminent members of the Society of Friends, were known to, and esteemed by, the Emperor. Moreover, Alexander was a very superior man, and exhibited, in his high and difficult position, many of those virtues which are most uncommon in the atmosphere of a court. On the evening of the 26th of the 12th month, Thomas Shillitoo was received at the back entrance of the palace at Petersburg, and was ushered into the presence of the most absolute monarch in Europe, when we consider his unlimited authority, though its exercise was restricted by moderation and prudence. The venerable messenger of truth, for he was now advanced in years, began boldly to inform the Emperor of the abuses and oppressions that existed under his government. The liberty of the press had become so restricted, that the Moravians had been unable to procure the printing of their new-year's hymn ; and also that the address, prepared by himself and before alluded to, could not, under existing restrictions, be translated and printed ; and, therefore, he added, 'I should not be able faithfully to acquit myself in the Divine sight in this matter, but by giving the address in charge to him whom I was to consider the father of his people ; desiring, as I most fervently did, the Divine wisdom would be pleased to direct him in the right disposal

of it.' On which the Emperor cordially received the address. After some farther conversation on important religious subjects, the Emperor was pleased to give, very pathetically, the following testimony, which, under the circumstances, is an important historical fact, in the personal character of Alexander, which is worthy of being far more widely known than it now is—

‘ Before I became acquainted with your religious society and its principles, I frequently, from my early life, felt something in myself, which, at times, gave me clearly to see that I stood in need of further knowledge in Divine things than I was then possessed of.’ After speaking of the influence of the Holy Spirit in awakening and renewing his soul, he added, ‘ My mind is at times brought under great suffering to know how to move along ; I see things necessary for me to do, and things necessary for me to refuse complying with, which are expected from me. You have counselled me to an unreserved and well-timed obedience in all things ; I clearly see it to be my duty ; and this is what I want to be more brought into the experience of ; but, when I try for it, doubts come into my mind, and discouragements prevail ; for, although they call me an absolute monarch, it is but little power I have for doing that which I see it to be right for me to do.’

Nothing could exceed the condescension of the Emperor at this interview ; he commanded the humble Friend to sit beside him on the same

sofa, and, dismissing his attendants, communed with him as with a friend and equal.

Before Thomas Shillitoe quitted Petersburg, he was favoured with another interview, and experienced similar tokens of his message being accepted with candour and attention. These instances are very instructive, as evidences of the power of truth, when faithfully uttered, to overleap the barriers which human pride and expediency have raised between man and man, and to bring the humblest and the highest human beings together, as creatures equal in the sight of Him, before whose throne ‘rich and poor meet together,’ for ‘He is the Maker of them all.’ Addresses of congratulation, praises, homage, flattery—these are words that usually meet the ears of kings and rulers. It is thought a great honour when a private individual succeeds in presenting some message of an adulatory character to such elevated individuals; how much greater the dignity, how noble the moral heroism of him, who, strong in the strength of the gospel, knowing little, and caring less, for the ceremonies of courts, sees in a King only a responsible human being, and feels that truth is as imperative in an address to him, and caution and counsel as much needed by him, as by any other of God’s creatures; and, therefore, frankly and fearlessly, but with all Christian courtesy, ventures to warn and to admonish in the name of the Most High.—(SHILLITOE’S *Journal*, vol. ii. p. 104.)

VISITS TO DRINKING HOUSES.

It was not to the high and illustrious, to the great and powerful, that Thomas Shillitoe's visits and labours of love were alone directed. It also pleased his Divine Master to lay upon him the duty of visiting the most depraved and abandoned of the human family, and of warning and pleading with those who were either encouraging or conniving at their evil practices.

In his travels, especially in Ireland, he beheld with sorrow the great number of places where ardent spirits were sold, the crowds of persons who frequented them, and the degrading and brutalizing effects produced by this pernicious article, particularly on the poorer classes ; subverting everything like a sense of religion, destroying the physical and mental powers, and involving its victims in squalid wretchedness and poverty. He had not long witnessed the misery produced by these drinking houses, before he felt constrained to visit the keepers of them in certain parts, and to plead personally with them and their visitors against their evil practices ; notwithstanding the prospect, at times realized, of meeting with insult and abuse.

The first meeting of this kind was in the town of Waterford, in company with Elizabeth Ridgway, a Friend who had a similar concern. Their service was not confined to the keepers of the houses, but frequently extended to the company sitting in them to drink ; who mostly behaved respectfully, and heard quietly what they

had to offer. Yet they met with a few instances of the contrary, and some of the remarks made, as well as the crowd that followed them from house to house, were very humiliating. But as they endeavoured to keep near in spirit to their Holy Helper, they were strengthened in an admirable manner, to go through the service, and to deliver 'all the counsel of God' among those dark spirits, settled down apparently in gross superstition and ignorance. Even among these, they often found a door of entrance for the gospel message, and returned home at length, with hearts truly contrited, under a fresh sense that all things are possible with the Most High.

Soon afterwards Shillitoe felt it his duty to visit the drinking-houses at Carrick-on-Suir, and Ross, in company with the same female. On entering Carrick, they became the subjects of much remark. They generally found both houses and hearts open to receive them and what they had to communicate. They were followed from house to house by crowds of people. Thomas's account states, that 'although the houses would be so filled, that there did not appear to be room for another to squeeze in, yet quietness soon prevailed, and was in a remarkable manner preserved, especially whilst we were engaged in delivering our message. Truly we may say this was the Lord's doing; and that we were able to attain to any quiet in ourselves is marvellous in our eyes. By endeavouring to keep in the patience, and to have

our minds clothed with that love which would have all gathered, taking quietly such insults as were offered, and any opposition to what we had to communicate, the veil of prejudice would generally give way ; love would beget love, and make way for free and open communication. Sometimes, on entering a house, we found persons in a state of intoxication. Their companions, aware of our errand, boasted they *would* have liquor, calling out for large quantities. But on our appearing not to notice them, but to take our seats quietly amongst them, others would take pains to keep them still, and in time, all has been hushed into silence, as much so as I have known in our own meetings.

In 1810, he again felt it his duty to visit Ireland. Soon after arriving there, he engaged in visiting the drinking-houses at Clonmel, and several other towns. A few extracts from his own account of these visits, will furnish some idea of their trying character, as well as of the marvellous manner in which he was helped to perform them. In speaking of the visit at Clonmel, he says—‘ My companion used often to say, it seemed as if the Good Master went into the houses before us to prepare the way. Such were the feelings of solemnity we met with on entering the houses, and when sitting with the keepers of them, and their customers, that at times it seemed much like paying a family visit among Friends.

‘ At Callen, the crowd that gathered around

us was very interrupting, and they behaved in an uncivilized manner ; yet my mind was preserved quiet, feeling the necessity of letting them see that my dependence was placed on the Supreme All-powerful Preserver of the universe.' In some of the towns, whose inhabitants were principally Papists, bigotry and superstition prevailed to a very great extent ; and the priests had endeavoured to prejudice the people against them. After concluding the visits to the drinking-houses, it was his practice to visit either the magistrates, or the bishops and priests ; and sometimes he did not feel clear until he had faithfully spoken to all.

The following account of one of these interviews will furnish an example of the uncompromising manner in which he spoke what he believed was required of him :—' On our arrival at the house, we were ordered up stairs, where the bishop received us with great civility, ushered us into a room, brought me a chair, placing it opposite to a sofa on which he took his seat. My companions taking seats also, we dropped into silence ; which I broke, by saying a visit had been paid to the drinking-houses in Kilkenny, which I supposed he had been acquainted with ; to which he replied, " Well ? " I observed, that in performing this visit, my fears, and the various reports I had heard were fully confirmed—that the laity profess to believe the clergy have full power to forgive their sins ; adding, the people may be so deceived as to believe the priest has this power, but I did not believe it

possible the clergy could believe it themselves. And, therefore, as their superior, to whom the people were taught to look up for counsel, I desired he would look to the Almighty for help, and, as he valued his own precious soul, as ability was afforded him, endeavour to turn the minds of the people from man unto God and Christ Jesus, who only can forgive sins; otherwise he would incur a load of condemnation too heavy for him to bear in the great day of account, when the deceiver and the deceived would be all one in the sight of God, whether actively or passively decoiving the people. That, at times, when considering the subject, it was my belief, that if the Almighty had one vial of wrath more powerful than another, it would be poured out upon those who thus deceived the people. Here I closed for the present. He manifested great confusion, shutting his eyes, as not being able to look me in the face. A pause ensued. After a while, he began by saying it was very indecorous and unchristian in me to come to his house, a stranger to him, and from another land, and address him in such a manner, charging him, a man of so much experience in the church of God, with being a deceiver; saying, surely I must be mistaken. I told him it was in love to his soul, and under an apprehension of religious duty. He called upon me to produce my authority for my mission. I told him my authority was in my own breast. I queried with him, "Are not the people thus deceived? Do they not believe the clergy

have power to forgive their sins? Art thou endeavouring to undeceive them? for the clergy cannot be so deceived as to believe this power is vested in them." Exhorting him to be willing to co-operate with that Divine help, which, if rightly sought after by him, would be extended, whereby ability would be received to undeceive the people; again reminding him that the deceiver and deceived were all one in the sight of God, and that it continued my firm belief, if the Almighty had one vial of his wrath more powerful than another, it would be poured out on those who thus deceived the people, whether actively or passively engaged therein. He said he believed I meant well, and that he commended my principles, but he could not say he thanked me for my visit. I expected at times he would turn me out of the room. We rose from our seats to take our leave, when the bishop clasped my hand, and, holding it, paused, saying, "I believe I may say, I feel thankful for it" (the visit). Requesting us to take some refreshments, he kindly conducted us to the stairs again, and we parted, never more to meet on this side of eternity.'

In the year 1811, Thomas Shillitoe was again engaged, still more extensively, in visiting the drinking-houses in some of those cities and towns in Ireland which had before been omitted. In these, as at other times, he was concerned, not only to set before them the evil consequences of taking strong drink, but also to point out to them the sure way of life and salvation; with

the absolute need there was of ceasing from all dependence on man, and of depending simply on the Lord alone for salvation. Many insults and reproaches were offered to him, but, having an evidence in his own mind that he was fulfilling a duty laid upon him by his Divine Master, he was carried through them all. He had indeed frequently the satisfaction of believing that the opportunities were signally owned; great seriousness and solemnity being obviously produced in minds often of the most abandoned persons.

A description of one of the six hundred visits he paid to the drinking-houses in the city of Dublin, will show the humiliating nature of the service, and the manner in which he was enabled to warn and exhort those whom he met with in those sinks of dissipation and vice. He says, 'We proceeded to Barrack Street. The first house we entered made a deplorable appearance. It was very early in the morning, yet we found, on descending the steps into the drinking-room, which resembled a cellar, the window-frames and glass broken, and several young women, without shoes, stockings, or caps, dancing to the fiddle. We made towards the room set apart for the keepers of the house, where we met with the mistress. Requesting, if she had a husband, to have his company, he soon made his appearance. I endeavoured to lay before them what arose, although I found it difficult to get fairly relieved. The fiddle, and at times the screaming of the dancers, was a great inter-

ruption. The man remained quiet for a short time, and then left us, the woman appearing to have the management of the house. What I had to say brought her to tears. On inquiry, I found she had children; I therefore requested her seriously to consider what would be her conclusion respecting the conduct of any person who should harbour her children, and suffer them to go on in such wicked practices as she was now encouraging the young girls in under her roof, who might be without parents or friends to take charge of them, saying I did not wish for a hasty reply. She confessed she should think they acted a cruel part. I therefore exhorted her to attend to that Divine monitor in her own breast, which she confessed she at times witnessed to be near, which would clearly make known to her the necessity to rid her house of such company as she now harboured; which would be one way whereby she might hope for the Divine blessing on honest endeavours for the support of herself and family, otherwise she must look for a blast following them every way. She continued tender, and, at our parting, in a feeling manner, expressed her desire that what had been communicated might be profitably remembered by her. After receiving her warm expressions of gratitude, we proceeded to leave the house; but, on reaching the steps of the entrance, my attention was again arrested, and I found I must be willing to return into the apartment where the dancing was going forward, and quietly submit to any

insults that might be the result of my being found in the way of my duty. On my companion being informed hereof, he appeared tried as well as myself; but I found it would not bring peace to our minds to hesitate. We therefore turned back; which the woman of the house observing, came and stood by us, I supposed to prevent any rude behaviour that might be offered. I requested the man who had the fiddle to cease playing and take his seat, which he complied with; and those who were dancing to do the like, which each one yielded to. The scene exhibited in different parts of this large room, if it were possible fully to describe, would produce a picture of as great human depravity and misery as well can be conceived. On a bench near us lay young girls, overcome with their night's revelling and drunkenness, past being roused by anything that occurred around them; others, from the same causes, reclining on the tables, barely able to raise their heads and open their eyes, and altogether incapable of comprehending what was going forward. Companies of men and women, in boxes, were in other parts of the room drinking. Strength was received to utter what was given me; and, after I had been sometime engaged in addressing this band of human misery, I think I shall not, whilst favoured with mental powers, wholly lose sight of the distress and horror portrayed in the countenances of those young women who had ceased their dancing. Feeling my mind relieved, and being about to depart, such of the

company as were equal to it arose from their seats, acknowledging their gratitude for the labour that had been extended, and their desire that what had been said might not be lost upon them, and that a blessing might attend us. My back was towards the door, and, not hearing a footstep of those who came in while we were engaged, when we turned to go out I was surprised at the addition made to our company. My companion remarked that it appeared as if something brought an awe over their minds on entering, and they quietly took their seats, and, when the seats were full, others sat on the ground.'

At the conclusion of these labours, he felt it required of him to visit the mayor, sheriff, and police magistrates, as well as the Romish and Protestant bishops; endeavouring to lay before the Romish bishop, in particular, the great responsibility that rested on him, from the implicit dependence which the people placed on the priesthood, and the sorrowful account those will have to give in a future day who are encouraging the people in this reliance on themselves, instead of turning their attention to Christ within, the hope of glory.

RELIGIOUS VISIT TO AN ORGANIZED COMPANY OF DESPERATE CHARACTERS.

IN 1812, Thomas Shillitoe believed it required of him to unite with a female minister, in pay-

ing a religious visit to an organized company of desperate characters, who for nearly fifty years had infested the neighbourhood of Kingswood; who lived by plundering, robbing, horse-stealing, and other evil practices, and were so great a terror to the neighbourhood that it was considered dangerous to travel on the roads infested by them. In the prosecution of this trying service, which extended not only to 'the gang,' as these robbers were called, but also to the families of miners and colliers living in that section of country, Thomas and his companion were often obliged to travel by night; but they were mercifully raised above apprehensions of danger, through faith in the protecting care of Him, who, they believed, had called them forth. They were favoured, from time to time, with memorable evidences of the sufficiency of His almighty power to subdue the strong wills, and soften the hard hearts of wicked men. While pleading with these abandoned characters respecting their evil practices, they were often made sensible that the Divine witness in their hearts was reached; their hearers acknowledged the truth of what they had to say, and expressed their obligations for the counsel given.

BAPTISMAL REGENERATION.

How shall a being formed of dust,
Be qualified to join the just?
Ask Philpotts or Sir Herbert Fust,

By water!

Or how shall mortals 'born in sin'
Be rendered free from *dross* or *tin*,
And more than Ophir's gold to win?
By water!

Thus, they who break *commandments ten*,
And kill in troops their fellow-men,
Have at the *font* been 'born again,'
By water!

But some there are who still suspect
That *nominals*, whate'er *their sect*,
Can never prove themselves '*elect*,'
By water!

'That, when disease is from *within*,
'Tis there specifics should begin;
Inadequate to *cleanse from sin*
Is water!

THE EVER PRESENT AND ALMIGHTY FRIEND.

It is a delightful and animating reflection to the sincere Christian, that every occurrence of his life is under the immediate notice and subject to the control of his heavenly Father.

He contemplates Him as an ever present and Almighty friend, whom no difficulties can baffle, no unforeseen accidents surprise; whose counsel is proffered to guide him safely through all the intricate and perplexing snares of life; to sanctify his afflictions, to moderate his joy in prosperity, and so to control the course of his personal concerns, as that 'all things shall work together for his good.'—(*From WILLIAM EDMUNDSON.*)

SPORTS AND DIVERSIONS.

THE sports and diversions which are used to obtain what is falsely called pleasure, are the inventions of degenerate and corrupt minds, who being ignorant of that solid satisfaction of soul which is of an enduring nature, vainly attempt to supply the want of it by those pleasures which end in anxiety and sorrow.

ON EQUAL MARRIAGES.

MARRIAGE implies union as well in spiritual as temporal concerns. Whilst the parties differ in religion they stand disunited in the main point, even that which should increase and confirm their mutual happiness, and render them meet-helpers and blessings to each other.

FREE LABOUR COTTON.

A slave-holder observed to Joseph Sturge, that they (the slave-holders) were no more guilty than those who purchased the products of the slave's labour.

GLADLY do I look upon thee,
Woven cotton, pure and white,
With a hopeful joyous feeling,
For to me thou art revealing
Truths which glow in freedom's light.

Not in outward seeming only,
Art thou spotless, white, and fair,
Slavery's touch hath never curs'd thee,
Freedom in her arms hath nurs'd thee,
And bestowed a beauty rare.

Freemen grew the snowy cotton,
 Freemen picked, and spun, and wove;
 Now let all who hate oppression,
 And would stay a foul transgression,
 Of the Christian law of love,

Let them buy the stainless fabric,
 Guiltless of a brother's woe,
 Let them aid the blest endeavour,
 Slavery's guilt to slay for ever,
 And the monster overthrow.

That no slave can breathe in England,
 Boasts the 'Empress of the Sea,'
 When her soil the bond-man touches,
 Loosed from slavery's hopeful clutches,
 Lo! he stands erect and free.

Yet for England's sons and daughters,
 Slaves are toiling night and day:
 Toiling, weeping, bleeding, dying,
 Unto Him their blood is crying,
 Who hath said, 'I will repay.'

O! let us renounce for ever,
 All things cursed by slavery's touch,
 Feeble though *each* effort be,
 By the might of unity,
 We should then accomplish much.

Let us seek to win the blessing,
 Which the Saviour gave to one,
 Who the costly ointment poured,
 Whilst her Master she adored,
 'What she *could*, that hath she done.' E.

4th Month, 1849.

GOSPEL MINISTRY NOT DEPENDENT ON HUMAN LEARNING.

ONE of the early instruments in gathering the church in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen was

George Gray, a poor weaver, but a man of very good repute for sincerity and the correctness of his life. He received from his Divine Master a gift in the ministry of the gospel; and though poor as to this world, and barely acquainted with the very rudiments of learning, tho word of God's wisdom dwelt richly in him, and his understanding became much enlarged in religious experionce. Being, through watchfulness, preserved and directed in the exercise of his ministerial gift, he was made instrumental to the edification and great refreshment of the Lord's heritage. Many indeed confessed their admiration at the excellent matter, utterance, and connection observed in the preaching of one so devoid of human learning, and yet so thoroughly furnished, in all respects, unto his holy calling.

Thus was clearly held up to view what it is that constitutes the *best adorning* of gospel ministers, and what is the *only* right qualification for speaking 'as the oracles of God.'—(HODGSON'S *Memoirs*.)

AN OLD QUAKER PREACHER TAKEN PRISONER AND DISCHARGED.

— CONVINCEMENT OF A MILITARY OFFICER.

AN aged minister, whilst on a visit to some Friends in Ohio, told them he had been convinced of the principles of Friends in rather a remarkable manner, whilst yet a youth and a

soldier lying in garrison, the particulars of which he related as follows—

The Ohio now the great aquatic highway to the West, was then but rarely crossed by white people, and all these now populous regions were wilderness, inhabited by Indians, and a few scattered settlers. He, the narrator, was then a soldier under twenty, and lying in garrison on the frontiers. One day an old Quaker preacher, called Thomas Bales, then eighty years of age, who had devoted himself for years to visiting these solitary dwellers, and to civilizing the Indians, was taken prisoner by a party of soldiers, and brought to the Fort on suspicion of being a spy. He was ordered up before the whole garrison to be tried, and declared himself to be no spy, but a man of peace and a preacher of the gospel. To prove whether his words were true, he was ordered to preach a sermon. After a short time of solemn silence he addressed them, and, if he had been the apostle Paul himself, he could not have preached much more effectively.

When his sermon was ended, the officers invited him to dine with them; but he declined their offer. They were convinced that he was indeed a minister of the gospel, and after many excuses and apologies on their part, allowed him to go his way.

The effect of his sermon was not soon effaced from the minds of many, and among the rest, he who now related the circumstances soon afterwards obtained his discharge, joined the Society

of Quakers, and became himself a celebrated preacher amongst them.

The old preacher, Thomas Bales, nothing daunted by what had happened, continued to wander about preaching as before, and a few years afterwards fell sick and died on one of his remote journeys. There were in the place where he died, no sawn planks of which to make a coffin; the trunk of a white walnut tree was therefore hollowed out by fire, and in this his body was laid, and he was interred in the depths of the forest, where, for the purpose of his grave, the white man's spade then first turned up the sod.—(*Cousins in Ohio*, by MARY HOWITT.)

ON TRUE WORSHIP.

THE patriarch worshipped leaning on his staff!
 And well, methinks, it were, if such our creed
 That we, in every hour of truest need,
 From the same hidden fount could inly quaff;
 We trust in outward aids too much by half!
 Could we within on 'living bread' but feed,
 And drink of living streams, our souls would heed
 All hindering helps but as the husk and chaff.
 Then every day were holy! every hour
 Each heart's true homage might ascend on high,
 Ascribing to the Eternal Majesty,
 And to the Lamb, thanksgiving, glory, power,
 Now and for ever! till the ample dower
 Of earth's full praise with that of heaven should vie.
 (BERNARD BARTON.)

KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE is the treasure, but judgment the treasurer, of a wise man. He that has more

knowledge than judgment, is made for another man's use, more than for his own. That cannot be a good constitution, where the appetite is great, and the digestion weak. There are some men, like dictionaries, to be looked into upon occasion; but who have no connection, and are little entertaining. Less knowledge than judgment will always have the advantage over the injudicious knowing man. A wise man makes what he learns his own; the other shows he is but a copy, or a collection at most.—(WILLIAM PENN.)

FORMALITY.

FORM is good, but not formality. In the use of the best of forms there is too much of that, I fear. It is absolutely necessary that this distinction should go along with the people in their devotion; for too many are more apt to rest upon what they do, than how they do their duty. If it were considered, that it is the frame of the mind that gives our performances acceptance, we should lay more stress on our inward preparation than our outward action.—(WILLIAM PENN.)

THE PAPISTS' TESTIMONY TO THE EFFICACY OF SILENCE,

IN WHAT THEY CONSIDER THEIR MOST SOLEMN ACT OF
DEVOTION, VIZ., THE CONSECRATION OF THE HOST.

It is remarkable, say they, that this act of worship, which is the most solemn of the whole

mass, is *performed in silence*. The Church has prescribed no words at all, by which the priest is to express his adoration. The reason is, because each individual can, on so interesting a moment, form the acts which suit himself best—or rather because the most perfect way of all is, to adore in absolute silence, when every power of the body and soul are absorbed and lost in the contemplation of the God who is present.—(GLOVER on the Mass.)

THE SCRIPTURES A DIVINELY AUTHORIZED RECORD.

THE Scriptures, then, are a Divinely authorized record of religious truth. If I am told that there is much in the Bible which even the learned cannot understand, some things, perhaps, which the wicked have perverted to evil purposes, I would observe, in reply, that in this respect there is an obvious analogy between the *written word*, and the *works of God*; for there is much also in the science of nature itself, which the wise cannot comprehend, and which the vicious have misapplied to evil. And I would further remark, that the Scriptures are not intended to gratify the curiosity, or to illuminate the speculations, of worldly wisdom, but to instruct the humble and devotional reader; and to teach the simple and the meek the way to heaven. To such as these, whatever be their condition in life, or their measure of mental cultivation, the Bible, as to every main doctrine,

and every practical principle, is explicit and intelligible. While the Diviue law is so accordant with the conclusious of profound reasoning, that the most enlightened philosophers have yielded to it their willing homage ; it is also so plain, that when it is received with simplicity and godly sincerity, ‘The wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein.’—(J. J. GURNEY’S *Letter*.)

ARBITRARY POWER AVOWED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

ANNE CURTIS, discoursing with [Justice!] Armorer, about the illegality of locking people out of their own houses, which had just been done at Thomas Curtis’s upon a distraint, he granted *there was no law for it*, but said the King and council were above all ; he had a warrant from them, and *would* do it ; threatening withal that he would not leave her a cup to drink out of. He then put padlocks on two of the doors, and ordered the constable to fetch away the remainder of the Friend’s goods.—(BESSE, vol. i. p. 19.)

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

WHEN some of his courtiers endeavoured to excite Philip the Good to punish a prelate who had used him ill, ‘I know,’ said he, ‘that I can revenge myself ; but it is a fine thing to have vengeance in one’s power, and not to use it.’—(CORE’S *Anecdotes*.)

ON THESE FEARFUL TIMES.

WRITTEN ON A PROSPECT OF WAR.

IF 'tis the Eternal's dread decree,
That brother shall with brother fight ;
And laurell'd England shrouded be
In revolution's awful night ;
If come it must, that threatening day,
When power its fearful debt shall pay,
And o'er the earth, and in the flood,
Roll the dark tide of human blood ;
If wealth must bid our shores farewell,
And rank its ermin'd robes forego ;
And fancy break her tuneful shell,
Or only wake its chords to woe ;
When that dread hour's destructive strife
Shall rend the dearest ties of life ;
And, like the storm's o'erwhelming blast,
To earth both cot and palace cast ;
Let me, a worm, a thing of dust,
To thy dear cross, my Saviour, flee !
To kneel, to weep, to pray, to trust,
And bless those ills which lead to thee !

12th Month, 1831.

(AMELIA OPIE.)

BENEFIT OF AFFLICTION.

A YOUNG man who had been long confined with a diseased limb, and was near his dissolution, was attended by a friend, who requested that the wound might be uncovered. This being done—'There,' said the young man, 'there it is, and a precious treasure it has been to me ; it saved me from the folly and vanity of youth ; it made me cleave to God as my only portion, and to eternal glory as my only hope ; and I

think it has now brought me very near my Father's house.' What an illustration of the words, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted!'—(COPE'S *Anecdotes*.)

SEVEN FRIENDS IMPRISONED IN YORK CASTLE
IN 1795, FOR REFUSING TO PAY TITHES.

GEORGE MARKHAM,* vicar of Carlton, in Yorkshire, instituted a vexatious and expensive process in the Exchequer, against several members of the Society of Friends, for the recovery of small tithes. This process was of many years' continuance, and was very ruinous to the parties, and excessively cruel and oppressive, because he might have obtained his end by a much more summary and less expensive proceeding. The result was, that seven of these persons, all in low circumstances, and dependent on their industry, and the parents of thirty-four children, had their property sequestered by this hard-hearted man, and were committed to York castle, in 1795, where they remained in confinement for several years, during which time one of them died in prison; the rest were at length liberated by a special clause inserted in an act of Parliament for the express purpose.

The following lines were addressed to the

* To prefix Reverend to his name, as is the usual practice, but always objectionable, would be a gross abuse of the term in this instance.

Friends under confinement in York castle in 1795, by T. B. :—

Sufferers for good, and not for ill, who find
That e'en in suffering peace can clothe the mind ;
O may you still, in conscious virtue brave,
Stem, without shrinking, persecution's wave.
Oft in your lonely hours remember those
Who also suffered from infuriate foes,
Children of light, who now are doubtless blest,
Richly rewarded in the realms of rest.

Whene'er the beam of truth, divinely bright,
Has shed a radiance through surrounding night,
From ancient times we find, in dread amaze,
Oppression rising to withstand the blaze.
Witness the trials that a Saviour stood
Till persecutors shed his holy blood ;
Witness the pains his faithful followers bore
Who suffered death on Palestina's shore ;
What thousands since, by fiery bigots led,
In many a land with holy zeal have bled.
O think, my friends, how virtue's sacred ray
Illum'd their dungeons with celestial day,
Relaxed their chains, and, in the final scene,
Blest their pure spirits with a joy serene.

May peace be yours, though prisons be your doom,
And may her presence dissipate their gloom.
Remember Daniel, how as wont he prayed,
Nor the decree of tyrant power obey'd ;
May he who saved him in the lions' den
Preserve you fearless of the frowns of men,
And, if his will sees meet, ere long restore
From pensive durance to your Friends once more.

And, O ! may we through life's uncertain day,
Whate'er our lots, for resignation pray ;
So shall his presence chase the darkest shade
By human power or human weakness made ;
And, when the chequered scenes of time are past,
Conduct us safely to his heaven at last.

IMPRISONMENT TO DEATH OF A FAITHFUL,
CONSCIENTIOUS MAN.

Lincolnshire, 1657.—EDMUND WOOLEY, riding through Boston to a meeting, was fined *for travelling on the Sabbath*, and had his horse taken from him, by the Mayor's order. He was shortly afterwards committed to Lincoln jail for tithes ; and died, after being a year in prison. He was a faithful and conscientious man, acknowledged to be so even by his persecutor, who said, he believed Edmund would have paid him his tithes, *had he thought them his right.*—(BESSE, vol. i. p. 347.)

GRIEVOUS ABUSE AND RETRIBUTION.

SOME Friends, testifying the gospel of the grace of God amongst their neighbours, in the town of Old Meldrum, in Scotland, on a market-day, had no sooner finished, than they were grievously abused by the bailie of the town, John Urchart, who beat them violently. Immediately after, as the account states, this furious opponent was seized with very sore pains in his bones, and throughout his body, which continued upon him for the greater part of a year. His conscience was, at the same time, so awakened by this circumstance, that he often confessed his wickedness in thus ill treating those who sought his good, promising never to do the like again.—(JAFFRAY'S *Friends in Scotland.*)

LINES

WRITTEN IN JOB SCOTT'S JOURNAL.

O ! WHEN such valiants, from this wayward scene,
Are called to glory and to peace serene,
How does the foe, with contumelious voice,
Throughout his councils and his ranks rejoice.

Do thou, O God, deride his haughty boast,
And dart confusion through his impious host ;
Again the wanderer from thy camp invite,
And teach their fingers and their hands to fight ;
Rouse other heroes from repose profound,
With veteran zeal thine awful trump to sound.
So shall the troop of opposition yield,
Retreating recreant from the conquer'd field,
And leave the banners of thy love unfurl'd,
Triumphant waving o'er the subject world.—(T. B.)

CONVINCEMENTS.

A CERTAIN Scotch priest at Stath, walking with George Fox, asked him many questions, which he answered fully. But, after they parted, he met Philip Scarth, another priest, and, breaking his cane against the ground, he said, in anger, 'If ever I meet with George Fox again, I will have his life, or Fox shall have mine ;' adding, that 'he would give his head, if George Fox was not knocked down within a month.' Yet, what is marvellous, this same Scotch priest, afterwards joined the Quakers, and George Fox visited him at his own house. Philip Scarth was also convinced, and became an acceptable minister.—(SEWELL'S *History*.)

PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE.

BENEVOLENCE is not in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth. It is a business with men as they are, and with human life as drawn by the rough hand of experience. It is a duty which you must perform at the call of principle; though there be no voice of eloquence to give splendour to your exertions, and no music of poetry to lead your willing footsteps through the bowers of enchantment. It is not the impulse of high and ecstatic emotion. It is an exertion of principle. You must go to the poor man's cottage, though no verdure flourish around it, and no rivulet be nigh to delight you with the gentleness of its murmurs. If you look for the romantic simplicity of fiction, you will be disappointed; but it is your duty to persevere in spite of every discouragement. *Benevolence* is not merely a feeling, but a principle; not a dream of rapture for the fancy to indulge in, but a business for the hand to execute.—(Dr. CHALMERS.)

MODERATION IN LIVING.

USE moderation in your manner of living, and in this way seek relief from the increasing expense of the times in which we live, rather than by engaging in more extensive, and often hazardous schemes of trade. By these latter means the mind becomes encumbered, and unfitted for religious service, yea, often for religious thought,

and for breathing daily after the spiritual riches, which are to be enjoyed in close communion with God. Consider how distant that state which would give up all to Him, if required, is from that which indulges itself in ease to the full extent of its power, or is endeavouring by multiplied adventures in trade, to acquire that power which it covets for the purpose of worldly enjoyment.—(*American Almanac.*)

PLAIN DEALING OF BENEZET.

ANTHONY BENEZET, in a conference with General Chevalier de Chastelleux, said to him, “I know that thou art a man of letters, and a member of the French Academy. Men of letters have, for some time past, written many good things; they have attacked errors, prejudices, and more than all, intolerance; will they not at last try to disgust mankind with war, and make men live amongst each other like friends and brothers?—(*Memoirs of COUNT SEGUR.*)

BAKING CAKES ON THE HEARTH—FETCHING A LAMB FROM THE FLOCK, &c.

‘And Abraham hastened into the tent, unto Sarah, and said, Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth; and Abraham ran unto the herd, and fetched a calf, tender and good, and gave it unto a young man; and he hastened to dress it.’—(*Gen. xviii. 6, 7.*)

THE custom of baking cakes, under the hot embers, on the hearth; and of fetching a calf

from the herd, or a lamb from the fold, still prevails in the East, at the present day. Upon inquiring for meat at Delphi, we found there were no butchers in the place; neither was it the custom to serve single joints of meat, as in England; this inconvenience was, however, in part, supplied by the kindness of our landlord; who went the next day to the flock, fetched a lamb, and dressed it for us. It was roasted whole, and we partook of part of it; while the remainder served us for refreshment upon our journey.

When the weather is fine, travellers are accustomed to dine in the woods, or in the open fields; and when they can find a stream of pure water, it greatly adds to the enjoyment of the meal.

During this noontide rest, the mules are let loose to graze on what herbage they can find, which, during summer, is very scarce. Travellers sometimes sleep under the trees; and the refreshment taken in this way is much more agreeable than in the dirty huts. On arriving at the khan, or house of call, the traveller is shown into an unfurnished room, not always waterproof: a garden mat is laid upon the floor, but if he does not carry his own mattress with him, he must frequently sleep without one. At an Albanian colony, near to Athens, we obtained, through the authority of the mayor, a shelter for the night in the cottage of an old woman, who seemed a little startled at the appearance of strangers, whose language she could not under-

stand. Concluding, however, that we had the common wants of nature, and having no bread to offer us, she quickly prepared a little meal, made a cake, and baked it on the hearth, under the ashes. We made signs to be furnished with a vessel, in which we might prepare a little chocolate, our frequent repast under such circumstances; and, at length, a very rough, homely-looking pitcher was produced; but the greater difficulty was to find something, in which to boil the milk and water. After waiting till their own soup had been prepared, we obtained the use of the same pan. These difficulties being overcome, we enjoyed our meal; and offered some to a travelling Greek woman, who had walked beside our mules for the sake of company, on her dreary journey to Athens; but she refused, with thanks, saying, *Den emai arreste*, —I am not sick: for the Greeks seldom take beverage of this sort, except when they are indisposed.

As the inmates of this homely cottage, as well as the neighbours, who usually come in, to see travellers of our uncommon appearance, did not understand Greek, we were deprived of the opportunity of reading the Holy Scriptures to them, or of conversing with them on the subject of religion, according to our custom. All that we could do, was to prepare for rest, of which we stood in great need, having had a very fatiguing ride through the woods, to this place. The room in which we had taken shelter, was also to be our sleeping-place, in common with the old woman

and her family, and the Greek traveller; in another part of the same room, were also a sheep, and several other animals.

We swept, as clean as we could, a space in the neighbourhood of the quiet sheep; and spread what bedding we had, upon the mud floor; surrounded it with our baggage, except our carpet-bags, which served us for pillows; and, after commending ourselves and our household to the protecting care of the great Shepherd of Israel, we obtained some refreshing repose.

‘And he lift up his eyes, and looked, and, lo! three men stood by him: and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent-door, and bowed himself toward the ground, and said, My Lord, if now I have found favour in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant,’ &c.—Gen. xviii. 2, 3.

It is believed, by biblical writers, that the most dignified of the angels who visited Abraham, and remained with him after the other two had departed, and who conversed with him in the first person—as JEHOVAH—was a manifestation of the Blessed Messiah.

ABRAHAM.

FRIEND of God! how great thy pleasure,
When thou hailed the strangers near;
Didst thou know what hidden treasure
Visited thy little sphere?

No; 'twas philanthropic feeling
Spread with food the social board,
When thy guests, their power revealing,
Told thee their commissioned word.

Precious word ! how rich in blessing !
 That a son thine age should grace,
 Through whose seed (all power possessing),
 God would bless the human race.

Yet soon thy joy was veiled by sorrow,
 When thou saw the avenging rod
 Raised over Sodom—ere the morrow,
 Doomed to destruction by her God !

Ah ! then how fervent was thy pleading
 For ten—if righteous, still to spare ;
 How rich the merey, all aceeding !
 But, alas ! *not ten were there !*

Servant of God ! thy kind petition,
 Though vain, was hallowed by the Lord ;
 That great High Priest who, through thy mission,
 Was worshipped, honoured, and adored.

Thou saw His day in faith and gladness ;
 Beheld from far that glorious plan,
 Which should destroy all sin and sadness,
 And raise to glory fallen man !

(YEARDLEY'S *Eastern Customs*.)

THE REPENTANT PERSECUTOR.

‘ WITH the same measure that thou metest, it shall be measured to thee again,’ is a solemn axiom which was often strikingly verified in the case of the persecuted Quakers, as their records testify. One instance in particular may be profitably related ; because it is soothing to remark that sincere repentance (as we may humbly hope) mingled with and ameliorated the bitterness of that cup of retributive justice which, in this case, the offender was required to drink of.

The individual alluded to was one Matthew Hide, a person of some note in the city of London, who had made it his business, for the space of nearly twenty years, publicly to contradict the Quakers in their meetings, and, as far as he could, to disturb them in their mode of worship. It would seem, however, that a blind zeal to put down what he considered as *heresy* was his motive for acting thus, rather than any furious hatred against their retired and serious devotions; which, as being so contrary and reprovng to the bustle and stir of the fleshly mind, was, no doubt, the great offence for which they were generally so much opposed and ill-used.

It was not by noise and clamour, but by gain-saying what they advanced, that this man interrupted the preaching of ministers amongst Friends; insomuch that William Penn would sometimes pray very earnestly for his repentance, and tell him, in the presence of many auditors, that God would assuredly plead with him by his righteous judgments, and that the time would come in which he would be *forced* to confess the sufficiency of those very principles which he then opposed.

This prophetic warning, at the close of many years, was at last affectingly verified; for this Hide being by sickness brought to the brink of death, began to take that new and distinct view of things which is seldom or never taken in times of health and worldly prosperity. O! it is an easy thing to *dispute* about truth, and to con-

tend for one way against another, whilst we appear to have time enough before us to follow which we choose! But when the soul is brought into that amazing state in which an untried *eternity* is before it, *that* which brings into peace with God—that (call it by what name you will, deride it how you may)—*that* which has power to support, to comfort, and to direct in times of tribulation, *that* is found to be the truth—the tried and everlasting truth. And now, in the hour of his great exigency, when principles were to be proved, this man was reminded, by the monitor within, of those of Friends. Well essayed, well proved, doubtless, *he* had seen them oftentimes, himself having been one that had helped to try them. Ah! there was no chaff there, no vain words without a meaning, no letter doctrines, dry and dead as the unbelief to which they spake, no empty notions, no sapless, lifeless phrasology, but Christ the true Vine, the good Shepherd, breaking the bread of life through his own true and faithful servants, these were things he remembered, and, alas! remembered also that they were things which he had mocked and rejected!

But though it were so, he believed that, as the ministers of a merciful Lord, he had but to ask their attendance at his dying bed, and the request would be granted. He therefore desired that George Whitehead and some of his friends might be sent for; and, although it was late in the evening when the message was delivered to them, they immediately visited him.

‘I am come,’ said George Whitehead, ‘in love and tenderness to see thee.’

‘I am glad to see you,’ said Hide.

‘If thou hast anything upon thy conscience,’ said Whitehead, ‘I would have thee to clear it.’

To this Hide returned for answer, that what he had to say he spoke as in the presence of God. ‘As Paul was a persecutor of the people of the Lord,’ he said, ‘so have I been a persecutor of you his people.’ He added more, but, being extremely weak, his words could not well be understood.

‘Thy understanding being darkened,’ said Whitehead, ‘when darkness was over thee, thou didst gainsay the truth and people of the Lord, and I knew that *that* light which thou didst oppose would rise up in judgment against thee. I have often, with others, laboured with thee, to bring thee to a right understanding.’

To this Hide made answer by again declaring, as in the presence of God, that he had done evil in persecuting Friends, and that he was heartily sorry for it; adding, ‘The Lord Jesus Christ show mercy unto me; and the Lord increase your number, and be with you!’

After some interval of silence, George Whitehead addressed him with an earnest entreaty to ease his conscience of every burden that oppressed it. ‘My soul,’ said he, ‘is affected to hear thee thus confess thy evil, as the Lord hath given thee a sense of it. In repentance there is mercy and forgiveness, in confessing and forsaking of sin there is mercy to be found

with the Lord, who in the midst of judgment remembers mercy, that he may be feared;' and, after a little more discourse, and some intervals of silence, he tenderly inquired, 'How is it with thy soul? Dost thou not find some ease?'

'I hope I do,' answered the dying man, 'and if the Lord should lengthen out my days, I should be willing to bear a testimony for you, as publicly as I have appeared against you.'

'And if the Lord should not lengthen out thy days,' said Whitehead, 'dost thou desire that what thou sayest should be signified to others?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'I do;' and, perceiving him to be suffering much from weakness and want of breath, George Whitehead and his friends took their leave of him, commending him to the mercy and forgiveness of God.

As this occurred on the last day of the week, he several times desired, after the Friends had withdrawn, that he might be permitted to live till the next day; since, as it was on a Sabbath that he had most often opposed them in their meetings for worship, he now wished on that day to bear witness in their favour. But this was not allotted to him, for he died in about two hours after the above interview; signifying before he departed that he was favoured to feel some relief in his spirit.—(KELTY's *Early Friends*.)

THE HIRELING EXPOSED.

THOMAS LOWER, who had interest at court, his brother being the King's physician, remonstrat-

ing with the persecutors of his father-in-law, George Fox, the Chairman threatened him also; to which he replied, whether they *sent him to prison or no, he intended to go and wait upon his father there*; for that was now his business.

Then said Justice Parker to him, ‘Do you think, Mr. Lower, that I had not cause to send your father and you to prison, when you had such a great meeting that the parson of the parish complained to me, that he had lost the greatest part of his parishioners; so that, when he comes among them, he has scarce any auditors left?’ ‘I have heard,’ replied Thomas Lower, ‘that the priest of that parish comes so seldom to visit his flock, but once, it may be, or twice in a year, to gather up his tithes, that it was but charity in my father to visit such a forlorn and forsaken flock; therefore thou hadst no cause to send my father to prison for visiting them; or for teaching, instructing, and directing them to Christ their true teacher, who had so little comfort or benefit from their pretended pastor, who comes amongst them only to seek for “his gain from his quarter.”’

Upon this the Justices fell a laughing, for, it seems, Dr. Crowder, the priest alluded to, was sitting among them, though Thomas Lower did not know him; and he had the wit to hold his tongue, and not undertako to vindicate himself in a matter so notoriously known to be true!

AMUSING VISIT OF MARY KNOWLES, WITH
HER SON, TO THE KING, QUEEN, AND ROYAL
FAMILY.

MARY KNOWLES was the wife of Dr. Knowles, an eminent and much esteemed physician in London. This lady, says Mrs. Pilkington, in her *Female Biography*, was no less distinguished for the possession of superior talents than for a blameless purity of life. Her religious tenets were those of Quakerism, the utmost liberality of sentiment being displayed in her mind. She excelled in the polite arts of poetry and painting, and was particularly distinguished for the perfection to which she brought the imitation of nature in needlework. This latter accomplishment procured her an introduction to the Queen, who expressed a wish to see her, and who became no less pleased with the beauty of her performances, than with the justness and solidity of her remarks. This, and subsequent interviews with George III. and his Queen, led to her undertaking a representation of the King in needlework, which she completed, to the entire satisfaction of their Majesties.

Mary Knowles became a great favourite with the King and Queen, and had frequent access to the Royal Family, where she presented herself in the simplicity of her Quaker dress, and was always graciously received. On one occasion of her visiting them, she brought her only son, then about five years old, and presented him to the King, who inquired of her his *name* ;

she answered, *George*—the King seemed to feel the compliment, and bowed very complacently. Mary Knowles then proposed, with the King and Queen's permission, that her little boy should recite some lines she had composed, to which they assented; and he repeated the following stanzas, at which the King and Queen and Royal Family laughed heartily:—

Here, royal pair, your little Quaker stands,
Obscurely longing to salute your hands;
Young as he is, he ventures to intrude,
And lisps a parent's love and gratitude.

Though with no awful services I'm come,
Forbid to follow Mar's dire thund'ring drum;
My faith no warlike liberty hath given,
Since 'peace on earth' sweet angels sung in heaven.

Yet I will serve my prince as years increase,
And cultivate the finest arts of peace.
As loyal subjects, then, great George, by thee,
Let genuine Quakers still protected be.

Though on me, as a nursling, mamma doats,
I must, I will, shake off my petticoats;
I must, I will, assume the man this day,
I've seen the king and queen! huzza! huzza!

Mary Knowles accompanied her husband in a scientific tour through Holland, Germany, and France, where they obtained introduction to the most distinguished personages. She was admitted to the toilet of the late unfortunate Queen of France, by the particular desire of the latter. The appearance of a female in the attire of a Friend, was somewhat extraordinary to that Princess, who made many inquiries respecting

the principles of the Quakers, and acknowledged that *at least they were philosophers.*

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

IN 1700, when John Richardson was about to visit his brethren in America and the West Indies, on a gospel mission, he went on board a ship in the Thames with some Friends, to inquire and consider about a passage. He declared he saw nothing but death and darkness there, *and that he must not go in her.* They selected another vessel; and the rejected one was lost, going out, and about seventy people drowned.

EDWARD BURROUGH, HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH IN PRISON FOR THE TESTIMONY OF JESUS.

DURING the year 1682, died Edward Burrough, a witness unto death for the cause of a good conscience toward God. By a process of mental experience and refinement, he had been brought to a knowledge of the truth; and, about the eighteenth year of his age, his Divine Master saw fit to make use of him to sound the glad tidings of the gospel to his fellow-men. His ministry was powerful and reaching, his doctrine sound, and his language eloquent; having learned in the best school, that of Christ himself, and been prepared for the ministry, by the immediate teachings of the Spirit of truth, gradually lead-

ing unto the living experience of holiness, and clothing him with ardent desires for the salvation of mankind.

His own example gave efficacy to his ministry. He lived as he advised others to live, in the fear of his Maker, and in a sense of his omnipresence. His natural disposition was bold and manly, tempered with innocence; his conversation affable and instructive, circumscribed by great watchfulness over himself. His Christian courage in the fulfilment of his duty was remarkable, an instance of which is recorded at page 222, vol. ii., of these *Miscellanies*.

He travelled in many parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Flanders, in the exercise of his ministerial gift, meeting with repeated sufferings and imprisonments. But his principal field of labour was London and its neighbourhood, where his ministry was effectual to the conversion of many. His gospel solicitude for the inhabitants of that city was so warm that, when persecution grew hot, he said to his bosom friend, Francis Howgill, 'I can freely go to that city, and lay down my life for a testimony to that truth which I have declared through the Spirit and power of God.' And being this year on a visit to Friends in Bristol, in taking leave of them, he said he did not know that he should see their faces any more, and therefore exhorted them to faithfulness; adding to some, 'I am now going up to London again, to lay down my life for the gospel, and suffer among Friends in that place.'

About that time the rage of persecution was such, that it was estimated there were five hundred Friends at one time in prison in London alone; and the Friends who met for Divine worship at the 'Bull and Mouth' meeting, near the centre of the metropolis, were particularly exposed to the merciless violence of the magistrates and soldiery. The soldiers came several successive First-days with muskets, lighted matches, pikes, and halberds, conducted by an officer with a drawn sword in one hand, and a cane in the other. They usually entered with violent rushing and uproar, to terrify the assembly, commanding the people to be gone; and then shamefully attacked both men and women with canes and clubs, threatening to fire at them, and even striking them with swords and the butt-ends of their muskets, in such a manner that some fainted away, and others survived their injuries but a short time.

On one occasion, when the meeting was near breaking up, Major-General Richard Brown entered the house, with a party of men with drawn swords, in a manner rude and terrifying beyond expression, and, ordering the doors to be made fast, they fell upon the innocent assembly, engaged in the most solemn act of worshipping their Maker, and, without regard to age or sex, dealt such unmerciful and unmanly blows on men and women with their swords and cudgels, cutting, bruising, and levelling those before them, as bore an appearance of open hostility beyond what had ever been seen in a time of

peace. Six or eight together being knocked down, were dragged out, and laid in the gutters senseless, and apparently half dead with the wounds and bruises they had received. Their blood flowed visibly in the street, so that the passers by, struck with compassion for this unoffending people, cried 'Shame' upon the perpetrators, and for their compassionate expressions obtained also their share of similar abuse. Many of these Friends were so much injured as to keep their beds for a considerable time, and one died of the wounds he there received. Thomas Ellwood was among those thus seized on one of these occasions, along with many more Friends; and the prisons in London were literally thronged with this people for several months.

Not long after Edward Burrough's arrival in London this year, he attended this meeting; and, while he was preaching the gospel, he was violently pulled down by soldiers, and committed, with many others, to Newgate prison. Here, being thrust into crowded rooms, among the vilest felons, besides the great annoyance to which, from the filthy character of these criminals, and the dirty state of the prison, Friends were subjected, they were also witnesses of such vile and wicked conduct and conversation as brought grief and sorrow on their souls. Having lain here some weeks, he was brought to trial at the Old Bailey, fined by the court twenty marks, without authority of the law, and condemned to lie in prison till he should pay the fine. As the deed for which he and his

brethren were condemned, viz., meeting for the worship of God, was in their estimation no crime, but an act of indispensable duty to their Maker and Redeemer, and as a voluntary and active compliance with the penalty would have been a tacit confession of guilt, a giving away of the cause, and a baulking of their testimony to the truth, they durst not, for conscience sake, pay the fine; so that this sentence amounted to perpetual imprisonment, unless released by the King.

Being thus immured in prison with six or seven score of his Friends, and so many crowded into one room as to make it even suffocating, many of them grew sick and died; of which number he was one. A special order from the King was sent to the sheriff for his release and that of some others, but so implacable was the malice of some of the city magistrates, that they found means to evade the execution of this order. Edward being consequently still detained in prison, his disease gained upon him, and threatened approaching dissolution. But this holy man being raised above the fear of death, supported by the consolatory review of a life spent in the service of his Creator, and comforted by a consciousness of no wilful omission of duty, and an inward sense of freedom from the power and guilt of sin, through the effectual operation and atonement of Him who came to put an end to sin and take away its guilt, he made the following solemn and affecting appeal:—‘I have had the testimony of the Lord’s

love unto me from my youth; and my heart, O Lord, hath been given up to do thy will. I have preached the gospel freely in this city, and have often given up my life for the gospel's sake. And now, O Lord, rip open my heart, and see if it be not right before thee!' Again he said, 'There is no iniquity lies at my door; but the presence of the Lord is with me, and his life, I feel, justifies me.' His friends about him he exhorted 'to live in love and peace, and love one another;' and, praying for his enemies and persecutors, he said, 'Lord, forgive Richard Brown, if he may be forgiven'—who was the chief agent of the persecution. Being sensible that his dissolution drew near, he thus memorably expressed his faith:—'*Though this body of clay must turn to dust, yet I have a testimony that I have served God faithfully in my generation; and that spirit that hath lived, and acted and ruled in me, shall yet break forth in thousands.*' The morning before his departure, he said, 'Now my soul and spirit is centred into its own being with God, and this form of person must return whence it was taken; and shortly afterwards he expired, having been a zealous preacher of righteousness about ten years, though only in the twenty-eighth year of his age.

RICHARD HUBBERTHORN'S DEATH IN PRISON FOR THE TESTIMONY OF JESUS.

RICHARD HUBBERTHORN was another of those who, violently dragged away from the meeting at the

'Bull and Mouth,' finished their earthly course in 1662, in prison, for the testimony of a pure conscience. He had been a soldier in the army of the Commonwealth, but early joined George Fox in the better warfare against sin and spiritual darkness; and receiving ability to direct others in the sure way to the kingdom of heaven, became one of the first and most eminent ministers of the Society of Friends. But, after many travels and deep sufferings for the cause of truth, being seized this year at the aforesaid meeting, he was carried before that implacable magistrate, Richard Brown; who, giving vent to his passion as usual, pulled this inoffensive man down by the hat, with such fury that he brought his head almost to the ground, and then committed him to the noisome prison of Newgate.

His infirm constitution was so affected with the throng and vitiated air of this doleful place; that he presently grew sick; and, after about two months' imprisonment, was taken away by death. His end exhibited the happy result of a life spent in righteousness and the pursuit of peace; being enabled in his last moments to look forward, in full assurance of faith, to the near approach of future happiness. To some of his friends he expressed, that 'he knew the ground of his salvation, and was satisfied for ever of his peace with the Lord;' and, at another time, he said, 'That faith which hath wrought my salvation I well know, and have full satisfaction in it.' The greatest part of tho

time of his sickness he passed in inward retirement and meditation, in great resignation and stillness; and, towards his close, he requested his friends not to hold him, for the body was too strait for him, and he was to be lifted up on high, far above all mortal or corporeal restraints. And thus, in a frame of mind prepared for an entrance into the kingdom of glory, he finished his earthly course, and doubtless obtained that eternal reward laid up for those who are faithful unto death.

ON A MORAVIAN BURYING GROUND.

A SCENE sequestered from the haunts of men,
The loveliest work of all that little glen,
Where weary pilgrims found their last repose :
The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,
With walks between, by friends and kindred trod,
Who dressed with duteous hands each hallowed sod.
No sculptured monument was taught to breathe
His praises whom the worm devoured beneath ;
The high, the low, the mighty, and the fair,
Equal in death, were undistinguished there ;
Yet not a hillock mouldered near that spot,
By one dishonoured, or by all forgot ;
To some warm heart the poorest dust was dear,
From some kind eye the meanest claimed a tear,
And oft the living, by affection led,
Were wont to walk in spirit with their dead ;
Where no dark cypress cast a doleful gloom,
No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb,
But white and red, with intermingling flowers,
The graves looked beautiful in sun and showers ;
Green myrtles fenced them, and beyond that bound
Ran the clear rill with ever-murmuring sound.
'Twas not a scene for grief to nourish care,
It breathed of hope, it moved the heart to prayer.

(MONTGOMERY.)

JOHN BARTRAM, THE AMERICAN BOTANIST.

SOME notice of William Bartram, and his son John, appeared in vol. ii. pp. 105-8 of these *Miscellanies*. Further interesting particulars respecting the latter having come to hand, they are here inserted:—

John Bartram, it appears, established the first botanic garden in America; and, in pursuit of his favourite study, performed numerous journeys with unwearied vigour and dauntless courage, amongst the fiercest and most jealous of the Indian tribes. Graham, in his *History of the United States*, after enumerating various individuals by whom the sciences of botany and zoology were cultivated with ardour and success, says, but by none with greater genius and celebrity than John Bartram, a Pennsylvanian Quaker, and farmer, whom Linnæus pronounced to be the greatest natural botanist in the world. He was elected a member of the most illustrious societies and academies in Europe, and a professor of botany in the university of Pennsylvania; and, before his death, received the appointment of American botanist to the King of England.

The compiler of these *Miscellanies*, when recently in the United States, met with a large 8vo. volume of nearly 600 pages, just published, entitled, *Memorials of John Bartram and Humphrey Marshall (his cousin), with Notices of their Botanical Contemporaries*. This volume contains much interesting information, and a mass of

friendship of thy sincere Cousin

(1760)

John Bartram.

From thy real Wellwisher

Samuel Maynard

Philadelphia

Ms. A. 9. 2. 10. 1772

correspondence, chiefly on botanical subjects, prefaced by a biographical sketch of John Bartram, from which the following letter is extracted, for insertion here, purporting to be from a Russian gentleman, descriptive of a visit to the Pennsylvanian botanist in 1769. It is admirably graphic, exhibiting pleasant traits of truthful simplicity. 'The fidelity of the portraiture therein sketched,' observes the author of the *Memorials*, 'will not be questioned by any one having the slightest knowledge of the history, character, and pursuits of John Bartram.'

LETTER FROM IWAN ALEXIOWITZ, A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN ;
DESCRIBING A VISIT TO JOHN BARTRAM, THE CELEBRATED
PENNSYLVANIAN BOTANIST.*

Examine this flourishing province, in whatever light you will, and the eyes, as well as the mind, of a European traveller, are equally delighted ; because a diffusive happiness appears in every part—happiness which is established on the broadest basis. The wisdom of Lycurgus and Solon never conferred on man one-half of the blessings and uninterrupted prosperity which the Pennsylvanians now possess—the name of Penn, that simple but illustrious citizen, does more honour to the English nation than those of many of their Kings.

In order to convince you that I have not be-

* The compiler has altered the ungrammatical use of 'thee' to 'thou' in this letter, and has corrected a few other slight inaccuracies.

stowed undeserved praises in my former letters on this celebrated government, and that either nature or the climate seems to be more favourable here to the arts and sciences than to any other American province—let us together, agreeably to your desire, pay a visit to Mr. John Bartram, the first botanist in this new hemisphere, become such by a native impulse of disposition. It is to this simple man that America is indebted for several discoveries, and the knowledge of many new plants. I had been greatly prepossessed in his favour by the extensive correspondence which I knew he held with the most eminent Scotch and French botanists; I knew also that he had been honoured with that of Queen Ulrica, of Sweden.

His house is small, but decent; there was something peculiar in its first appearance, which seemed to distinguish it from those of his neighbours; a small tower in the middle of it, not only helped to strengthen it, but afforded convenient room for a staircase. Every disposition of the fields, fences, and trees, seemed to bear the marks of perfect order and regularity—which, in rural affairs, always indicate a prosperous industry.

I was received at the door by a woman dressed extremely neat and simple, who, without courtesying, or any other ceremonial, asked me, with an air of benignity, who I wanted? I answered, 'I should be glad to see Mr. Bartram.'

'If thou wilt step in and take a chair, I will send for him.'

‘No,’ I said, ‘I had rather have the pleasure of walking through his farm ; I shall easily find him out, with your directions.’

After a little time I perceived the Schuylkill, winding through delightful meadows, and soon cast my eyes on a new-made bank, which seemed greatly to confine its stream. After having walked on its top a considerable way, I at last reached the place where ten men were at work. I asked if any of them could tell me where Mr. Bartram was ? An elderly-looking man, with wide trousers and a large leather apron on, looking at me, said, ‘My name is Bartram—dost thou want me ?’

‘Sir, I am come on purpose to converse with you, if you can be spared from your labour.’

‘Very easily,’ he answered ; ‘I direct and advise more than I work.’

We walked toward the house, where he made me take a chair while he went to put on clean clothes ; after which he returned and sat down by me. ‘The fame of your knowledge,’ said I, ‘in American botany—and your well-known hospitality—have induced me to pay you a visit, which I hope you will not think troublesome. I should be glad to spend a few hours in your garden.’

‘The greatest advantage,’ replied he, ‘which I receive from what thou callest my botanical fame, is the pleasure which it often procures me in receiving the visits of friends and foreigners. But our jaunt into the garden must be postponed for the present, as the bell is ringing for dinner.’

We entered into a large hall, where there was a long table full of victuals; at the lowest part sat his negroes, his hired men were next, then the family and myself; and at the head, the venerable father and his wife presided. Each reclined his head and said his prayers, divested of the tedious cant of some, and of the ostentatious style of others.

‘After the luxuries of our cities,’ observed he, ‘this plain fare must appear to thee a severe fast.’

‘By no means, Mr. Bartram; this honest country dinner convinces me that you receive me as a friend and an old acquaintance.’

‘I am glad of it, for thou art heartily welcome. I never knew how to use ceremonies; they are insufficient proofs of sincerity; our Society, besides, are utterly strangers to what the world calls polite expressions. We treat others as we treat ourselves. I received yesterday a letter from Philadelphia, by which I understand thou art a Russian; what motives can possibly have induced thee to quit thy native country, and to come so far in quest of knowledge or pleasure? Verily it is a great compliment to this our young province, to think that anything it exhibits may be worthy thy attention.’

‘I have been most amply repaid for the trouble of the passage. I view the present Americans as the seed of future nations, which will replenish this boundless continent. The Russians may be in some respects compared to

you ; we, likewise, are a new people—new, I mean, in knowledge, arts, and improvements. Who knows what revolutions Russia and America may one day bring about ! We are, perhaps, nearer neighbours than we imagine. I view with peculiar attention, all your towns—I examine their situation, and the police—for which many are already famous. Though their foundations are now so recent, and so well remembered—yet their origin will puzzle posterity as much as we are now puzzled to ascertain the beginning of those which time has in some measure destroyed. Your new buildings, your streets, put me in mind of those of the city of *Pompeii*—where I was a few years ago ; I attentively examined everything there, particularly the footpath which runs along the houses. They appeared to have been considerably worn by the great number of people which had once travelled over them. But now, how distant ! neither builders nor proprietors remain ; nothing is known !’

‘ Why, thou hast been a great traveller, for a man of thy years.’

‘ Few years, Sir, will enable anybody to journey over a great tract of country ; but it requires a superior degree of knowledge to gather harvests as we go. Pray, Mr. Bartram, what banks are those which you are making ; to what purpose is so much expense and so much labour bestowed ?’

‘ Friend Iwan, no branch of industry was ever more profitable to any country, as well as

the proprietors. The Schuylkill, in its many windings, once covered a great extent of ground, though its waters were but shallow even in our highest tides ; and though some parts were almost dry, yet the whole of this great tract presented to the eye nothing but a putrid swampy soil, useless either for the plough or for the scythe. The proprietors of these grounds are now incorporated ; we yearly pay to the treasurer of the company a certain sum, which makes an aggregate superior to the casualties that generally happen, either by inundations or the musksquash.* It is owing to this happy contrivance that so many thousand acres of meadow have been rescued from the Schuylkill [and Delaware], which now both enriches and embellishes so much of the neighbourhood of our city. Our brethren of Salem, in New Jersey, have carried the art of banking to a still higher degree of perfection.'

'It is really an admirable contrivance, which greatly redounds to the honour of the parties concerned, and shows a spirit of discernment and perseverance which is highly praiseworthy ; if the Virginians would imitate your example, the state of their husbandry would greatly improve ; I have not heard of any such association in any other parts of the continent ; Pennsylvania, hitherto, seems to reign the unrivalled

* *Musquash*, the Indian name of the *musk-rat* (*Fiber zibethicus*, Lin.) ; an animal well known in the United States for its troublesome operations of *burrowing* in embankments along streams.

queen of these fair provinces. Pray, Sir, what expense are you at, ere these grounds be fit for the scythe ?’

‘The expenses are very considerable, particularly when we have land, brooks, trees, and brush to clear away ; but such is the excellence of these bottoms, and the goodness of the grass for fattening of cattle, that the produce of three years pays all advances.’

‘Happy the country where nature has bestowed such rich treasures ! Treasures superior to mines ;’ I said, ‘If all this fair province is thus cultivated, no wonder it has acquired such reputation for the prosperity and the industry of its inhabitants.’

By this time the working part of the family had finished their dinner, and had retired with a decency and silence which pleased me much. Soon after I heard, as I thought, a distant concert of instruments. ‘However simple and pastoral your fare was, Mr. Bartram, this is the dessert of a prince ; pray, what is this I hear ?’

‘Thou must not be alarmed ; it is of a piece with the rest of thy treatment, friend Iwan.’

Anxious, I followed the sound, and, by ascending the staircase, found that it was the effect of the wind through the strings of an *Æolian* harp, an instrument which I had never before seen. After dinner we quaffed an honest bottle of Madeira wine, without the irksome labour of toasts, healths, or sentiments ; and then retired into his study.

I was no sooner entered, than I observed a coat of arms, in a gilt frame, with the name of John Bartram. The novelty of such a decoration, in such a place, struck me; I could not avoid asking, 'Does the Society of Friends take any pride in those armorial bearings, which sometimes serve as marks of distinction between families, and much oftener as food for pride and ostentation?'

'Thou must know,' said he, 'that my father was a Frenchman;* he brought this piece of painting over with him. I keep it as a piece of family furniture, and as a memorial of his removal hither.'

From his study we went into the garden, which contained a great variety of curious plants and shrubs; some grew in a green-house, over the door of which were written these lines:—

'Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.'

He informed me that he had often followed General Bouquet to Pittsburg, with the view of herborizing, that he had made useful collections in Virginia, and that he had been employed by the King of England to visit the two Floridas.

Our walks and botanical observations engrossed so much of our time, that the sun was

* This is evidently a misapprehension on the part of the 'Russian gentleman.' John Bartram, no doubt, had reference to his *remote ancestor*, a Norman 'Frenchman,' who 'came with William the Conqueror,' and 'settled in the north of England.'

almost down ere I thought of returning to Philadelphia; I regretted that the day had been so short, as I had not spent so rational a one for a long time before. I wanted to stay, yet was doubtful whether it would not appear improper, being an utter stranger. Knowing, however, that I was visiting the least ceremonious people in the world, I bluntly informed him of the pleasure I had enjoyed, and with the desire I had of staying a few days with him. 'Thou art as welcome as if I was thy father; thou art no stranger, thy desire of knowledge, thy being a foreigner, besides, entitles thee to consider my house as thine own as long as thou pleasest; use thy time with the most perfect freedom, I, too, shall do so myself.'

I thankfully accepted the kind invitation. We went to view his favourite bank; he showed me the principles and method on which it was erected, and we walked over the grounds which had been already drained. The whole store of nature's kind luxuriance seemed to have been exhausted on these beautiful meadows; he made me count the amazing number of cattle and horses now feeding on solid bottoms, which, but a few years before, had been covered with water. Thence we rambled through his fields, where the rightangular fences, the heaps of pitched stones, the flourishing clover, announced the best husbandry, as well as the most assiduous attention. His cows were then returning home, having udders ready to burst; seeking, with seeming toil, to be delivered from the great ex-

uberance they contained. He next showed me his orchard, formerly planted on a barren, sandy soil, but long since converted into one of the richest spots in that vicinage.

‘This,’ said he, ‘is altogether the fruit of my own contrivance. I purchased, some years ago, the privilege of a small spring, about a mile and a half from hence, which, at a considerable expense, I have brought to this reservoir; therein I throw old lime, ashes, horse-dung, &c., and twice a week I let it run, thus impregnated. I regularly spread on this ground, in the fall, old hay, straw, and whatever damaged fodder I have about my barn. By these simple means I mow, one year with another, fifty-three hundreds of excellent hay per acre, from a soil which scarcely produced *five fingers* (i.e., *Cinquefoil*, or *Potentilla Canadensis*, Lin.) some years before.’

‘This is, Sir, a miracle in husbandry; happy the country which is cultivated by a society of men whose application and taste lead them to prosecute and accomplish useful works.’

‘I am not the only person who does these things;’ he said, ‘wherever water can be had, it is always turned to that important use; wherever a farmer can water his meadows, the greatest crops of the best hay, and excellent after-grass, are the sure rewards of his labours. With the banks of my meadow-ditches I have greatly enriched my upland fields; those which I intend to rest for a few years, I constantly sow with red clover, which is the greatest meliorator of our lands. For three years after they yield abun-

dant pasture; when I want to break up my clover fields, I give them a good coat of mud, which has been exposed to the severities of three or four of our winters. This is the reason that I commonly reap from twenty-eight to thirty-six bushels of wheat an acre; my flax, oats, and Indian corn I raise in the same proportion. Wouldst thou inform me whether the inhabitants of thy country follow the same methods of husbandry?’

‘No, Sir; in the neighbourhood of our towns there are indeed some intelligent farmers, who prosecute their rural schemes with attention, but we should be too numerous, too happy, too powerful a people, if it were possible for the whole Russian empire to be cultivated like the province of Pennsylvania. Our lands are so unequally divided, and so few of our farmers are possessors of the soil they till, that they cannot execute plans of husbandry with the same vigour as you do, who hold yours, as it were, from the Master of nature, unincumbered and free. O America!’ exclaimed I, ‘thou knowest not, as yet, the whole extent of thy happiness; the foundation of thy civil polity must lead thee, in a few years, to a degree of population and power which Europe little thinks of!’

‘Long before this happens,’ answered the good man, ‘we shall rest beneath the turf; it is vain for mortals to be presumptuous in their conjectures; our country is, no doubt, the cradle of an extensive future population, the old world is growing weary of its inhabitants, they must

come here to flee from the tyranny of the great. But dost not thou imagine that the great will, in the course of years, come over here also? for it is the misfortune of all societies everywhere to hear of great men, great rulers, and of great tyrants.'

'My dear Sir,' I replied, 'tyranny never can take a strong hold in this country, the land is too wisely distributed; it is poverty in Europe that makes slaves.'

'Friend Iwan, as I make no doubt thou understandest the Latin tongue, read this kind epistle which the good Queen of Sweden, Ulrica, sent me a few years ago. Good woman! that she should think, in her palace at Stockholm, of poor John Bartram, on the banks of the Schuylkill, appears to me very strange.'

'Not in the least, dear Sir, you are the first man whose name as a botanist has done honour to America; it is very natural, at the same time, to imagine that so extensive a continent must contain many curious plants and trees; is it then surprising to see a princess, fond of useful knowledge, descend sometimes from the throne to walk in the gardens of Linnæus?'

'Tis to the directions of that learned man,' said Mr. Bartram, 'that I am indebted for the method which has led me to the knowledge I now possess; the science of botany is so diffusive, that a proper thread is absolutely wanted to conduct the beginner.'

'Pray, Mr. Bartram, when did you imbibe the first wish to cultivate the science of bot-

any? Were you regularly bred to it in Philadelphia?’

‘I have never received any other education than barely reading and writing; this small farm was all the patrimony my father left me, certain debts, and the want of meadows, kept me rather low in the beginning of my life; my wife brought me nothing in money, all her riches consisted in her good temper and great knowledge of housewifery. I scarcely know how to trace my steps in the botanical career, they appear to me, now, like to a dream; but thou mayest rely on what I shall relate, though I know that some of our friends have laughed at it.’

‘I am not one of those people, Mr. Bartram, who aim at finding out the ridiculous in what is sincerely and honestly averred.’

‘Well, then, I’ll tell thee. One day I was very busy in holding my plough (for thou seest I am but a ploughman), and, being weary, I ran under the shade of a tree to repose myself. I cast my eyes on a *daisy*; I plucked it mechanically, and viewed it with more curiosity than common country farmers are wont to do, and observed therein very many distinct parts, some perpendicular, some horizontal. *What a shame, said my mind, or something that inspired my mind, that thou shouldst have employed so many years in tilling the earth, and destroying so many flowers and plants, without being acquainted with their structures and their uses!* This seeming inspiration suddenly awakened my curiosity, for these

were not thoughts to which I had been accustomed. I returned to my team, but this new desire did not quit my mind; I mentioned it to my wife, who greatly discouraged me from prosecuting my new scheme, as she called it; I was not opulent enough, she said, to dedicate much of my time to studies and labours which might rob me of that portion of it which is the only wealth of the American farmer. However, her prudent caution did not discourage me; I thought about it continually—at supper, in bed, and wherever I went. At last I could not resist the impulse, for, on the fourth day of the following week, I hired a man to plough for me, and went to Philadelphia. Though I knew not what book to call for, I ingenuously told the bookseller my errand, who provided me with such as he thought best, and a Latin grammar beside. Next, I applied to a neighbouring schoolmaster, who, in three months, taught me Latin enough to understand Linnæus, which I purchased afterward. Then I began to botanize all over my farm. In a little time, I became acquainted with every vegetable that grew in my neighbourhood; and next ventured into Maryland, living among the Friends. In proportion as I thought myself more learned, I proceeded farther, and, by a steady application of several years, I have acquired a pretty general knowledge of every plant and tree to be found on our continent. In process of time I was applied to from the old countries, whither I every year send many collections. Being now made easy in my circum-

stances, I have ceased to labour, and am never so happy as when I see and converse with my friends. If, among the many plants or shrubs I am acquainted with, there are any thou wishest to send to thy native coutry, I will cheerfully procure them; and give thee, moreover, whatever directions thou mayest want.'

Thus I passed several days, in ease, improvement, and pleasure. I observed, in all the operations of his farm, as well as in the mutual correspondence between the master and the inferior members of his family, the greatest ease and decorum: not a word like command seemed to exceed the tone of a simple wish. The very negroes themselves appeared to partake of such a decency of behaviour, and modesty of countenance, as I had never before observed.

'By what means,' said I, 'Mr Bartram, do you rule your slaves so well, that they seem to do their work with all the cheerfulness of white men?'

'Though our erroneous prejudices and opinions once induced us to look upon them as fit only for slavery, though ancient custom had very unfortunately taught us to keep them in bondage, yet, of late, in consequence of the remonstrances of several Friends, and of the good books they have published on that subject, our Society treats them very differently. With us they are now free. I give those whom thou saw at my table eighteen pounds a year, with victuals and clothes, and all other privileges which white men enjoy. Our Society treats them, now, as

the companions of our labours; and by this management, as well as by means of the education we have given them, they are, in general, become a new set of beings. Those whom I admit to my table I have found to be good, trusty, moral men: when they do not what we think they should do, we dismiss them, which is all the punishment we inflict. Other societies of Christians keep them still as slaves, without teaching them any kind of religious principles. What motive, beside fear, can they have to behave well? In the first settlement of this province, we employed them as slaves, I acknowledge; but when we found that good example, gentle admonition, and religious principles, could lead them to subordination and sobriety, we relinquished a method so contrary to the profession of Christianity. We gave them freedom: and yet few have quitted their ancient masters. I taught mine to read and to write: they love God, and fear his judgments. The oldest person among them transacts my business in Philadelphia, with a punctuality from which he has never deviated. They constantly attend our meetings; they participate—in health and sickness, in infancy and old age—in the advantages our Society affords. Such are the means we have made use of, to relieve them from that bondage and ignorance in which they were kept before. Perhaps thou hast been surprised to see them at my table; but, by elevating them to the rank of freemen, they necessarily acquire that emulation, without which

we ourselves should fall into debasement and profligate ways.'

'Mr. Bartram, this is the most philosophical treatment of negroes I have heard of. Happy would it be for America, would other denominations of Christians imbibe the same principles, and follow the same admirable rules. A great number of men would be relieved from those cruel shackles under which they now groan: and under this impression, I cannot endure to spend more time in the southern provinces. The method with which they are treated there—the meanness of their food, the severity of their tasks—are spectacles I have not patience to behold.'

'I am glad to see that thou hast so much compassion. Are there any slaves in thy country?'

'Yes, unfortunately; but they are more properly civil than domestic slaves: they are attached to the soil on which they live; it is the remains of ancient barbarous customs, established in the days of the greatest ignorance and savageness of manners! and preserved, notwithstanding the repeated tears of humanity—the loud calls of policy—and the commands of religion. The pride of great men, with the avarice of landholders, makes them look on this class as necessary tools of husbandry, as if freemen could not cultivate the ground!'

'And is it really so, friend Iwan? To be poor, to be wretched, to be a slave, is hard indeed: existence is not worth enjoying on those

terms. I am afraid thy country can never flourish under such impolitic government.'

'I am very much of your opinion, Mr. Bartram, though I am in hopes that the present reign, illustrious by so many acts of the soundest policy, will not expire without this salutary, this necessary emancipation, which would fill the Russian Empire with tears of gratitude.'

'How long hast thou been in this country?'

'Four years, Sir.'

'Why, thou speaks English almost like a native. What a toil a traveller must undergo to learn various languages—to divest himself of his native prejudices—and to accommodate himself to the customs of all those among whom he chooses to reside.'

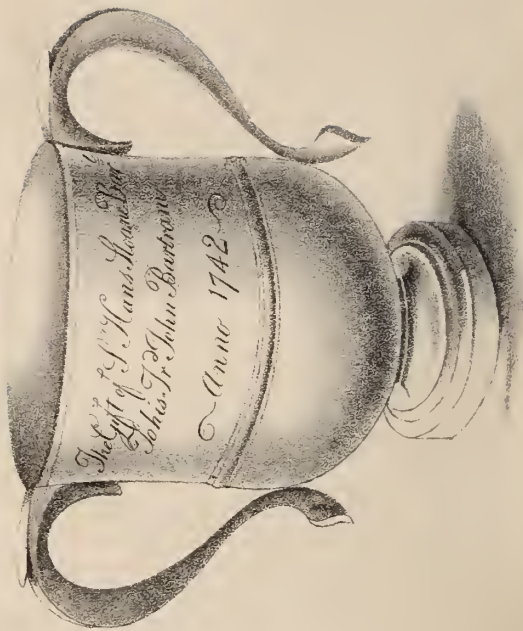
Thus I spent my time with this enlightened botanist, this worthy citizen, who united all the simplicity of rustic manners to the most useful learning. Various and extensive were the conversations that filled the measure of my visit. I accompanied him to his fields, to his barn, to his bank, to his garden, to his study, and at last to the meeting of the Society, on the Sunday following. I was at the town of Chester, whither the whole family went in two waggons; Mr. Bartram and I on horseback. When I entered the house where the Friends were assembled, who might be about two hundred men and women, the involuntary impulse of ancient custom made me pull off my hat; but soon recovering myself, I sat with it on at the end of a bench. The meeting-house was a square build-

ing, devoid of any ornament whatever. The whiteness of the walls, the conveniency of seats, and a large stove, which, in cold weather, keeps the whole house warm, were the only essential things which I observed. Neither pulpit nor desk, fount nor altar, tabernacle nor organ, were there to be seen: it is merely a spacious room, in which these good people meet every Sunday. A profound silence ensued, which lasted about half an hour; every one had his head reclined, and seemed absorbed in profound meditation, when a female Friend arose, and declared, with a most engaging modesty, that the Spirit moved her to entertain them on the subject she had chosen. She treated it with great propriety, as a moral, useful discourse, and delivered it without theological parade, or the ostentation of learning. Either she must have been a great adept in public speaking, or had studiously prepared herself; a circumstance that cannot well be supposed, as it is a point, in their profession, to utter nothing but what arises from spontaneous impulse; or else the Great Spirit of the world—the patronage and influence of which they all came to invoke—must have inspired her with the soundest morality. Her discourse lasted three quarters of an hour. I did not observe one single face turned toward her: never before had I seen a congregation listening with so much attention to a public oration. I observed neither contortions of body, nor any kind of affectation in her face, style, or manner of utterance; everything was natural, and there-

fore pleasing, and, shall I tell you more? she was very handsome, although upwards of forty. As soon as she had finished, every one seemed to return to their former meditation for about a quarter of an hour, when they rose up by common consent, and, after some general conversation, departed.

How simple their precepts, how unadorned their religious system, how few the ceremonies through which they pass during the course of their lives! At their deaths they are interred by the fraternity, without pomp, without prayers, thinking it then too late to alter the course of God's eternal decrees; and, as you well know, without either monument or tomb-stone. Thus, after having lived under the mildest government, after having been guided by the mildest doctrine, they die just as peaceably as those who, being educated in more pompous religions, pass through a variety of sacraments, subscribe to complicated creeds, and enjoy the benefits of a church establishment. These good people flatter themselves with following the doctrines of Jesus Christ, in that simplicity with which they were delivered. A happier system could not have been devised for the use of mankind. It appears to be entirely free from those ornaments and political additions which each country and each government has fashioned after its own manners.

At the door of this meeting-house I had been invited to spend some days at the houses of some respectable farmers in the neighbourhood.



The reception I met with everywhere insensibly led me to spend two months among these good people; and I must say they were the golden days of my riper years. I never shall forget the gratitude I owe them for the innumerable kindnesses they heaped on me: it was to the letter you gave me that I am indebted for the extensive acquaintance I now have throughout Pennsylvania. I must defer thanking you as I ought, until I see you again. Before that time comes, I may perhaps entertain you with more curious anecdotes than this letter affords. Farewell.

IWAN ALEXIOWITZ.

SILVER CUP PRESENTED BY SIR HANS SLOANE
TO JOHN BARTRAM.

JOHN BARTRAM, who exchanged specimens of plants with Sir Hans Sloane, and often forwarded him natural and artificial curiosities, which he met with on his journeys of research, received from Sir Hans in return many valuable presents of books, &c. He also presented Bartram with a silver cup, in the year 1742, a representation of which is given on the opposite page. This cup is now the property of Isaac Bartram, a grandson of the botanist.

The following, acknowledging the present of Sir Hans Sloane, may also serve as a specimen of Bartram's letters:—

FRIEND SIR HANS SLOANE,

I have received thy kind present of a silver cup, and am well pleased that thy name

is engraved upon it at large, so that when my friends drink out of it, they may see who was my benefactor.

I received thy kind letter, and have endeavoured to answer thy desires. I have sent thee two quires of specimens, gathered in their full bloom—as many as I could, but several that I found amongst the Indians could not be found with their proper characteristics. So, pray accept them as I found them, rather than none of that species. I have collected several kinds of seeds belonging to the specimens, numbered as the specimens are to which they belong. I have also wrapped up, in separate papers, several of our North American mosses, and packed them up with the seeds. If thou wants more another year of mosses, seeds, or specimens, pray let me know particularly by a letter, and I hope to endeavour to procure them for thee.

I have put in the box of specimens one of our yellow wasp's nests, that was built in my ditch bank. We have another sort like these, that build a hanging nest on the twigs of bushes or trees, like our hornets.

I have wrapped up in paper, some of our humble-bee breeding cells, or combs, and have procured a large hornet's nest to send.

Dear Sir Hans, if these few curiosities are acceptable to thee, it will not only encourage me to strive to oblige thee more, but will exceedingly please thy sincere and obliged friend,

JOHN BARTRAM.



J. F. MASTERS AND J. D. J.



GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO JOHN BARTRAM,
IN 1772.

IN 1772, a gold medal was presented to John Bartram, by a society at Edinburgh, established in 1764, for the purpose of importing seeds of useful trees and shrubs.

This medal was forwarded to him through his intimate friend, Dr. Franklin, then residing in England, accompanied with the following letter from Franklin :—

London, Feb. 10, 1773.

MY DEAR GOOD OLD FRIEND,

I am glad to learn that the turnip seed and the rhubarb grow with you, and that the turnip is approved. It may be depended on that the rhubarb is the genuine sort. But, to have the root in perfection, it ought not to be taken out of the ground in less than seven years.

Herewith I send you a few seeds of what is called the cabbage-turnip. They say it will stand the frost of the severest winter, and so make a fine early feed for cattle in the spring, when their other fodder may be scarce. I send also some seed of the Scotch cabbage, and some peas that are much applauded here, but I forget for what purpose, and shall inquire, and let you know in my next.

I think there has been no good opportunity of sending your medal since I received it till now. It goes in a box to my son Bache, with the seeds. I wish you joy of it.

Notwithstanding the failure of your eyes, you write as distinctly as ever.

With good esteem and respect, I am, my dear friend, yours most affectionately,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

ESTIMATE OF A LITTLE WITH GOD'S BLESSING.

A LITTLE, with the blessing of God upon it, is better than a great deal with the incumbrance of his curse. His blessing can multiply a mite into a talent, but his curse will shrink a talent into a mite. By him the arms of the wicked are broken, and by him the righteous are upholden; so that the great question is, whether he be with or against us, and the great misfortune is that this question is seldom asked. The favour of God is, to them that obtain it, a better and enduring substance, which, like the widow's barrel of oil, wasted not in the evil days of famine, nor will fail.—(BISHOP HORNE.)

PURITAN INTOLERANCE.

THE following verses commemorate a somewhat remarkable event, in the history of Puritan intolerance, as exercised towards the early Friends, and those who favoured their testimony. Two young persons,* son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick, of Salem, who had been himself in-

* Daniel and Provided Southwick.

prisoned, and deprived of all his property, for having entertained two Quakers at his house, were fined £10 each for non-attendance at the church, which they were unable to pay. The case being represented to the general court at Boston, that body issued an order, which may still be seen on the court records, bearing the signature of Edward Rawson, secretary, by which the treasurer of the county was 'fully empowered to *sell* the said persons to any of the English nation at *Virginia* or *Barbadoes*, to answer the said fines.' An attempt was made to carry this barbarous order into execution, but no ship-master was found willing to convey them to the West Indies.—(SEWELL'S *History*, pp. 291, 292, 376, 377.)

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessings rise to-day!
From the scoffer and the cruel he hath plucked the spoil
away,—

Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set his handmaid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison bars;
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale gleam
of stars;

In the coldness and the darkness, all through the long
night time,

My grated casement whitened with Autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by,
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky;
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed
to be

The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea.

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow,
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sorrow;

Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and sold,

Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold!

O, the weakness of the flesh was there—the shrinking and the shame,

And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came;

‘Why sitt’st thou thus forlornly?’ the wicked murmur said,

‘Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed!’

‘Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and sweet,

Seen in thy father’s dwelling, heard in the pleasant street?

Where be the youthful glances, which all the Sabbath through

Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father’s pew?

‘Why sitt’st thou here, Provided?—Bethink thee with what mirth

Thy happy schoolmates gather round the warm bright hearth;

How the crimson shadows tremble on foreheads white and fair,

On brows of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

‘Not for *thee* the hearth-fire brightens; not for *thee* kind words are spoken;

Not for *thee* the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing boys are broken;

No first-fruits of the orchard within *thy* lap are laid;

For *thee* no flowers of Autumn the youthful hunters braid.

‘Oh! weak deluded maiden!—by crazy fancies led,

With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread;

To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and sound,

And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and sackcloth-bound;

‘Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things Divine,

Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine,

Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the pillory lame,

Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their shame.

' And what a fate awaits thee?—a sadly toiling slave,
 Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the
 grave !

Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
 The easy prey of any, the scoff and seorn of all !'

O ! ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble nature fears
 Wrung, drop by drop, the sealding flow of unavailing tears,
 I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent
 prayer,

To feel, O Helper of the weak, that thou indeed wert there !

I thought of Paul and Silas within Philippi's eell,
 And how from Pcter's sleeping limbs the prison shaekles fell,
 Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe of white,
 And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all his mereies !—for the peace and love
 I felt,

Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit melt,
 When ' Get behind me, Satan !' was the language of my
 heart,

And I felt the evil tempter with all his doubts depart.

Slow broke the gray, eold morning, again the sunshine fell,
 Fleck'd with the shade of bar and grate, within my lonely
 eell ;

The hoar-frost melted on the wall, and upward, from the
 street,

Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell baek, my door was open east,
 And slowly, at the sheriff's side, up the long street I passed.
 I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,
 How from every door and window the people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon my
 cheek,

Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs grew
 weak ;

' O Lord, support thy handmaid, and from her soul east out
 The fear of man which brings a snare, the weakness, and
 the doubt.'

Then the dreary shadows scattered like a cloud in morning breeze,
And a low, deep voice within me seemed whispering words like these :—

‘ Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a brazen wall,

Trust still his loving-kindness whose power is over all.’

We paused at length, where at my feet the sun-lit waters broke

On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of rock ;
The merchant-ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines on high,

Tracing with rope and slender spar their net-work on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped, and grave, and cold,

And grim and stout sea-captains, with faces bronzed and old,
And, on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk, at hand,
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

And, poisoning with his evil words the ruler’s ready ear,
The priest leaned o’er his saddle, with laugh, and scoff, and jeer ;

It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of silence broke,

As if through woman’s weakness a warning spirit spoke.

I cried, ‘ The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the meek,
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the weak ;
Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones, go turn the prison lock

Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf amid the flock !’

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott ; and, with a deeper red,
O’er Rawson’s wine-empurpled cheek the flush of anger spread.

‘ Good people,’ quoth the white-lipped priest, ‘ heed not her words so wild,

Her master speaks within her—the Devil owns his child.’

But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, the while the
sheriff read

That law the wicked rulers against the poor have made,
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood bring
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff turning said,
'Which of ye, worthy gentlemen, will take this Quaker
maid?

In the isle of far Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,
Ye may hold her at higher price than Indian girl or Moor.'

Grim and silent stood the captains, and when again he cried, 'Speak out, my worthy gentlemen!' nor voice nor sign replied;

But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met
my ear,

'God bless thee and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear!'

A weight seemed lifted from my heart—a pitying friend
was nigh.

I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his eye ;
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so kind to me,
Growled back its stormy answer, like the roaring of the sea :

'Pile my ships with bars of silver, pack with coins of Spanish gold,

From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her hold ;

!—I would sooner in your bay
Sink ship, and crew, and cargo, than bear this child away !'

‘ Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their cruel laws,’
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud, the people’s just
 applause ;

'Like the herdsmen of Tekoa, in Israel of old,
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold?'

I looked on haughty Endicott, with weapon half-way drawn,
Swept round the throng his lion-glare of bitter hate and
scorn:

Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and turned in silence back,
And sneering priest, and baffled clerk, rode murmuring in
his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of soul,
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed his
parchment roll;

‘ Good friends,’ he said, ‘ since both have fled, the ruler and
the priest,

Judge ye if from their farther work I be not well released.’

Loud was the cheer which full and clear swept round the
silent bay,

As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me go my
way;

For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen,
And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of
men.

O ! at that hour the very earth seemed changed beneath
my eye,

A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and woodland
lay,

And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life, to him all praises be,
Who from the hands of evil men hath set his handmaid free !
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are afraid,
Who takes the crafty in the snare which for the poor is laid.

Sing, O my soul, rejoicingly ; on evening’s twilight ealm,
Uplift the loud thanksgiving, pour forth the grateful psalm ;
Let all dear saints with me rejoice, as did the saints of old,
When of the Lord’s good angel the rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty men of
wrong,

The Lord shall smite their pride, and break the jaw-teeth of
the strong,

Woe to the wicked rulers in his avenging hour,

Woe to the wolves who seek the flock to raven and devour !

But let the humble ones arise, the poor in heart be glad,
And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise be
clad ;

For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the stormy
wave,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save !
(J. G. WHITTIER.)

MARTHA AND MARY.

It was when the persecution of the people called Quakers had, for a short season, somewhat abated its rigour, and they ventured to attend their religious assemblies without fear of injury to their families, in the meantime, that Walter Pixley and his wife, a stayed and respectable couple belonging to that despised community, rode eleven miles, to their county town of Stafford, to be present at a meeting, appointed by that apostle-like young man Edward Burrough, leaving their little daughter Martha under the care of an aged woman, who was, at that time, their sole female domestic.

Martha was a grave child, though but seven years of age ; her young mind had taken its tone from both of her parents. She had been born in a season of persecution, had been cradled, as it were, in anxiety and sorrow ; and, as she grew old enough to comprehend the circumstances that surrounded her, she saw her parents constantly filled with apprehension for the safety of their lives and property. She had heard them talk over their grievances, spoiling of goods, the maimings, the whippings, and the horrible sufferings of their persecuted brethren, persecuted even to the death ; had heard of little children

enduring, with the steadfastness of early martyrs, imprisonments and pains which would overcome even the strong man; till, unlike the ordinary child of her years, her countenance habitually wore a look of gravity, and her heart bled at the least thought of suffering or sorrow.

Martha's home was in a country place, surrounded by fields—a pleasant, quiet valley, the patrimonial heritage of her father. It was harvest time, and, in the course of the morning, the old servant went out with the reapers' dinners, leaving little Martha to amuse herself in her usual quiet way. She had not been long alone, before a beggar-woman presented herself with a young child in her arms. Martha knew that it was her mother's custom to relieve distress in whatever shape it presented itself, and the story the woman told, whether false or true, touched her to the soul; she gave her, therefore, the dinner which had been set aside for herself, and compassionated her in words of the truest sympathy, and when the child in the woman's arms wept, her heart yearned towards it. Strange it may be to all, but so it was, for our story is true, when the beggar-woman saw the affection with which little Martha regarded the child, she proposed to sell it to her, and Martha, innocent of all guile, readily accepted the proposal. All her little hoard of money was produced, the bargain was struck, and the two parted perfectly satisfied with the transaction. The child was beautiful in its form and features, and Martha sat down with it upon her knee, and lavished

upon it all the endearing tenderness which her most affectionate nature suggested.

In a short time the child fell asleep ; and, as she sat gazing upon it, a half-defined fear stole into her mind that perhaps she had done wrong in taking upon her this charge unknown to her parents, that perhaps they would be displeased. She rose up in haste, and looked from door and window for the beggar-woman, but neither across the fields, nor down the valley, nor upon the distant highways, was she to be seen ; and then she was afraid, and thought to hide the child. She made it a comfortable warm bed with a blanket, in a large press, and kissing its sleeping eyes, and wishing that she had no fear, she left it to its repose, and began with great anxiety to look out for the return of her parents. To the old domestic she said not one word of what she had done.

After two hours, all which time the child had slept soundly, Walter Pixley and his wife returned. The good mother, who was accustomed to help in all the domestic business, employed herself in preparing the early afternoon meal, and Martha sat down with her parents to partake of it. While Walter Pixley and his wife were in the midst of their review of the events of the morning—of Edward Burrough's extraordinary sermon, and of the concourse to whom it was addressed, they were startled by what seemed to them the cry of a child. Martha's heart beat quick, and her sweet face grew suddenly pale, but her parents were not observing

her. The good man stopped in the middle of a sentence, and both he and his wife turned their heads towards the part of the house whence the sound proceeded, listened for a second or two, and then, all being again still, without remarking upon what they supposed was fancy, they went on again with their conversation. Again a cry louder and more determined was heard, and again they paused. 'Surely,' said the wife, 'that is the voice of a young child.'

The critical moment was now come, concealment was no longer possible, and Martha's affection mastered her fear; as the infant continued to cry, she darted from the table and exclaimed, 'Yes, yes, it is my child!' and the next moment was heard audibly soothing her little charge, in the chamber above, with all the tenderness of the fondest mother.

The mother was soon at the daughter's side, full of the most inconceivable astonishment, and demanded from her whence the child had come, or how it had been consigned to her charge. Martha related the story with perfect honesty. The old domestic was then summoned, but she knew nothing of the affair. They were not long deliberations that followed. The family could not conscientiously burden themselves with another dependent, and one, especially, who had no natural claim upon them, in these perilous and anxious times, when they could not even insure security for themselves; and besides this, how did they know but this very circumstance might be made, in some way or other,

a cause of offence or of persecution—for the world looked with jealous and suspicious eyes upon the poor Quakers. Walter Pixley, therefore, soon determined what he had to do in the affair—to make the circumstances known at the next village; to inquire after the woman, who, no doubt, had been seen either before or after parting with the child; and also to state the whole affair to the nearest justice of the peace.

Within an hour, therefore, after the discovery of the child, the good man might be seen making known his strange news at the different places of resort in the village, and inquiring from all if such a person as the little girl had described the woman to be, had been seen by any; but, to his chagrin and amazement, no one could give him information, such a person had evidently not been there. He next hastened to the justice's. It was now evening, and Walter Pixley was informed that the justice very rarely transacted any business after dinner, and that especially, 'he would not with a Quaker.' Walter, however, was not easily to be put by; he felt his business was important, and, by help of a gratuity to the servant, he gained admittance.

The justice was engaged over his wine, and he received Walter Pixley very gruffly, and, in the end, threatened him with a committal to jail for his pains. The poor Quaker had been in jail the whole of the preceding winter, and he remembered too woefully the horror of that dungeon, to bring upon himself willingly a second incarceration. It was of no use seeking

for help at the hands of the Justice ; therefore he urged his business no further, and returned quietly to his own house.

Against the will, therefore, of the elder Pixleys, the child was established with them ; and it was not long before the father and mother as cordially adopted it as their little daughter had done from the first beholding it. ‘For who knows,’ argued the good Walter Pixley, ‘but the child may be designed for some great work, and therefore removed thus singularly from the ways of evil for our teaching and bringing up ? Let us not gainsay or counteract the ways of Providence.’ This reasoning abundantly satisfied the pious minds of the good Friends, and the little stranger was regularly installed a member of the family by the kindred name of Mary.

At the time little Mary was first received under this hospitable roof, she might be about six months old, a child of uncommon beauty ; nor, as the months advanced into years, was the promise of her infancy disappointed. She was, in disposition and tone of mind, the very reverse of her grave and gentle elder sister, as Martha was now considered ; she was bold and full of mirth ; full of such unbroken buoyancy of heart, as made the sober mother Pixley half suspect that she must have come of some race of wild people. Certain it was, the subdued and grave spirit of the Pixleys never influenced her ; but as Martha grew up into womanhood, and the quietness and sobriety of her younger

years matured into fixed principle, she embraced, with a firm mind, the peculiar tenets in which she had been brought up, and would have stood to the death for the maintenance of them. Mary also advanced past the years of girlhood, but still remained the gay, glad, bold-spirited being that she had ever been. She revered all the members of the persecuted body to whom her friends belonged, and would have suffered fearlessly for their sakes; still their principles and practices she never would adopt. Her beautiful person was adorned, as far as she had opportunity, in the prevailing fashion of the times; and she often grieved the sober minds of every member in the family, by carolling forth 'profane songs,' as the Pixleys called them, while how she became acquainted with them, remained for ever a mystery. Often did the conscientious mind of Walter Pixley question with himself, whether it was quite right to maintain so light a maiden under his roof; but then the affectionate being, who had no friends save them in the world, had so entwined herself round the hearts of all the household, that the good man banished the idea as inhuman, and never ventured to give it utterance. Martha and her mother meantime strove to win over this bright young creature to their own views, and for a few moments she would settle her beautiful face to a solemn expression, try to subdue, what her friends called, 'her airy imagination,' and attend the preaching of some eminent Friend. But it would not do—the true charac-

ter burst forth through all—Mary was again all wit and laughter, and though her friends reproved, they loved her, and forgave all.

On the accession of James II., which is the period at which our little narrative is now arrived, persecution raged again with greater violence than ever; and the Pixleys, along with seventeen other friends, both men and women, were dragged from their meeting-house by a brutal soldiery, under the command of the Justice we have before mentioned, to the dungeon-like county jail, in the depth of winter. The hardships they endured were so dreadful, that it is painful to relate them. They were kept many days without food, and allowed neither fire nor candle; their prison was damp and cold, and they were furnished with straw only for their beds; they were also forbidden to see their friends, who might have procured them some of the necessaries of life; nor were they allowed to represent, by letter, their case to any influential man of the county, who might have interested himself on their behalf. And to all this was added the brutality of a cruel jailor, who heaped upon them all the ignominy he could devise. In these dreadful circumstances lay the gentle Martha Pixley and her parents. Mary, not having accompanied them to their place of worship, did not share their fate.

Poor mother Pixley's health had long been declining, and this confinement reduced her so low, that in a few days her life was despaired of; still, no medical aid could be procured, and

the cloaks and coats of many of her suffering companions were given up to furnish covering for her miserable bed.

When the news came to Mary of the committal of her friends to jail, the distress of her mind expressed itself in a burst of uncontrollable indignation; and then, asking counsel of no one, she threw on her hat and cloak, and taking with her an old man who lived in the family as a labourer, she hurried to the Justice's; and as she did not appear with any mark of the despised Quaker, either in dress or manner, she soon obtained admittance. The magistrate was somewhat startled by the sudden apparition of so fair and young a maiden, and demanded her pleasure with unwonted courtesy, seating her in the chair beside him, and removing from his head the laced hat which he was wearing at her entrance. Mary made her demand for the liberation of her friends, the Quakers. The Justice stared, as if doubting his senses, and rallied her on the strangeness of her request, charging upon the Quakers all those absurd and monstrous things which were alleged against them in those days. Mary, nothing abashed, denied every charge as false, and demanded, if not the liberation of her friends, at least the amelioration of their sufferings. As Mary pleaded, the Justice grew angry, and at length the full violence of his temper broke forth, and the high-spirited girl, even more indignant than terrified, rushed from his presence.

What was next to be done? She ordered her

old attendant to saddle the horses, and mounting one, and bidding him follow on the other, she set off to the county town. There she found great numbers of Friends surrounding the prison with baskets of provisions, bedding, warm clothing, and fuel, begging for admittance to their perishing brethren. Little children, too, there were, weeping for their imprisoned parents, and offering their little all to the jailor, so that they might be permitted to share their captivity. Mary made her way through this melancholy crowd, peremptorily demanded access to the jailor, and was admitted ; her garb, unlike that of the persecuted Quakers, obtaining for her this favour, as at the house of the Justice. But here again her errand debarred her further success ; the jailor would neither allow her to see her friends, nor would he convey a message unto them. Mary could have wept in anger and vexation, and from intense sympathy with the grief she had witnessed outside the walls—but she did not ; she retorted upon the jailor the severity of his manner, and bidding him look to the consequences, folded her cloak round her, and walked forth again into the circle of Friends who surrounded the gate. The jailor laughed as he drew the heavy bolts after her, and bade her do her worst.

Among the Friends collected in the street before the prison, Mary heard that William Penn, who had just returned from his new settlement in America, was now in London. As soon as she heard this, she determined upon her plan

of conduct. She knew his influence with the king, who, when Duke of York, had induced his brother, Charles II., to bestow on him that tract of land called Pennsylvania. To him, therefore, she determined to go, and pray him to represent to the king the deplorable sufferings of Friends in those parts.

When her old attendant heard of her meditated journey, he looked upon her as almost insane. To him the project was appalling. It would require many days to reach London, and who must take charge of the farm in his absence, seeing his worthy master was in prison? And then, too, though he had been willing to attend her as far as the next town, would it be right for a young maiden and an old man to endanger their lives by so long and so strange a journey?

Mary was uninfluenced by his reasoning, nor was she to be daunted by his fears. 'If,' she said, 'he would not accompany her, she would go alone.' She bade him, therefore, to have her horse saddled by break of day, and retired to her own apartment, to prepare for the journey.

'Of a surety,' said the old man to himself, 'she is a wilful young thing.'

In the morning, however, she found not only her horse prepared, but the old man and his also, for wilful as she was, the old man loved her; and though he could not conjecture the object of so strange a journey, 'he would,' he said, 'go with her to the end of the world.'

Mary had ventured to make use of the stores in Walter Pixley's coffers, for she considered

the lives of her friends were at stake. She was therefore sufficiently supplied with money for their journey.

For this time the wild gaiety of Mary's spirits was gone, but instead was a strong energy and determination of character, which supported her above fatigue, or the apprehension of danger; and day after day, from town to town, in the depth of winter, did she and her attendant journey onward. They had no intercourse with travellers on the road, nor did they make known to any one the object of their journey.

When she arrived in London, she went straight to the house where William Penn had his temporary residence, and without introduction, apology, or circumlocution, laid before that great and good man the sad condition of her suffering friends. She then made him acquainted with her own private history, her obligations to the family of the worthy Walter Pixley, and the anxiety she now felt for the life of her who had been as a mother unto her.

William Penn heard her with evident emotion, and promised to do all that lay in his power for her benefactors; though he assured her she had overrated his influence with the King. He then desired Mary to take up her abode under his roof; and bidding an attendant call in his mistress, he gave her into the hands of his fair and gentle wife, briefly relating to her upon what errand the young maiden had come.

When Mary found her mission thus far so happily accomplished, and the door shut upon

herself and her kind hostess, the overstrained energy of her spirit for a moment relaxed, and she wept like a feeble child. Tho fair wife of William Penn understood her feelings, soothed her with sympathy, and encouraged her to open her heart freely. Never had Mary seen goodness so graceful and attractive as in the high-minded and gentle being before her. Her very soul blessed her as she spoke; she could not doubt but that all would be well; and with her heart comforted, assured, and filled with gratitude, it seemed as if a new life had been given to her.

The next day William Penn obtained an audience of the King, and so wrought upon him by the story of the heroic young creature under his roof, and the sufferings of her friends, that he desired she might be brought before him, and receive from his own hands tho order for their enlargement.

Mary was accordingly arrayed in the best garments her scanty wardrobe permitted, by the elegant and gentle hands of Gulielma Penn, who surveyed her beautiful face and figure with admiration, and then kissed her and blessed her, as an affectionate mother might bless a beloved daughter.

Leaning upon the arm of her protector, she was conducted through a great chamber of lords and ladies, assembled for the occasion, into the presence of the King. Mary's heart beat violently, as her companion, drawing her arm from his, presented her to his sovereign, who gra-

ciously bade her speak her wishes without fear. Reassured by the kindness of the King's manner, almost forgetting the presence in which she stood, for what seemed to her the greater importance of her errand, she made her petition gracefully and well. She related all she had told William Penn of the great kindness of the Pixleys to her, and her otherwise desolate condition; she told of their domestic virtues, of their piety, and their firm loyalty; and, lastly, of their wretched condition in the jail, with that of many others; and of the cruelty of the Justice and the jailor; and then, almost unconsciously falling on her knees, she prayed so eloquently that they might be released, that the King turned aside to wipe away a tear before he put forth his hand to raise her.

The petition was granted. The King himself put into her hands the order for their release, and then praying God might bless her, and taking leave of William Penn very kindly, passed out of the presence-chamber. Many of the lords accompanied the King, but the rest closing around the almost terrified maiden, overwhelmed her with compliments. William Penn, who saw her confusion, apologized for her with all the grace of a courtier, and extricating her from the admiring company, conveyed her, like a being walking in a dream, to his own house.

Not a moment was lost in sending down by express the order for the Friends' enlargement, and together with that a dismissal from his office for the jailor. Rest was now absolutely neces-

sary for Mary after these extraordinary exertions; William Penn detained her, therefore, a few days under his roof, and then conveyed her himself in his own comfortable carriage to the house of her friends. It is impossible to describe the joy which her return afforded, and which was not a little increased by the presence of her illustrious companion.

The troubles and persecutions of the Pixleys here came to an end, for they went over to Pennsylvania with its distinguished founder, on his return, and became noted among the most worthy and influential of the settlers there. Mary, however, returned to England, being affluently married; and I myself, several years ago, was possessed of a piece of needlework said to have been of her doing.

‘ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM.’

Eph. iv. 5.

‘I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.’
—John vi. 35.

THE white-vested priest may with water baptize,
But can he the infant thus spiritualize?
He may sprinkle its face, and bedew its fair skin,
But can he infuse the good Spirit within?
With water, said John, I baptize you indeed,
But soon a far mightier than I shall succeed;
Heaven’s wisdom and judgment his soul shall inspire,
Lo, he shall baptize with the spirit and fire!
I soon shall depart, and my office soon cease,
His reign shall endure and for ever increase.
By whom is the act then effectually done?

By Jesus the Lord, or his forerunner John ?
 To the all-needful process then let us submit,
 For as a refiner, lo ! Jesus shall sit ;
 And his people as gold and as silver refine,
 Till in them he beholds his own image divine.
 One Lord, and one faith, and one baptism we own,
 And obedience will yield to the Saviour alone.

What though we partake of the bread and the wine,
 For safety on this dare we solely recline ?
 The life-giving bread alone cometh from Heaven.
 And freely to all is this food Divine given—
 To all that on Jesus, their Saviour, rely,
 Who of his abundance their wants will supply.
 Through him who once died will their sins be forgiven,
 And with joy shall they enter the kingdom of heaven.
 ‘ Behold,’ saith the Saviour, ‘ I stand at the door,
 And knock,’ and an entrance within I implore.
 List then to his voice, whosoever thou art,
 And give him possession at once of thy heart ;
 Then thou at his table with him shalt recline,
 With him shalt partake of a supper divine.
 This, this is to eat of the true living Bread,
 And communion to have with the great cov’nant Head !
 One Lord, and one faith, and one baptism we own,
 And obedience will yield to the Saviour alone.

York, 1843. *HOLMAN SHEPHARD.*

INFINITE CONDESCENSION.

IF an earthly prince quits his palace to visit
 the cottage of a poor peasant, it is thought
 great condescension—what then shall we think
 of the King of kings, who deigns to fix his abode
 in the contrite and humble soul ?

ANN CROWLEY,

DAUGHTER of Thomas Crowley, of London, being,
 seized with illness which continued several

months, was preserved in much patience, and uttered many expressions which showed the fervency of her mind. At one time she expressed herself thus—‘The pains of death are hard to bear, but I am sensible they are not on me now, but they are near approaching; death is no terror to me. “O death! where is thy sting; O grave! where is thy victory?” My dear, tender mother, it will be a bitter cup, but it is the Lord’s preparing, and therefore I drink it willingly.’ Being removed into the country, for the benefit of the air, she expressed herself to the following effect:—‘This is hard work; it is indeed hard to bear, but the Lord is with me in these trying moments. I did not think my dissolution was so near, but I am ready. Take me, Father, take me to thyself this evening, if it be thy will, for I long to be with thee in paradise. Though I have endured so many moments of agonizing pain, the Lord has been my support through the whole, and, I doubt not, will continue to be with me to the end. O Father! Father! Father! bow the heavens, and come down; be thou with thy people universally all the world over. Why do ye weep? Weep not for me, but give me up to the Lord, for I am happy, far happier than I can express. I wish every one of you could feel what I feel at this time, for it is beyond expression; O, it is like a heaven upon earth; it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive what good things God hath in store for them that love him.’

To one of her sisters she said, ‘O! my sister,

give up, give up, now in the days of thy youth ; for the Lord loves an early sacrifice. O, prepare thyself ! lest it should please the Lord to cut thee down in the flower of thy youth.'

About two weeks before her departure, she earnestly prayed, that it might please the Almighty to take her that night, and expressed herself as follows :—'Thou hast been pleased to give me a taste of thy goodness, and a sight of thy glory, and it is glorious indeed ; but, O Father ! I long to be with thee, that I may enjoy it in a more plentiful manner—the gates of heaven are open to receive me.' She said, 'I have never murmured at what it is the Lord's will I should suffer, but I was content if the pain had been much greater, if it was the will of my heavenly Father. O Lord ! I long to be with thee, where my soul shall join the angels and archangels that are in heaven.' And she further added, 'and it is my desire that you, my tender brothers and sisters, may come to the same experience ; I was nearly visited long before I was laid on this bed of sickness ; if I had not, it would be miserable indeed ;' and a little after, 'my spirit was warmed in the renewing of thy love.'

About six days before her close, she sent for her three brothers separately to her bedside ; and, in a most affectionate and tender manner, cautioned them against the gaiety, riches, and grandeur of the world ; and exhorted them to walk in the path of virtue, to keep close to Divine instructions, and likewise to watch and

pray continually; adding, 'I feel it needful, even on my deathbed.' To one of them she said, 'Give up, O give up, remember the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; seek thou that wisdom now in the days of thy youth; step gently along, and keep thy mind low and humble before him.' After lying still a little time, she said, 'Though painful my nights, and wearisome my days, as Samuel Fothergill said, yet I am preserved in resignation and patience.'

Some friends visiting her, she expressed to them,—'My pains of body are great, but my dependence is on the Lord, and my only comfort is in him; I thought from the beginning that I should not get over it; but within these three weeks I have seen clearly I shall not;' and further observed, that she had been visited long before her illness, and had found great uneasiness in wearing things that were gay, and also in speaking in the plural language to one person; and added, that she found it difficult to take up the cross, but when she did, her satisfaction was great, 'O! what I feel for those whose minds are involved in the world,' with much more; all importing the happy state of her mind; saying to one Friend, 'I am ready, I have nothing to do but die.'

She particularly requested of her father, that after her decease her body might be buried from Devonshire House meeting; and desired that the young people of that quarter, in particular, might be invited to attend; hoping it might prove a profitable time to them.

The evening preceding her departure, she spoke to one of her sisters to the following effect:—Gaiety proceeds from pride, and pride is the root of all evil; and she fervently exhorted against it.

In the night her pains were exceeding great, and she felt the approach of death; and in the last two hours continued uttering ejaculations; and, calling for her mother, on her coming to her, she said, ‘Farewell;’ and expired the 12th of 2d month, 1774; being not quite seventeen years of age.

A CHURCH AND STATE MAN.

LORD ELDON, although a great stickler for the Church, seldom or never attended public worship. A parasite spoke of him to a friend as a ‘pillar of the church.’ ‘Say rather a buttress,’ was the reply, ‘for you never see him inside.’

PEACE.

THE author of the following exhortation, David Bogue, an eminent minister among the Independents, for many years resident at Gosport, was a zealous advocate of the cause of peace, before societies for the promotion of that truly Christian object were in existence; and from a sermon of his, on Universal Peace, one of the best tracts of the London Peace Society, No. VI., was compiled. During the late war, at a time when the tradesmen of Gosport, and the neigh-

bouring towns of Portsmouth and Portsea, were carrying on, in consequence, a prosperous trade, David Bogue, in his public discourses from the pulpit and otherwise, bore an unflinching testimony in favour of peace, and published

‘AN EXHORTATION TO THE DISCIPLES AND MINISTERS OF CHRIST, TO MAINTAIN AND PROMULGATE THE PRINCIPLES OF PEACE.

‘All the disciples of Christ should imbibe the spirit of peace. It displays unspeakable mercy in God, that, while individuals who have been made partakers of his grace maintain sentiments injurious to his honour and the happiness of man, he should yet compassionately hold communion with them. But these unchristian opinions certainly prevent them from enjoying those full communications which God would otherwise impart. Let these old things, which belong to the old man, be done away, and all things become new. Understand your calling, brethren; it is from darkness into marvellous light, that ye may shine as lights in the world, that ye may do no harm to any person of any country, but all the good in your power to all mankind. This was the spirit of your Master and of his religion, let it be yours; and let the ardour and universality of your benevolence continually increase.

‘Above all, let the ministers of Christ be men of peace, and advocates for the peace of the world. If we seek to inflame the malevolent passions of the soul, who shall be found to cool

them? The people of the world talk of glory from victory and conquest, but we know that honour and happiness can arise only from doing the will of God, and living in subjection to him, and in peace with men. Let us tell the world so, and call them away from their angry contests for mastery, to dwell in love. O that those who preach to emperors and kings, to ministers of state, to senates, and to parliaments, would lift up their voice like a trumpet, and proclaim to them, from the great Jehovah and from Jesus Christ, who shed his blood for sinners, to save them from misery, that the religion of the New Testament is a religion of peace; and that for the blood of every man slain in war, the almighty Ruler of the universe will demand an account from those who direct the affairs of nations, and decree violence and war, and not pursue peace with their whole heart.

‘The co-operation of all enlightened Christians to diffuse these benevolent principles, would do much to promote the peace of the world. The great changes in the moral world, which are pregnant with happiness to man, are only to be brought about by the most vigorous exertions of moral principle in the breast of the wise and good. It is from the operation of principles that the peaceful state of the world is to be produced; and these principles must be disseminated by those in whose hearts they reign. Few they may be at first, but the number will continually increase. Let every one consider what he can do to promote the grand work, and

let him do it without delay. He that has nothing else, has a tongue to plead the cause of peace in his domestic circle, and infuse his sentiments into the minds of his neighbours too, and his acquaintances, and those he meets with in the way. Another can write clearly and forcibly, let his letters to his friends bear testimony to his zeal, and let him compose tracts to enlighten society on the subject. A third has a talent for poetry, let him, in tuneful numbers, touch the reader's heart with a delineation of the miseries of war and the blessings of peace. A fourth possesses wealth, and he can purchase these publications, and spread them far and wide. A fifth is a man of genius, and could, in a fuller and more elaborate treatise, give an extensive as well as an impressive view of the doctrine, let him consecrate his powers to this service, in honour of the Prince of peace. A sixth has the eloquence of Apollos, and he can stand up in a public assembly, and arrest the attention and move the heart of every hearer, let him cry aloud and spare not, and merit the title of the orator of peace. The ministers of Christ from the pulpit (and it is no improper theme for that hallowed place) can lead their audience to a sight of the sources of wars—those lusts which war in the members, and unveil their deformity; and can display with success the charming beauties of peace on earth and goodwill to men.

‘To collect the force of all these into one centre, from which the rays of light and heat

may be emitted in every direction, with more powerful energy, is a thing of high importance. This effect an association will produce; and, as we live in an age of societies to combine individual efforts for public benefit, why should not one be formed for promoting peace among the nations of the earth? * If such a society were formed, and was to exert itself with becoming activity, in ten years' time the pacific principle would be so widely diffused through every rank in the community, that it would be no easy matter (the expression is too cold)—it would be inconceivably difficult—nay, almost impossible to prevail on the people of Great Britain to engage in war. The subject, every one will allow, merits all the attention that can be given to it. We want a man, wise, good, benevolent, and zealous, to lay the foundation stone of this temple of peace, and aid in demolishing the capitol of war, that its stones may be taken to build the walls of this sacred edifice.

‘O that God would call forth some wise, pious, enlightened, ardent philanthropist, who shall form this determination in his heart, and carry it into execution:—“To convince mankind that Christianity forbids war, to banish the idea of its lawfulness from their creed, and the love of

* It will be perceived that the above was written prior to the formation of Peace Societies. The animated language of the author, and his conviction of the effects of an Association, raises a feeling of regret that the Peace Society is not better supported, and does not send out a more efficient agency.

its practice from their hearts; and to make all men seek peace with their whole soul, and pursue it with all their might, till it establish an universal reign over human nature, shall be the grand object of my existence on earth." And how exalted an object of benevolence does he choose! The suffering of the tenants of a prison-house, in comparison of the miseries of war, is but as the anguish of a single family pining away and dying for want, when placed by the side of a whole populous province desolated by famine, which has consumed all its inhabitants. Even the more extensive calamities of the African slave trade, drawn up in array before the ravages, and tortures, and horrors of war, are but like the hill Mizar compared to Lebanon. What blessings will not descend on the head and heart of the man who devotes himself to the destruction of this monstrous foe of human happiness?'

A WORD FOR PEACE.

'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you.'—John xiv. 27.

If such the legacy bequeathed
 By Jesus to *his own*;
 If such the meek injunctions breathed
 Ere he from earth had flown,
 How should his lowly followers *fight*?
 Reading his gracious words aright.

His kingdom is not of this world,
 Nor by it understood!
 The banner, from his cross unfurl'd,
 Leads not to acts of blood!

The Christian's warfare is *within*,
With pride and passion, self and sin.

Whence come your wars, frail worms of dust ?
What are your fightings for ?
Envy and hatred, greed and lust,
Which in your members war ;
Dwells such a dark, unhallow'd host,
In temples of the Holy Ghost ?

When angels first, to shepherds' cars,
Announced the Saviour's birth,
What *watchword* did the heavenly spheres
Pour down on listening earth ?
'Glory to God, who dwells on high ;
Toward men—good-will and unity !'

When Christ, on Calvary's blood-stain'd hill,
His life a ransom paid,
What peaceful love, triumphant still,
Prompted the prayer he prayed !
A prayer—how tender, brief, and true—
'FORGIVE ; *they know not what they do !*'

'*Tis by its fruit the tree is known ;*
THE TEST OF TRUTH IS LOVE !
Have they, then, reverently shown
Theirs to their Lord above,
Who bid their fellow-creatures bleed,
And by their acts belie their creed ?

Thank God ! this gospel truth, no more
To one small sect confined,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Shall flash on many a mind ;
Till earth below, and heaven above,
Join in one hymn of PEACE and LOVE !

BERNARD BARTON.

Woodbridge, 6th Month, 18th, 1843.

GROSS BARBARISM.

ABOUT the beginning of 1672, several persons both in Aberdeen and its vicinity, withdrawing from the religion established by law, the public preachers of the city were so incensed as to procure, by their influence with the magistrates, the pulling down and demolishing the walls of a burial ground, which the people called Quakers had purchased, and wherein a child had been, a few days before, interred. By the order of the provost and baillies, the body of this child was taken out of the ground after three days' interment, and carried to a village called Futte, or Foot of Dee, where they had a grave made for it. But a rumour being raised, by some malicious persons, that Friends, to deceive the magistrates, had taken out the child's body, and filled the coffin with something else, they ordered it to be broken open; in doing which the corpse was injured. In the same year in which this piece of wanton inhumanity was practised, an unusual mortality is stated to have taken place amongst the children there, such as had not occurred in the memory of any person then resident in the vicinity. The very next day after the raising of the body of this child, it so happened that John Scott, one of the magistrates, who had been the most active instrument in this affair, had his own favourite grandchild unintentionally killed by the servant, which occasioned much distress to the family. Going on in his usual course of wickedness, among

similar acts, often causing the walls of burial places to be pulled down, &c.; he was shortly afterwards suspended in his career by a fall, which fractured his leg. They, nevertheless, continued to remove every corpse that was interred in the same ground; nor did the barbarous practice cease, till a representation being made to the king's council, a secret check was given them, and this, more than ordinary inhumanity, at last put a stop to.

What a sad illustration is presented in the instance here related of the length to which men may be carried, when they relieve themselves from the obligations of Christianity, and a civilized state!—(A. JAFFRAY'S *Diary*, p. 308.

QUAKER MEETING.

'WOULDST thou know,' said the thoughtful 'Elia,' 'what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamours of the multitude; wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess the depth of thy own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone, and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; an unit in aggregate; a simple in composite; come with me into a Quaker's meeting. Nothing-plotting, nought-caballing, unmischievous synod! convocation without intrigue! parliament with-

out debate ! what a lesson dost thou read to council and to consistory ! My spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom, when sitting among you in deepest peace, which some out-welling tears would rather confirm than disturb, I have reverted to the times of your beginnings, and the sowings of the seed by Fox and Dewsbury. I have witnessed that which brought before my eyes your heroic tranquillity, inflexible to the rude jests and serious violences of the insolent soldiery, republican or royalist, sent to molest you ; for ye sat betwixt the fires of two persecutions, the outcast and offscouring of church and presbytery. I have seen the reeling sea ruffian, who had wandered into your receptacle, with the avowed intention of disturbing your quiet, from the very spirit of the place receive, in a moment, a new heart, and presently sit among ye as a lamb amidst lambs. I remember Penn before his accusers, and Fox in the bail-dock, when he was lifted up in spirit, as he tells us, and ‘ the judge and the jury became as dead men under his feet. ’—(From ‘ *Elia*, ’ by CHARLES LAMB.)

FRIENDS, AND THE REBELLION IN IRELAND.

THE most difficult trial of moral courage is, when personal provocation and peril have to be endured. During the Irish rebellion, in 1798, some remarkable instances of the power of passive resistance were afforded, which deserve

the serious attention of all—the young especially, because they establish two important positions—the first, that there is more bravery in enduring evil than in resenting it; and the second, that Providence extends, in a wonderful manner, its protection to those who, taking ‘no thought for their life,’ quietly and prayerfully resign themselves into its keeping; leaving the retribution of offences to Him who has said—‘Vengeance is mine, I will repay.’

Nothing is a greater trial to the passions of human nature than to be exposed to personal danger, arising from the cruelty and bad passions of others. Naturally, violence begets violence—anger excites anger; but this ought never to be the case with those who call themselves by the name of Christ; ‘Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again.’ To flesh and blood this is a difficult attainment, but it is worth attaining; and, more than that, it is our duty to attain it if we would exemplify the gospel of Christ in our lives and conversation. ‘What pusillanimity! what cowardice!’ exclaims some rash and thoughtless youth, whose spirit has never been disciplined by the teachings of wisdom. Alas! cowardice and pusillanimity far more frequently belong to the man who wields the sword, and embrues his hand in the blood of his fellow-creatures, on the plea of necessity. There is not much physical, and no moral, heroism in fighting. It may be brawling—it is not bravery.

During a time of rebellion, when a kingdom

is divided against itself, it is very difficult to remain neuter. We may avoid engaging in, or sympathizing with, ordinary warfare ; but when our neighbours and friends become the subjects of aggression, or are engaged in the conflict, then interest in their actions, sympathy in their sufferings, is inevitable. The condition of the peace-loving members of the Society of Friends during the Irish rebellion, was an interesting exemplification of moral heroism sustaining a people in peace in the midst of conflicting parties, and while under the apprehension of impending violence and death.

As early as the years 1795-96, their attention was called to the threatening aspect of affairs, and their course determined on. In the county of Wexford many Friends resided, and it is remarkable that, though they aided the martial operations in no one particular, yet in seasons of distress they succoured the wounded and wretched of each party :—

‘ They did not question their opinion
Of party, kingship, or dominion ;
They did not even their folly chide ;
But like the sun and showers of heaven,
Which to the false and true are given,
Want and distress relieved on either side.’

This mode of conduct, at the time, subjected the Friends to the animadversions of both parties. The military accused them of disloyalty—the rebels of apathy ; and yet they carried out their principles in the minutest particular. A worthy man at Ferns, in the

county of Wicklow, on the breaking out of the rebellion, to show his neighbours the part he meant to act, took out his fowling-piece the only weapon that would find a place in the dwelling of a Friend, and broke it to pieces before his door, in the open street; thus showing to all that his house was entirely without weapon of offence or defence. Another individual, who kept a shop where ropes and hardware were sold, had his dwelling surrounded by the military, who came and demanded ropes to hang the rebels they had taken. Though his life was imperilled by the refusal, as it might be construed into rebellion, the Friend refused to supply the rope for taking away the life of a fellow-creature. At another time, a night attack on a town in possession of the rebels was intended by the military, and all persons not in league with the rebels were commanded to put lights in their windows; but, as the Friends chose to put confidence in the protection of God rather than man, they declined to do this, particularly as such lights would aid the combatants in their murderous warfare. In all these instances, though sternly threatened and in imminent peril, the moral heroism of the Friends triumphed, and their lives were preserved.

Scarcely any one, who, in that dreadful time, resided in Ireland, dared to attempt going out on their usual pursuits, for all subordination was at an end; and yet the Friends, unarmed, went constantly to their religious meetings through the most disturbed districts of the

country, and though commanded, on peril of their lives, to desist. Conscience commanded them to go, and they went, leaving the issue in the hands of the Almighty, who wonderfully preserved them. Throughout the whole of that fearful time, it is a remarkable fact, that only one member of the Society of Friends perished, and he was led to trust in the power of earthly weapons to preserve him, rather than in the care of an Almighty Protector.—(C. L. BALFOUR.)

THE FOLLOWING BEAUTIFUL LINES,

FROM the pen of a well-known and highly gifted young Friend, lately deceased, were composed during a violent thunder storm, wherein two young men, not far from the writer, were deprived of life by a stroke of lightning:—

Oh ! Lord of heaven and earth, and all
That is, or was, or yet shall be !
Upon thy holy name we call,
With falt'ring tongue and bended knee.

Great God of light, of life, of power,
To whom in faith the soul can flee,
Sustain us in this dreadful hour,
And fix our hearts alone on thee.

Lord, on the storm thou'rt passing by,
In might and majesty profound ;
Thy lightnings rend the clouds on high,
'Thy thunders burst with awful sound.

Father of spirits ! calm our fear
'Midst thy red lightning's vivid flame ;
Teach us to feel that thou art near,
In calm and tempest still the same.

And as in reverence we bow
Before thy throne, Almighty God !
Frail, erring creatures, O ! do thou,
In mercy, make us kiss thy rod.

If thy pure witness in the soul
Doth testify that guilt is there,
Do thou the raging storm control,
Be merciful, O Lord, and spare.

For thou who fling'st the lightning down
From thy dread armoury above,
And mak'st the clouds reflect thy power,
Art still, O God, a God of love.

And though thou terrible appear
When thunder-bolts, thy heralds, speak,
Grant us to live in holy fear,
That we in hope thy face may seek.

One stroke from thy Almighty hand
Could rend the universe away ;
Kings, nobles, all, before thee stand
But weak and fragile worms of clay.

Directed to our hope on high,
On thee alone, O God, we call ;
Equal in thine Almighty eye,
Save good and evil, are we all.

'Tis of thy mercy well we know
That by thy word alone we live ;
To whom but *thee*, Lord, can we go ?
Who else the bread of life can give ?

The clouds now part, the storm is past,
The evening sun beams on the earth ;
And he who blew the tempest's blast,
Has put his bow of promise forth.

Then let us covenant make with thee,
Father of mercies, God of love !
If thou through life our God wilt be,
Obedient sons we'll strive to prove.

Let not this time of deep-felt awe
 Pass with yon parting clouds away ;
 Rebels in heart, like those who saw
 Thy wonders in an ancient day ;

When Canaan's sons before thee fled,
 And Moses' face in glory shone ;
 When Sinai bent his hoary head
 Beneath the lightnings from thy throne.

Thy elements have ceased their strife,
 The rain-drop on the flower shines clear ;
 Peace, whisper peace, O God of life,
 Through all the storms that wait us here.

THE FIFTH-MONARCHY INSURRECTION.

THE Fifth-monarchy men appear to have held the principle of the establishment of Christ's kingdom on earth *by the sword*. If the reader turns to Dan. ii. 36-45, he will perceive on what prophecy these mistaken men built their system. 'There was at that time (about the year 1661, says Sewel) a great number of these turbulent people in England ; who, perceiving that their exorbitant opinion was inconsistent with kingly government, which now had taken place, thought it not meet for their cause to sit still while the government, which was yet but new, should be fully settled and established. Perhaps they had also some intent to free some of the late King's judges, who were imprisoned.' George Fox says, 'There seemed at that time an inclination and intention in the government to have granted Friends liberty, because they were sensible we had suffered, as well as they, under the

former powers. But when anything was going forward in order thereunto, some dirty spirits or other, *that would seem to be for us*, threw something in the way to stop it. It was said there was an instrument drawn for confirming our liberty, which only wanted signing ; when on a sudden that wicked attempt of the Fifth-monarchy people broke out, and put the city and nation in an uproar. This was on a First-day night ; and very glorious meetings we had that day ; wherein the Lord's truth shined over all, and his power was exalted over all ; but about midnight the drums beat, and the cry was, " Arm, arm ! " " George relates his own dangers and escapes on this occasion, in which he experienced the protection of a gentleman of the King's bedchamber, who had before been his friend ; but many others were not so favoured. He adds, ' Great havoc was made both in city and country, so that it was dangerous for sober people to stir abroad several weeks after ; and hardly could either man or woman go up and down the streets to buy provisions for their families without being abused. In the country they dragged men and women out of their houses, and some sick men out of their beds by the legs. Nay, one that was in a fever the soldiers dragged out of his bed to prison, and when he was brought thither he died.'—(*Journal*, 314.) Neale says, ' Their leader was *Thomas Verner*, a wine-cooper, who in his little conventicle in Coleman Street warmed his admirers with passionate expectations of a fifth universal monarchy, under the

personal reign of *King Jesus* upon earth ; and that the saints were to take the kingdom to themselves. To introduce this imaginary kingdom, they marched out of their meeting-house towards St. Paul's Churchyard, on Sunday, January 6, 1661, to the number of about fifty men, well armed, and with a resolution to subvert the present government, or die in the attempt.' This author relates the particulars of their conflicts with the military, until suppressed with the loss of half their number, and nine besides who were executed. He adds, ' This mad insurrection gave the Court a handle for breaking through the late declaration of indulgence, within three months after it was published ; for (January 2), there was an Order of Council against the meetings of sectaries in great numbers and at unusual times ; and on January 10, a proclamation was published, whereby his Majesty forbids the *Anabaptists*, *Quakers*, and *Fifth-monarchy men*, to assemble or meet together under pretence of worshipping God, except it be in some parochial church or chapel, or in private houses by the persons there inhabiting. All meetings in other places are declared to be riotous and unlawful.'

The Dissenters of the different denominations disclaimed all connection with Venner and his party—some of whom also cleared Friends in what they said at the place of execution—but it cost many Dissenters dear. As an instance—' *Mr. John Bunyan* was apprehended at a meeting and committed to prison, though he offered

bail till the next sessions. He was then indicted for *devilishly* and *perniciously* abstaining from coming to church to hear Divine service ; and as a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to the laws of our Sovereign Lord the King.' He frankly owned being at the meeting. The Justices took this for a confession of the indictment ; and because he refused to conform, sentenced him to perpetual banishment, on an Act made by the then Parliament. Though the sentence of banishment was never executed on him, he was kept in prison twelve years and a half ; and suffered much under cruel and oppressive jailors.

EXTRACT FROM A PAPER OF GEORGE FOX'S
ADDRESSED 'TO THE KING.'

THE principle of the Quakers is the spirit of Christ, who died for us, and is risen for our justification ; by which we know that we are his ; and he dwelleth in us by his Spirit ; and by his Spirit we are led out of unrighteousness and ungodliness. It brings us to deny all plotting and contriving against the king or any man—and all manner of ungodliness, as lying, theft, murder, adultery, fornication ; also all uncleanness and debauchery, malice and hatred, deceit, cozening and cheating whatsoever—and the devil and all his works [in spiritual wickedness]. And the Spirit of Christ brings us to seek the peace

and good of all men, and to live peaceably—and lead us from such evil works and actions as the magistrate's sword takes hold upon. And our desire and labour is, that all who profess themselves Christians may walk in the spirit of Christ; that they through the Spirit may mortify the deeds of the flesh, and by the sword of the Spirit may cut down sin and evil in themselves. Then the judges and other magistrates would not have so much work in punishing sin in the kingdom, neither need kings nor princes fear any of their subjects. That spirit that leads people from all manner of sin and evil is one with the magistrate's power, and with the righteous law. For the law being added because of transgression, that spirit that leads out of transgression must needs be one with the law that is against transgressors. So that spirit that leads *out of* transgression is the good spirit of Christ, and is one with the magistrates, in the higher power; and owns it [the higher power] and them [therein]. But that spirit that leads *into* transgression is the bad spirit, and is against the law and against the magistrates, and makes them a great deal of troublesome work, &c.'

'The powers that be are ordained of God.' Magistracy, simply considered, and righteous laws founded on God's word, are here owned by George Fox, in his own and his friends' behalf, in the fullest manner. He does not recur to the sword as his rule, although the magistrate is said to 'bear it not in vain'—he goes not at once to brute force (though this is sometimes

required for the punishment or restraint of evil-doers) but to *right reason*; which is one and the same, in its full extent and perfection, with God's word; and in *this* lies, more truly than in the sword, the Christian magistrate's power and authority.

And in an Epistle which he sent forth in 1659, not long after the death of Cromwell, he says, '*All that pretend to fight for Christ are deceived*; for his kingdom is not of this world, therefore his servants do not fight. *All that pretend to fight for the gospel are deceived*; for the gospel is the power of God, which was before the devil, or fall of man was. *All that talk of fighting for Sion are in darkness*; Sion needs no such helpers. All such as profess themselves ministers of Christ or Christians, and go about to *beat down the whore with outward and carnal weapons*, the flesh and the whore are got up in themselves, and they are in a blind zeal: the beating down of the whore must be, by the inward stroke of the Spirit, within. All such as pretend Jesus Christ, and confess him, yet run into the use of carnal weapons, wrestling with flesh and blood, *throw away the spiritual weapons*. Friends, everywhere! this I charge you (which is the word of the Lord God unto you all) live in peace—in Christ, which is the way of peace: therein seek the peace of all men, and no man's hurt.'—(*Jour. f.* p. 287.)

FALSE IMPRISONMENT.

IN 1656, Nicholas Rickman and his wife were imprisoned in Sussex, through a very cold win-

ter, by the Mayor of Arundel; he for writing a paper concerning the true worship of God; she for testifying against Henry Staples, a priest, and *her own brother*. After two sessions pass over, at the third they are called and discharged, *no legal cause* appearing for their commitment. —(BESSE, vol. i., p. 208.)

DEATH OF JOHN FOTHERGILL, M.D.

As the memory of the righteous is precious, it may be acceptable to our readers to be presented with the following short account of the close of this eminent and exemplary character, who died the 26th of the 12th month, 1780.

He was suddenly seized, on the 12th of the 12th month, 1780, with a violent return of a complaint to which he had been liable. The pain with which it was attended was so extreme, that his life was despaired of; and from this state of deep suffering he experienced no intermission, except from the power of laudanum, and that was temporary and transient.

During his conflicts with the pain to which the poor mortal frame was so severely subjected, his mind was favoured to rise on the wings of faith and love, superior to the sufferings which the body had to endure. In the midst of them he repeatedly endeavoured to comfort his affectionate sister, Ann Fothergill, who resided with him, by this consoling assurance—‘All is well with me. I am going to a blessed, happy eter-

nity. My sorrows, my troubles are ended, mourn not for me.'

Thus terminated the earthly career of a man who, having attained to superior eminence as a physician, evinced, in the hour of death, that a life which had been no less conspicuous for piety and benevolence, was the genuine fruit of Divine grace: so that the man was not more exalted than the Christian; the glory of which must be ascribed to Him who said—'Without Me, ye can do nothing.'

NICHOLAS JOSE

NICHOLAS JOSE, of the parish of Sennen, Land's End, Cornwall, appears to have been convinced, at a very early period, of the principles professed by Friends; and in 1659, he was effectually reached under the ministry of George Fox, who calls him an honest fisherman, compares him to Peter, and says that he became a faithful minister of Christ, and declared the truth among the people.

Being considered a principal person among Friends in that part, he was soon subjected to much persecution and rudeness, in consequence of his faithfulness. For, in the next year, as he was passing quietly through Truro to visit his friends, watches being set to take up all suspicious persons, he was stopped by 'a guard of halberts,' and brought before an officer; when, for refusing to take the oath of allegiance, he was lodged for a week in the town prison, and

then sent to Launceston jail, where he was detained for about five months.

On the 16th of the 3d month, 1661, a meeting for Divine worship having been held in the parish of Mabe, near Falmouth, at the conclusion, as Friends were separating, a party of about fifty musketeers came, and brought them back into the meeting-house with muskets presented and swords drawn, setting guard around. Then behaving very rudely, and committing much mischief, they drew out with violence N. Jose, J. Tregelles, and sixteen others, and carried them to Pendennis Castle; where, without any examination, the men were put into a dark filthy dungeon, and four women Friends were shut up in a close chamber. They remained there through the night, and the next morning were guarded to Penryn, where they were kept in the town-hall for two days and nights, and then taken to Truro, and brought before J. and D. Polwhele. These Justices tendered them the oath of allegiance, and for their refusing to take it, sent them all to the common jail at Launceston, where they continued prisoners till released with others by a proclamation from the King.

In the 5th month, 1662, Friends being met as usual in the parish called St. Just, to wait upon the Lord, one Captain Jones came with a company of soldiers, and taking out of the house Nicholas Jose, with ten other men, and five women Friends, carried them before a magistrate, who committed them to the usual place

of confinement at Launceston; where, for refusing to find sureties for their good behaviour, he and three others remained prisoners for the extended period of five years and a half.

In 1672, he and seven other Friends were released from another imprisonment by letters patent from King Charles II. He was again sent to jail for a short time in the following year, for refusing the oath of allegiance: indeed scarcely a year seems to have passed without his being called upon to suffer severely, in some way or other, for the testimony of a good conscience.

Besides his employment in fishing, Nicholas Jose carried on a little retail trade as a shop-keeper, and cultivated a very small piece of land. The occupation of this subjected him to great oppression; and in 1677, having about an acre and a half of barley, and a few sheep and lambs, he was prosecuted for the tithe in the Hundred Court, by Hugh Jones, Impropiator; who, having obtained an execution, took, through his agents, goods at one time, worth £1, 4s. 6d., and at another time, 14s. 8d.; and lastly, they forced their way into his shop, and carried off articles, on the same pretended claim, worth £10 and upwards. The execution was for £3, 10s., treble value: yet in that and the next year, H. Jones took away goods as just mentioned, worth, in all, about £13. Besides which, he sent his clerk most years in the time of harvest, and took off as much corn in the sheaf as he thought proper.

On the 30th of 2d month, 1682, which was a year of great persecution in the west of England, Hugh Jones, with J. Weeks, the priest of Sennen, and a great rabble of followers, came to the house where Friends were peaceably met waiting upon the Lord, and, having broken up the meeting, required them all to appear before the magistrate the next morning. Thereupon Nicholas Josc, as the chief offender, though he had not spoken in that meeting, was sent to jail, and the rest were fined five shillings each for attending an unlawful assembly in a private house. The charges in his mittimus were, that he was a leader and teacher of divers dissenters from the church, that he denied the taking of an oath to be lawful in any case, and that he refused to find sureties for his good behaviour. He was thus again immured with twenty other Friends from different parts of the county, who had been committed for various periods, and under a variety of charges; and in the following year they united in drawing up a statement of their suffering case, which was presented to Sir Job Charleton, judge of the assizes. It described the sufferings of themselves and their families at home in touching terms, but proved wholly ineffectual to procure them any relief; on the contrary, the oath being again tendered to several of them, they were premunired for refusing to take it. Thus they continued in confinement till the spring of 1685, when they were all set at liberty by a general warrant, under the sign-manual of James II.

It is not surprising that this act of toleration should have been regarded, by the many severe sufferers, as a vast relief, and hailed as the dawn of a brighter day; they did not stay to inquire, neither was it in their power to solve the question, from what motives it proceeded. It was a great step at least in the right direction; and though short was the reign of the monarch who enacted it, and very questionable were his designs, yet it was evident that all the multiplied sufferings and patient endurance of Friends had not been in vain; their cry was heard, oppression was weary and ashamed, and liberty of conscience was soon established on a broad and permanent basis. It seems only due to the quiet but firm instruments through whom it was forced upon the ruling powers, to cherish in our remembrance the records of their Christian unflinching devotedness to suffer for the truth, even unto death; and if any such statements should feel wearisome to indifferent readers, others, it is believed, will find an apology for them in the noble firmness of many of these early worthies, and the great and beneficial results, to this nation and to the world, which they largely contributed to produce. From this period, happily, they were allowed generally to enjoy repose.

N. Jose was twice married, and left a family. His interment is thus recorded—‘Nicholas Jose, of the parish of Sennen, our ancient and ministering Friend, after long and great sufferings and imprisonments for the truth’s sake, was

buried at the burying-place of Land's End, the 16th of the 11th month, 1694-1695.'

IMPRISONMENTS FOR MARRIAGES.

1657.—IN Yorkshire, during this and the three preceding years, several Friends were imprisoned *for being married* otherwise than according to the form appointed in the Directory; viz., John Gatherick, and his wife, twenty-six weeks; John Wallis, and his wife, twelve weeks; William Ermshaw, and his wife; Simon Rider, and his wife, above a year; and Matthew Wightman, and his wife, above six months.—(BESSE, vol. ii. p. 69.)

THE BIBLE.

A MAN of subtle reasoning asked
 A peasant if he knew
 Where was the internal evidence
 That proved his Bible true?
 The terms of disputative art
 Had never reached his ear,
 He laid his hand upon his heart,
 And only answered—HERE.

ON COMMUNION WITH GOD.

It appears to me a great inconsistency, if not a great absurdity, to reject immediate revelation, and yet hold, what no Christian can fail to hold, the duty of prayer. The latter supposes a direct or open communication or channel, from man's heart to the Deity; the former

a direct and open communication from the Deity to man's heart. The inconsistency is this, that the communication should be open one way, and shut or impervious the other. The absurdity is, that as the Deity knows the want of the heart without being informed, and as in many particular cases the heart cannot know the will of the Deity without his will being revealed, the presumption would be that the communication from the Deity to the heart is the more wanted of the two.—JOSEPH GURNEY BEVAN.

MERCILESS PRIEST.

IN 1658, William Vincent, *for a demand of only fourpence for tithes*, was imprisoned in Northampton low jail, at the suit of Thomas Andrews, priest of Wellingborough, above a year, among felons, by whom he was much abused, being a very weakly man, with sores, and on crutches. The priest, his prosecutor, on his miserable case being represented to him, refused him mercy.—(BESSE, vol. i. p. 530.)

SLAVERY.

YONDER, upon a throne made of the affections of the planters, in the face of an indignant and offended God, sits Slavery, horrible as a hag of hell. Her face is brass; her heart is stone; her hand is iron, with which she wrings from the multiplied sufferings and labours of the poor

negroes, the wealth by which she is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fareth sumptuously everyday; watching, with unslumbering jealousy, every ray that would enlighten the darkness of her kingdom, and frowning indignantly on every finger that would disturb the stability of her throne.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF RESIGNATION.

WHEN Archbishop Fenelon's library was on fire, 'God be praised,' said he, 'that it is not the habitation of some poor man.'—(Buck's *Anecdotes*.)

PREAMBLE AND PENALTIES OF 'AN ACT FOR PREVENTING MISCHIEFS AND DANGERS THAT MAY ARISE BY CERTAIN PERSONS CALLED QUAKERS, AND OTHERS, REFUSING TO TAKE LAWFUL OATHS.'

'WHEREAS of late times [Anno 13 and 14mo, Car. 2ndi] certain persons, under the name of Quakers, and other names of separation,* have taken up and maintained sundry dangerous opinions and tenets, and, among others, that the taking of an oath in any case whatever, although before a lawful magistrate, is altogether unlawful† and contrary to the word of God, and the said persons do daily refuse to

* They called themselves 'Friends,' and 'the people of God.'

† To wit, *to them*, as being contrary to the Scriptures.

take an oath, though lawfully tendered, whereby it often happens that the truth is wholly suppressed, and the administration of justice much obstructed.* And whereas the said persons, under a pretence of religious worship, do often assemble themselves in great numbers in several parts of this realm, to the endangering of the public peace and safety, and to the terror of the people, by maintaining a secret and strict correspondence among themselves, and, in the mean time, separating and dividing themselves from the rest of His Majesty's good and loyal subjects, and from the public congregations and usual places of Divine worship: For the redressing, therefore, and better preventing the many mischiefs and dangers that do and may arise by such dangerous tenets and such unlawful assemblies, be it enacted'—[Then follow the penalties:—five pounds for the first offence, ten for the second, and imprisonment for three or six months, in defect of goods to levy on; and for the third offence, *transportation*.]

I may here remark that the liberty of assembling in great numbers for public worship, when

* Had all this been proveable against them, methinks the title should have run, 'An Act for *remedying* mischiefs and dangers that *have* arisen,' &c., but it is very improbable, from the nature of their pursuits, and their thoroughly peaceable habits, avoiding places of dissipation and loose company, that they should be witnesses of much offence against the law, beyond *their own wrongs*. If, in respect of these, there was a defect of evidence on oath, that was their *loss* and not their *crime*; however desirable a remedy for it.

granted, was not, at any time in that age, nor has been since, abused by this people, or made conducive to any evil end. And that the separating in a religious respect from others, and maintaining a strict union and correspondence among themselves, are the very characteristics of all Dissent and Methodism; the exercise of which privileges, purchased for them by the sacrifice on the part of the Quakers, in their measure, of estate, liberty, country, and, in many cases, life itself, has proved not only not dangerous to the public peace and safety, but, on the contrary, highly promotive of the spread of Christian truth and Christian morals in this land.

The real 'mischiefs and dangers' have lain in the tumultuous and arbitrary acts, and evil example therein to the people, of those who have interrupted and broken up their quiet gatherings; at which, when the officers have been shown what they had met about, or have had some taste of the doctrine and of the power that attended it for themselves, they have sometimes chosen to withdraw the force prepared, and leave the assembly to finish the engagements of the season unmolested. And the real clue to these proceedings of the Legislature and the magistrate, is still to be found in the 'mischiefs and dangers apprehended to their craft by an interested and oppressive body of men, exercising the office of the (so called Christian, but in truth rather *Levitical*) priesthood.—*Yorkshire-man*.

PROVIDENCE.

As William Dewsbury was preaching at the market-cross at Sedberg, on a market day, in 1653, and warning the people to turn from the evil of their ways to the grace of God, and to the light in their consciences, some rude persons endeavoured with violence to push him down. And setting their backs against the high stone cross (not aware, most likely, of its tottering condition), with their hands against him, the cross gave way, and, in its fall, broke in pieces. George Whitehead was at that time about sixteen years of age, having been himself convinced of the truth of the doctrines preached by Friends about a year before, and he relates this occurrence as one which was noticed at the time as a remarkable instance of the special providence of God attending William Dewsbury in his labours; for, notwithstanding the multitude of people that were collected to hear him, not one was killed or even injured by the accident.—(*Life of William Dewsbury*, BARCLAY'S Series, p. 60.)

INTERVIEWS OF WILLIAM ALLEN AND STEPHEN
GRELLETT WITH THE KING OF SWEDEN.

10th Month, 21st, 1818.—‘ABOUT five o’clock we set out from Stockholm for the country residence of the King of Sweden, at Rosenthal, calling, on our way, to take leave of Julie von

Bielke (a very interesting, clever person, intimately acquainted with the Queen of Denmark), whom we left in tears.

‘ On arriving at the King’s palace, we sent in our cards to Count Engeström, and, after waiting some time in one of the apartments, we were ushered into another, where several persons belonging to the court were walking about. Our friend, Count Rosenblad, kindly came and noticed us; also Anker, the minister for Norway, and some others. Count Engeström then came and conducted us into an elegant little private apartment, where he begged us to sit down, and, leaving us for a few minutes, returned with the King, who was dressed in military uniform, with stars, crosses, &c. He has a very fine countenance, indicating mind and benevolence, and kindly took us by the hand; no one but Count Engeström was present. Stephen Grellett explained to him the motives which had induced us to visit his kingdom, and we soon entered into free conversation. He seemed quite one with us on the subject of capital punishments, and said that he had himself abolished the practice of flogging.

‘ After standing about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, he inquired whether we should stay two or three days longer; and, finding that this was the case, said he should like to see us again the day after to-morrow, when he could spare an hour or more. He took leave of us, not formally, but with kindness, and even affection. We returned to our inn under a feeling

of reverent thankfulness, that our great Master thus continued to open the way before us.'

A few days subsequently, William Allen and Stephen Grellett paid another visit by appointment to the King of Sweden, which William Allen thus describes:—'In the evening we prepared everything for our appointed visit; it was trying to our feelings, but I felt a strong evidence in my own mind that all would be well. On our arrival, we waited a little time in the antechamber of the palace, and were then conducted across a square, and through a long suite of apartments, at the end of which was a large room, magnificently lighted. Here a company was assembled, amongst whom were several ladies. Passing through a smaller suite, we at length reached a neat little room, with a long writing table, which is the King's private cabinet. He soon came in, and received us very kindly, desiring us to take chairs. Count Engeström was the only person present, as before, and we entered into free conversation.

'The King told us a great deal about the state of Norway, and what he had done for that country, regretting that there were some things in their old constitution which were very hurtful; he said the peasants were not represented in their government, &c. The subject of the address sent to him by the Society of Friends, in London, was brought forward, but we could not clearly tell whether it had ever reached him; we, however, presented him with a copy, and told him that we had ourselves prepared an

address, which, if he pleased, S. Grellet would read to him, to which he readily assented.'

The following is a copy of the address:—

TO CHARLES JOHN, KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY, ETC.

'MAY IT PLEASE THE KING,—Under, we humbly trust, a degree of that gospel love which wishes the eternal well-being of all, we have felt it our duty to pass through thy dominions, on our way to other countries, and to salute those everywhere who we believe love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, whatever may be the form of religion which they may profess; for we know no distinction of sect or party, believing that the true church is composed of individuals of all sects and denominations, who are faithfully endeavouring to know and to perform the Divine will concerning them; these, wherever scattered, are united in one head, even Christ, and in the fellowship of his gospel, feel that they all are brethren.

'We are deeply convinced that, in proportion as the benign spirit of the gospel is submitted to in the hearts of men universally, it will lead to order, to subordination, and to peace in the earth; for, proceeding from the source of infinite love, it produces nothing but goodwill towards the whole human family; it teaches charity for those who differ from us; and accordingly, the true church has been under persecution at times from the earliest ages, but has never persecuted.

'We have been particularly gratified in being

informed of thy disposition to grant liberty of conscience, and indulgence to religious scruples; for as every man must give an account of himself unto God, he is bound to perform worship in the manner which he is convinced, in his own mind, is most acceptable in the Divine sight; and we take the liberty to solicit thy kind protection of those who, though they may differ in sentiment from the religion of the country, yet, by their lives and conduct, give proof that their only object is to preserve a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man. It is by concentrating all the talent, and all the good feeling which exist in the body of the people, and directing it to one object—the general good, that nations become strong; and we are sure, with thy enlightened mind, it is not necessary for us to dwell on the happy effects produced by a free toleration, in matters of religion, in those countries in which it is enjoyed.

‘In reflecting upon the cares and difficulties, which must necessarily attend the high station in which it has pleased Divine Providence to place thee as King of these realms, we have felt our minds engaged, in affectionate sympathy, earnestly to recommend thee to rely upon that grace and good Spirit which, as it is believed in and followed, will render us always acceptable in the Divine sight. This, O King, would assist and support thee more powerfully than any mere human means, and make thee a happy instrument to forward that great work which the Almighty has in the earth, and which, at the

present day, is so conspicuously going on in different nations in a variety of ways, but tending towards the same glorious object—the advancement and exaltation of the Redeemer's kingdom. Thus would thy throne be established in righteousness, supported by the hearts and affections of all the wise and the good. 'For them who honour me, will I honour,' saith the Lord !

'That he, who has so signally made the way before thee, may conduct thee by his providence, bless all thy virtuous exertions for the good of thy people, and finally receive thee into his everlasting rest, is the earnest desire of

'Thy sincere and respectful Friends,

STEPHEN GRELLET,
WILLIAM ALLEN.'

The King was much gratified and affected by the reading of this address. 'He remarked that the warrior who sought for glory, and those whose objects were to aggrandize themselves in the world, had their gratification in things external and transitory, while those who went about doing good, enduring fatigues, and submitting to many privations and difficulties for that purpose, had a much richer reward in the inward satisfaction of their own minds.

We spoke of the Friends in Norway, and he told us that the affair of marriage had been before the council, and it was concluded that, provided it was performed after the manner of Friends, and registered, it should be lawful, and

that he would protect not only the Friends there at present, but those who might join them in future. He said, 'Your Friends cannot avenge themselves; all that their principles permit is, if possible, to parry the blows that may be aimed at them, but they cannot otherwise defend themselves; they, therefore, have a double claim to protection,' and this, he assured us, they should have.

We felt so sweetly the power of Divine goodness over us all, that we were quite at our ease, and way opened to tell the King that one of our Friends, residing at Christiana, who had accompanied us here, and been very useful as an interpreter, had a great desire to see him. He ordered him to be sent for directly, and Enoch Jacobson was at length brought in; the King received him very graciously, and spoke kindly and familiarly to him, Count Engeström interpreting. We then presented the King with some books, which he received with marked satisfaction, and he regretted that his son was not present.

The conference lasted above an hour, when we took leave in a manner which I shall never forget. While I was holding the King's hand, in the love which I felt for him, I expressed my desire that the Lord would bless and preserve him. It seemed to go to his heart, and he presented his cheek for me to kiss, first one, then the other; he took the same affectionate leave of dear Stephen, and also of Enoch, and commended himself to our prayers. This

was a highly interesting opportunity, and it was, indeed, the crown to our labours at this place.

Here, as at Rosenthal, we felt the precious influence of that power which, in every place, had set an open door before us, and we could only, in deep humility, say, 'It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes.'—(*Life of WILLIAM ALLEN.*)

SUFFERINGS IN OXFORDSHIRE IN 1658.

'THERE were in these times,' says Besse, 'some men advanced to the office of magistrate, so extremely fond of personal homage as to prosecute and imprison for the omission of that which no law required.' He proceeds to give instances of this intolerance (which indeed abound in his volumes), for the present, in the conduct of two personages—William Fines [Fiennes], otherwise called Lord Say, and Sir William Waller, at Stanton-Harcourt. 'So furious a zealot against the Quakers was this Lord Say, that, for no other cause than their being such, he arbitrarily and illegally forced Simon Thompson and John Parsons, *two of his tenants*, out of their houses, had their goods thrown into the street, and obliged them, their wives and seven children, to lie in the streets three weeks, in a cold wet season, with much damage to their property.'

It is very justly remarked by the author of *Sufferings*, that the injuries he specifies were

done to the parties for the omission of that *which no law required*; he might have added, *and which the gospel prohibits to Christians*, to wit, a servile and flattering behaviour to the great, or to persons in office. See James ii. 1-13.

I am sorry to be obliged to add, to the catalogue of sufferings, the treatment of the Friends of that time by *the students at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge*; which was so brutal, and in every way so outrageous, especially when they found them assembled for worship, that I shall not assume the tone of aggravation by specifying the acts, but simply refer the reader to the *Sufferings*, vol. i., under *Oxfordshire*, 1658, *Cambridgeshire*, 1658-59; and (if he incline then to proceed to a lower date) to Story's *Journal*, which indeed gives both sides of the case, exhibiting instances of good behaviour also.

TRAJAN, EMPEROR OF ROME.

‘You teach,’ said he to Rabbi Joshua, ‘that your God is everywhere, and boast that he resides among your nation; I should like to see him.’ ‘God’s presence is, indeed, everywhere,’ replied Joshua, ‘but he cannot be seen; no mortal eye can behold his glory.’ The emperor persisted. ‘Well,’ said Joshua, ‘let us try first to look at one of his ambassadors.’ Trajan consented. The Rabbi led him into the open air at noon-day, and bade him look at the sun. ‘I cannot,’ said Trajan, ‘the light dazzles me.’

‘Thou art unable,’ said Joshua, ‘to endure the light of his creatures; how canst thou expect to behold the resplendent glory of the Creator? The sight would annihilate thee.’

How wond’rous great, how glorious bright,
Must our Creator be,
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity!

THE QUESTION OF NEGRO CHRISTIANITY IN BARBADOES, IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

IN the year 1675, William Edmundson being in Barbadoes, in the course of his ministry, and holding meetings with the negroes, complaint was made to the Governor, Sir Jonathan Atkins, that he was a *Jesuit* come out of Ireland, pretending to be a Quaker, and to make the negroes Christians, but would make them rebels; on which the Governor was about to send a warrant for his apprehension. Hearing of this, he took a friend with him, and went to the Governor before the warrant came. The Governor used high words, and threatened what he would do, sending for his marshal. ‘In the mean time, however,’ W. E. says, ‘we had much discourse; and, among other things, he told me he was informed that *I was making the negroes Christians, and would make them rebel and cut their throats*. I told him it was a good work to bring them to the knowledge of God and Christ Jesus, and to believe in him that died for them, and for all men: and that *that* would keep them

from rebelling or cutting any man's throat: but if they *did* rebel, and cut their throats (as he said), it would be through their own doings, in keeping them in ignorance and under oppression: giving them liberty to be common with women (like beasts), and, on the other hand, starving them for want of meat and clothes convenient: so giving them liberty in that which God restrained, and restraining them in that which God allowed and afforded to all men, which was meat and clothes.'

This defence of his conduct weighed so much with the Governor, that, when the marshal came, he told him he thought to have committed him to prison, but his mind was altered; and he appears to have been kind to this Friend afterwards.

CASES OF SUFFERING FOR TITHE.

Kent, 1676.—Jos. ONGLEY was committed to prison for tithes at the suit of William Jordan, priest. Also Jeremy Warner was imprisoned for refusing to pay tithes, at the suit of Richard Austin, impropiator. His case was somewhat peculiar, he being sued for the tithe of a crop of corn, *the whole of which was less than the seed from which it sprung.* The oppression of tithe is great when it sweeps away, as it often does, the farmer's whole profit; but that oppression is aggravated when added to the loss sustained without it.—(*From BESSE'S Sufferings, &c.*)

A MARTYR FOR TITHES—HIS TESTIMONY.

ON the 19th of September, 1676, Nicholas Homwood died in Maidstone jail, after eleven years' imprisonment for tithes.

As this Friend was not only a martyr to the cause in the ordinary acceptation of the word, but likewise a witness against it in print, I shall here insert the part in prose (for it is accompanied with a page of verse, of which the matter is superior to the style), of his publication. It may serve, in addition to that already published of the kind, to evince the conscientious feeling and full persuasion of duty, under which our ancient Friends bore their testimony—

A Word of Counsel, or a Warning to all Young convinced Friends, and others whom it may concern, that are called forth to bear a Testimony for the Lord in the case of Tithe. Which may also serve for Answer to a late Pamphlet, entitled *The Lawfulness of Tithes*, by W. J., as it concerns the Quaker's conscience in the case; the allegations thereof, for the Divine Right of Tithes, being sufficiently confuted in divers treatises, not taken notice of in the said Pamphlet. Printed in the year 1675.

‘For the priesthood being changed, there is made of necessity a change also of the law’ (Heb. vii. 12). ‘Now, of the things which we have spoken, this is the sum, we have an high-priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens; a minister of the sanctuary and of the true tabernacle, which

the Lord hath pitched, and not man' (Heb. viii. 1, 2).

Do not flee from the cross, lest thou miss of the crown; and have a care that the enemy and adversary of thy soul do not betray thee; he will attempt and present many things to thy view, to hinder thee from the work thou art called to: therefore stand upon thy watch diligently, and resist him, and keep to that which makes manifest, which is light, lest thou be beguiled (as I was) by that subtle serpent, which is called the devil and Satan.

When the Lord God, by the light of his Son Jesus Christ, had made it manifest to me that tithe was not to be paid; and that they that paid tithe, and they that took tithe, denied Christ, as to the end of his coming, who hath put an end to all shadows whatsoever; for he is the substance; and where the substance, Christ Jesus, is truly witnessed, all shadows flee away; so there was life and death, good and evil, set before me; if I joined to that which is good, happiness would attend me; but if to that which is evil, I should lose my reward. And in these my meditations the enemy presents himself, and appears in this manner, Hath God set good and evil before thee, and hath he showed to thee, that they that pay tithe therein deny Christ to be come? Is it not said likewise, he that doth not provide for his family is worse than an infidel? And thou hast many children, and a great family to look after; if thou deniest tithe, thou wilt be cast into prison; and what then

will become of thy children ? They must suffer. This was the voice of the serpent to me ; and I, not standing in the cross, but hearkening to it, was beguiled and betrayed ; for then the consulting part got up, and led me into many reasonings and questionings, and so [I] lost my condition, and fell under the power of the enemy, which deceived me, and I was deceived, and paid tithe that year, but I desire it may be a warning to all whose hearts the Lord hath opened in any measure concerning tithe, and for their sake is this given forth—O ! do not consult with flesh and blood, neither let the reasoning part get up ; but stand in the cross, and keep to the first motion, that openeth the thing to thee, lest the enemy prevail, and so bring thee into terrible bondage and slavery, as he did me ; for in so doing, I did greatly increase the anger of the Lord against me, and the terrors of the Almighty took hold of me, which terribly shook the earth, insomuch that when it was morning, I longed for night ; and when night hath come, I desired morning ; and the fire of the Lord's indignation was kindled within me. My exercise was very great, and a bitter cup was my portion, which was a just recompence of reward. And thus it was with me for many months, and a sore and grievous travail I went under for this my disobedience ; and in this my great distress, I sought the Lord with many tears, and desired, that he would not cut off my life in this condition ; if he did, I should be of all men most miserable. And in this my

great distress and bowed-down condition, I begged of the Lord that he would give me another opportunity, and try me once more ; promising, that I would give up all for the Truth's sake, and be faithful to the death, so that I might enjoy the immortal crown of life. Waiting low in this condition, in meekness of spirit, the Lord heard me, and had compassion of his own, which then breathed after him, and gave me my desire, that was, another opportunity, that I might bear my testimony against that ever-to-be-denied thing of tithe. So the time came, and I was freely given up, not looking out at any thing, though my besetments were many, by that old serpent which at first drew my mind out, but the great God gave me power, as my eye was kept single to him, against all the wiles of the enemy, which were many, both within and without. The presence of the Lord was daily with me, and his powerful arm did mightily uphold me, although he suffered the enemy to try me, and cast me into prison, where I have been this *ten years*. It seems to be but as a little time, by reason of that endless love and life of God, which he hath manifested unto me in his Son, Christ Jesus ; who hath refreshed my soul day by day, ever since that good resolution was taken up by me, to give up all for the truth's sake. Six troubles hath the Lord delivered me out of, and in seven he will not leave me ; although my exercises have been many, it hath been for the trial of my faith and obedience to God. Happy was the day that

ever I was cast into prison ; I have no cause to repent ; praises endless to the Lord God for evermore, saith my soul ; although the adversary of my soul presented heavy things to my view, what would become of my children, if I were cast into prison ; as if there would have been a want ? But I have seen, by the light of Christ, that he was a lying serpent ; for the Lord God hath, ever since that day that my face was turned Zion-ward, blessed and preserved me and mine, and hath given us all things necessary for a comfortable being in this life. And, therefore, none be discouraged, nor look out at anything without ; but give up all in true obedience to the Lord ; let not these outward perishing things hinder better things to come ; for of a truth God is with us who are faithful, and it is his cause we stand for and suffer for, who will uphold and carry through to the end all those who are freely given up in this matter, against all their opposers and persecutors whatsoever ; this is my testimony, and this I am a witness of in measure. Happy are all those who suffer for very conscience and Christ's sake, they that suffer for Christ's sake shall assuredly reign with him.

Therefore, dear Friends, I leave it upon you all, who are any ways concerned in this matter, that there be no under-hand nor double-dealing, in any measure ; for that wounds the life of those whose testimony stands firm, and strengtheneth the hands of the enemy ; and this I have felt, in some measure, since I have been a prisoner, which constrains me thus to write ;

therefore, be careful for time to come, and ease me of my burden, and bear a faithful and public testimony against that spirit of Antichrist, which rules in the hearts of the children of disobedience. I say, fall not under anything which dishonoureth the Lord God ; and have a care of grieving his people ; but be valiant for the truth upon earth, and great will be your reward.

But happily some may say, mine is to an impropriator, and therefore I cannot see so clearly to the end of it as to the priest.

My Friend, this was my state and condition for some time ; I paid to the priest and impropriator, and the priest I could, and did deny, some time before I could see clearly to the end of the other, by reason of the vail that then covered my heart, and darkened my understanding, so that I could not see clearly to the end of those things which Christ had put an end unto ; but as I waited low in the light of Christ, the Son of God, the vail was taken off, and then I saw clearly and perfectly the one was to be denied as well as the other ; and if I paid the impropriator, I might as well pay the priest ; for the ground is one in both, it is as really tithe to the impropriator as to the priest ; and it was tithe I could not uphold, and great cause I had for it, because in so doing I denied the Lord of life ; and Christ saith—‘ He that denieth me before men, him will I deny before my Father which is in heaven.’ Therefore I advise all Friends, that they stand clear in this thing ; for such as you sow, such must you reap. And

this is my testimony for the Lord God, they that uphold any one [either], are guilty of both.

By one who is a lover of the truth, and made willing to suffer for the same, and to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

NICHOLAS HOMWOOD.

*From the King's Bench Prison,
in the 9th month, 1675.*

AN ALPHABETICAL ACROSTIC.

COMPOSED, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, BY JOHN FRY.

A ll mortal men that live must surely die, '
B ut how, or when, is hid from human eye ;
C onsider then thy few uncertain days,
D elay no longer to amend thy ways ;
E ngage thy heart to serve the Lord in love,
F or all his ways the ways of comfort prove ;
G rant to thyself no time for vain delight,
H ate all that's wrong, and love to do the right ;
I n all thou ever dost, act in God's fear,
K eep still the thoughts of death and judgment near ;
L earn to avoid what thou believ'st is sin,
M ind what reproves or justifies within ;
N o act is good which doth disturb thy peace,
O r can be bad that makes true joy increase.
P revent the loss of time, be timely wise ;
Q uench not the Spirit, all its teachings prize ;
R ely alone upon that power, that can
S ubdue the pride and haughty looks of man ;
T his heavenly power is that which sanctifies
U nto the Lord the heart that's truly wise ;
W ait for it then, in it such wisdom is,
X enophon's wisdom folly was to this ;
Y ea, this, if 'tis obeyed, will give the youth
Z eal for the Lord, and lead unto all truth.

EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION.

DURING the autumn of 1830, four Friends made a visit to some families in Canada, when the following interesting instance of Divine interposition in the preservation of a Friend, his wife, and eight children, from starvation, was related to them by a member of that family.

In the early settlement of the country, a few families removed from Pennsylvania, and, passing through a wilderness of considerable extent, settled nearly thirty miles west of Buffalo. They cleared a small tract of land, and raised grain for their own use. In the fall of the year, a number of families joined them, depending for sustenance on the crops of those who had preceded them ; but, in consequence of so large an addition to their settlement, their provisions failed ; and the severity of the weather, in addition to the great depth of the snow, rendered travelling impracticable. Their only resource was to procure slippery elm, and bass-wood, of which they made a kind of jelly, and subsisted upon it for some time, hoping that an early spring would afford relief. But soon their dependence on this food failed ; for when the sap began to rise, instead of affording them nourishment, it caused sickness. In this state of trial and dismay, with no prospect before them but that of death, the family assembled, and while their minds were turned to him who careth for the sparrows, and heareth the young ravens when they cry for food, a pigeon was discovered

to alight on a tree near the door, was taken by one of the family, and being prepared by the mother, supplied them with sustenance for that day. For fourteen successive days they were fed every morning by a pigeon in the same remarkable manner. On the 15th, this supply ceased, and one of the little boys, already weakened by the scantiness of his portion, lay in bed, anxiously watching for their daily visitant, and when the time passed by that it had usually made its appearance, he looked to his mother, and asked if the Great Spirit was offended, that he did not send another pigeon. Again it seemed to this poor family that death was inevitable ; but the man, on going out to a stream of water, found the ice was beginning to give way, and caught some fish, which, with the sap, which soon commenced to flow from the maple trees, preserved their lives.

The relation was given by one of the family, who is now a valuable member of the Society of Friends.—(*Bradford Tract.*)

FAITHFULNESS.

‘ See that thou copy no man save in the matter of faithfulness.’—WILLIAM PENN.

LISTEN not when men shall tell thee *here* is work for thee to do.

There thy field of labour lieth, and the good thou should’st pursue ;

Idle one when all are busy, bound, yet longing to arise,
Follow thou no mortal guidance, though it come in prophet
guise,

While the cloud is on thy spirit and the mist is o’er thy eyes.

Not the stars above us shining, in creation's perfect plan,
Have their places marked more surely than the living soul
of man ;

And the laws are not more changeless, which direct their
daily course,

Than the lines of light that issue from our being's radiant
Source,

To restrain the soul's outgoings with an ever gentle force.

Watch and wait, and, as at Bethel, where of old the dreamer
lay,

Sleep-bound on his stony pillow, God himself will set thy
way ;

Wanderer, without a foothold in illimitable space,

With the first step simply taken on thy heaven-appointed
race,

Thou wilt know the noiseless sliding of a stone into its place.

Up, then, with the break of morning, while upon thy lifted
eyes,

Clear before thee, rounds of duty one above another rise ;

On the steps let down from heaven, rugged though they
seem and hard,

Pilgrims from all lands will meet thee, silver-haired and
battle-scarred,

And the young, in meekness lovely, shielded by an angel
guard.

With a grasp the worldling feels not, by a touch he cannot
see,

Holy joy their bosoms thrilling, they will greet and welcome
thee ;

With their hymns of glad thanksgiving that thy mission is
begun,

That the Father's kingdom cometh, that his will on earth
is done,

Mingleth soft thy heart's 'Eureka'—peace ! the Father's
boon is won.

God hath many aims to compass, many messages to send,
And his instruments are fitted each to some distinctive
end ;

Earth is full of groaning spirits, hearts that wear a galling
chain,

Minds, designed for noble uses, bonded to the lust of gain ;
Souls, once beautiful in whiteness, crimsoned with corrup-
tion's stain.

Through earth's wrong, and woe, and evil, sometimes seeing,
sometimes blind,

Ever must the homeward pathway of the humble Christian
wind ;

Stooping over sin and sorrow, watching by the couch of pain,
Holy promises outpouring, grateful as the summer rain,
To the heart whose hope had withered never to revive again.

Dark, perplexing questions cross him, meet him as he on-
ward goes,

Why a God of love and mercy should permit life's ills and
woes ?

Why the good should strive and differ ? If his love be over
all,

Why the guiltless and the guilty by the same dread stroke
should fall ?

Why the haughty arm of power should meek innocence
enthrall ?

Why with joy is sorrow walking, hand in hand, and side by
side,

Sparing not the sad and lowly, breaking in on strength and
pride ?

Grief and gladness touch each other, pass each other in the
street ;

Why should trains of sabled mourners, young and happy
lovers meet,

Chilling on their lips the whisper, ' Life is good, and love is
sweet ?'

As the earnest soul advances, step by step, to higher ground,
Simple faith and steady patience slowly bring the answers
round ;

Then it moves serenely forward, trusting less to reason's
span,

Satisfied with faith's revealings of a broad paternal plan
Which, by mutual dependence, fraternizes man and man.

Down existence one is sailing, by fair breezes borne along,
 Trilling, on life's solemn voyage, evermore a merry song;
 What to him is that wrapt thinker, wearing out the night
 in toil,
 Gleaning, for the thankless future, from the past, a golden
 spoil,
 But an idle, useless dreamer, but a cumberer of the soil?
 Say we these can never mingle? soon the student's cheek
 shall pale,
 And the o'ertasked brain shall weary, and the soul-lit eye
 shall fail?
 Whose bright face his sick room lighteth, with hope's lan-
 guage all a-glow?
 Whose kind hand the hair is smoothing backward from his
 burning brow?
 Ah! his careless-hearted neighbour is a gentle brother now.
 There a proud man coldly gazes on a meek, forgiving face,
 Once he loved her, but ambition crept into affection's place;
 From her Christian garb unspotted turns he now his scorn-
 ful eye,
 But on his last lowly pillow when the great man comes to lie,
 He will long to hear the rustle of her white robe passing by.
 Thus are God's ways vindicated; and at length we slowly
 gain,
 As our needs dispel our blunders, some faint glimpses of the
 chain
 Which connects the earth with heaven, right with wrong,
 and good with ill,
 Links in one harmonious movement, slowly learn we to fulfil
 Our appointed march in concert with his manifested will!
Philadelphia, 11th Month, 28th, 1848.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

HAD a soldier in his army who bore his name,
 but was a great coward. 'Either change your
 name,' said Alexander to him, 'or learn to be

courageous.' So it may be said to many professors of religion. Either relinquish the name of Christian, or act according to the dictates of the gospel.

So let our lips and lives express,
'The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all Divine.

SPRINGET PENN,

ELDEST son of William Penn, was a young man about twenty-one years of age. For half a year before it pleased the Lord to visit him with weakness, he grew more retired, and much disengaged from youthful delights, showing a remarkable tenderness in meetings, even when they were silent ; but when he saw his recovery doubtful, he turned his mind and meditations more apparently towards the Lord ; often praying with fervency to the Lord, and uttering many thankful expressions and praises to him, in a deep and sensible manner, saying one day, 'I am resigned to what God pleaseth ; he knows what is best ; I would live if it pleased him, that I might serve him ; but, O Lord, not my will, but thy will be done.' One speaking to him of the things of this world, he answered, 'My eye looks another way, where the truest pleasure is.' Another time, his father going to a meeting, at parting he said, 'Remember me, my dear father, before the Lord. Though I cannot go to meetings, yet have I many good meetings ; the Lord

comes in upon my spirit ; I have heavenly meetings with him by myself ;' with more to the same purpose, expressing his sentiments of the vanity of this world, and of his entering into secret covenant with the Lord, and his thankfulness for the Lord's preservation and goodness to him. Fixing his eyes upon his sister, he took her by the hand, saying, 'Look to good things ; poor child, there is no comfort without it. One drop of the love of God is worth more than all the world ; I know it, I have tasted it, I have felt as much, or more, of the love of God in this weakness, than in all my life before.'

Taking something one night in bed, just before his going to rest, he sat up, and reverently prayed thus ; 'O Lord God, thou whose Son said to his disciples, "Whatever ye ask in my name ye shall receive ;" I pray thee, in his name, bless this to me this night, and give me rest, if it be thy blessed will, O Lord.' And accordingly he had a very comfortable night, of which he took thankful notice the next day. At another time he expressed his desire to serve the Lord, if he lived. One day saying thus, 'I am resolved I will have such a thing done,' immediately he said, with much contrition, 'O Lord, forgive me that irreverent and hasty expression ; I am a poor weak creature, and live by thee, and therefore I should have said, If it pleaseth thee that I live, I intend to do so or so ; Lord, forgive my rash expression.' He desired his mother-in-law not to trouble herself for such a poor creature as he ; and to pray for him, that he might live

and employ his time more in the Lord's service. And to his brother he said, looking awfully upon him, 'Be a good boy, and know there is a God, a great and mighty God, who is a rewarder of the righteous, and so he is of the wicked; but their rewards are not the same. Beware of idle company, and love good company, and good Friends, and the Lord will bless thee. I have seen good things for thee since my sickness, if thou dost but fear the Lord; and if I should not live, remember what I say when I am dead and gone;' with many more religious expressions. Taking his leave of his father, brother, and sister, he said, 'Come life, come death, I am resigned. O! the love of God overcomes my soul.' Feeling himself decline, and not being able to bring up the matter that was in his throat, the doctor was sent for; but so soon as he came, he said, 'Let my father speak to the doctor, and I will go asleep;' which he did, and awoke no more.

He died the 10th of the second month, 1696. His father wrote some account of him, which is to be seen in his works.

EXCESSIVE SEIZURE FOR REFUSING TO SWEAR.

JUNE 1658, three Friends, of Findon, in Northamptonshire, for refusing to take an oath at a court leet, were fined 20s. each, and underwent, in consequence, a seizure and loss of goods to the value of £56, 2s. 6d.—(BESSE.)

REMARKS ON FRIENDS AND INDIANS.

OF this humane community, it is but just to say, that they were the only Europeans in the New World who always treated the Indians with probity like their own, and with kindness calculated to do honour to the faith they professed. I speak of them now in their collective capacity. They too are the only people that in a temperate, judicious (and I trust successful), manner, have endeavoured to convert the Indians to Christianity.—(MRS. GRANT'S *Memoirs of an American Lady*, vol. ii. p. 336.)

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM JOHN CANDLER.

Jamaica, 1840.

IN the afternoon we reached Spanish Town. An Anti-slavery Convention of delegates from the whole island, met the next morning, and a public meeting was held in the evening in the Baptist chapel, attended by about 2000 persons, the main body of it consisting of lately emancipated slaves. It was a meeting of amazing interest. Imagine a platform in the capital of Jamaica, the chair occupied by a great planter, a member of the Legislative Council, surrounded by Missionaries of several denominations, members of the Established Church, some of the Society of Friends, and planters of large property, who lately possessed numerous slaves, and who now rejoice in the change from Slavery to Freedom.

Before us, in the body of the chapel and the spacious galleries, a dense crowd of men and women of all colours, admirably attired, and behind the platform, tier upon tier of intelligent black men, from the neighbouring properties, who had come in troops to enjoy the pleasures of the evening, and respond to the observations that pleased them. Some of the speeches were excellent, particularly those of Capt. Stuart, Wm. Knibb, John Clarke ; and J. J. Gurney's pointed address to the black people fixed their attention deeply. They are a very shrewd people.

NATURAL AND REVEALED RELIGION.

A VISION.

I HAD wandered among the luxuriant beauties of a romantic country, till fatigue induced me to seek for rest ; and descending the hill from which I had viewed as fair a landscape as ever poet described, or painter delineated, I sat down on a grassy bank, near the cool waters of a majestic river, which fertilizes an extensive valley. During my walk, my thoughts had been naturally turned from the contemplation of the works of nature, to meditation on the power of that Being who created and who upholds them ; and at length I became involved in the intricate mazes which sophisticated minds have formed of Natural and Revealed Religion.

My mind was wearied no less than my body ; and whether sleep closed my eyes, or whether

I was merely unconscious of everything around me, I am unable to determine; but a vision of brightness and beauty soon appeared before me.

Two female figures, arrayed in light and flowing drapery of brilliant whiteness, met in the flowery meadow, and saluted each other with apparent cordiality and pleasure. I gazed upon them with a feeling of awe and delight, and my curiosity respecting their names was no sooner excited, than some internal evidence assured me that the one was Natural, the other Revealed Religion.

The first was tall, and perfectly graceful in form, and dignified in demeanour; but her dignity approached the confines of pride. Her smooth and polished forehead was large and beaming, and her dark and waving tresses flowed with an air of wild profusion over her beautiful neck and shoulders. Her dark eyes were piercing as those of the eagle, and their brightness would have been insufferable, but for the long and thick fringe which surrounded them, and the look of calm reflection produced by her superbly-arched and unruffled eye-brows. Her features resembled those of the finest Grecian statue; her cheeks and lips glowed with the bloom of triumph, and in her smile was an expression of mingled pride and sweetness.

The second figure was less commanding in stature, but her delicate form was modelled with perfect symmetry, and her prevailing attitude was that of dignified submission and persuasive love. Her light-brown hair was thick and clus-

tering, but its rich and shining locks were confined by a simple band of the softest hue of the summer rose. Her forehead was high and fair, and the light which fell upon it was reflected in chastened lustre. The arch of her eye-brows was delicately defined, and the gentle yet brilliant blue eyes that beamed beneath them, were expressive of Divine intelligence and uninterrupted sincerity. Her smile was that of meekness and pure benevolence, and the glow of her cheeks seemed to be imparted by the happiness of her mind.

‘My sister,’ said she, ‘I rejoice to meet thee, for my love towards thee is perpetually increasing.’ Her sister viewed her with complacent regard, but with little warmth of feeling; and in her scrutinizing glance I thought I perceived a sentiment of pity, not wholly unmingled with contempt.

‘Sister,’ said Natural Religion, ‘thou art welcome to my sight in this glorious season of terrestrial beauty; but why dost thou carry in thy hand that which thou callest the Book of Truth, when the volume of Nature is spread open before thee?’ ‘This volume,’ said Revealed Religion, ‘contains a transcript of the will of him who can be comprehended by those only whose understandings are illuminated by Divine truth.’

‘To comprehend the Deity,’ said her sister, ‘is beyond the reach of man’s limited capacity; but my duty and my delight consist in leading the children of men to love and adore the Creator by the investigation of his works. I

accompany them to the mountains which have resisted the war of elements for ages, and which have ever mocked the levelling hand of man; here, on the giddy verge of the rugged crag, I point to the azure sky and the fleecy clouds above them; to the roaring cataract that foams below; to the widely spreading landscape that glows around; and then, by a resistless impulse they worship the framcr of this beautiful scene, which has imparted to their minds a conviction of his greatness and power. In the morning, I conduct them over the dewy hills to greet the glorious sun at his rising; in the evening, I point their view to the host of heaven in its brightness; their souls glow with rapture as they gaze, and they pant for a nearer communion with the author of these sublime wonders. In the heat of noon, I walk with them in the forest, where varieties of trees rear their majestic forms, whose light leaves, in all their diversified tints and shapes, whisper to man, "the hand that made us is Divine!" In every flower, in every shrub, in all the forms of animated life, I show them the inimitable skill of the Almighty Artist: and on the shore of the billowy ocean I see them confounded by its immensity, and, in the fullness of their admiration, their hearts offer the tribute of adoration and praise to the eternal cause of glory and of beauty. To the more philosophical of my votaries, I open an inexhaustible treasure of delight. They reason on the construction of mind and matter, and reduce all tangible objects to their elements;

they watch the lightning as it bursts from the cloud, and listen to the pealing thunder; they no longer fancy that they hear in it the rolling of the chariot-wheels of their heavenly Sovereign, but they feel equal awe and astonishment at his might and majesty, because they trace in this, and in all the operations of nature, an infinity of thought and wisdom; they are conscious of their own lowliness in comparison with his Divine magnificence, yet they reverence their minds as emanations of his glory, and offer at his footstool the homage which rational piety suggests.'

Here Natural Religion closed her lips, and I should have deeply regretted that the sweet accents of her musical voice had ceased, had not her sister's, equally melodious, though differently toned, now fallen on my ear. She had listened with profound attention, yet her eyes had alternately wandered from the lovely face of her sister, to the blue and cloudless sky; and she stood with her form more and more erect, and with parted lips, as if she were inhaling the ethereal spirit. "

'Sister,' said she, 'I acknowledge that thou hast taught mankind to look from earth to heaven; thou hast taught them to view the glorious frame of nature as the offspring of omnipotence and boundless goodness alone; their thanksgiving and adoration are due. His worship thou knowest it is my effort to promote, and my enlightened votaries have been intimately acquainted with the greatest and most

minute of the works of God ; and have adored Him with the deepest veneration ; but I have been commissioned to acquaint them with the *will* of Him who calls for the sacrifice of man's heart ; who claims not only the *admiration* of His rational creatures, but also their willing *obedience* to His law, which is set before them in this volume of everlasting truth. I have also opened to their view a glimpse of eternal blessedness, which awaits the humble followers of that Being, who gave the brightest example the world ever saw of perfect humility, unconquerable forbearance, disinterested love, and patient submission to sufferings, at which the nature of man revolts. I profess not to lead the children of men through a path ever blooming with flowers ; but the instruction which I communicate to them enables them to pursue the road even when it is toilsome and dreary ; and I insure them peace of mind during their journey, and endless felicity at its close. By some of thy followers, I have been accused of extorting from my adherents a blind faith in mysteries which their understandings are unable to fathom. I do, indeed, call upon them to acknowledge that they are fallen from a state of original purity, and that it is not in their own power to cleanse the soul from the pollution of sin, and render it sufficiently holy to unite for ever with the source of infinite purity and perfection, and when they have admitted this point, I show them that there is a fountain of living water that can cleanse from every stain ; that there is a robe of

righteousness which shall clothe the trembling soul, when stripped of its polluted garments. It is not for me to explain to the feeble intellect of man *how* the eternal spirit of Godhead could exist in a human form ; but I demand from my followers a firm belief in this fact, which has been proved by incontrovertible miracles ; and on this belief I found their participation in the atonement which was made for the sins of all mankind. And now, my sister, permit me with all humility to show thee, that my influence over man in his earthly career is superior to thine. Thou canst, indeed, exalt the soul for a time, above the trivial pursuits of life ; but canst thou support it under pain and distress, and comfort the mourner with unshaken hopes of a blissful immortality ? No ! it remains for me to soothe with the balm of consolation, those who have felt the disappointments, the vexations, and the afflictions inseparable from mortality. Even some of thy devoted and admiring children have turned from thee, and sought my aid to conduct them to the path which leads to immortal felicity, to which the soul of man is ever aspiring. But when death, the king of terrors, who is contemplated with dread by all, presents himself to their immediato view, it is then that my power becomes triumphant ! The pale and emaciated victim of disease, worn and oppressed with anguish, turns to me for relief, in the wreck of every other hope ; and I strengthen him to endure the afflictions of the body, which shall be infinitely overbalanced by the joy which awaits

his liberated soul. I soften the poignant regret of the dying, who see their beds surrounded with weeping relatives, by directing their heavy eyes to the region where tears and lamentations are unknown. I comfort the mourners who are separated from their beloved departed friends, by the assurance of a reunion in a happier state of existence. I could tell thee of thousands who have felt my benign influence in calming their troubled souls, while shuddering on the brink of eternity. I love thee, my sister, because thou worshippingst the God of the universe; but I lament that thou shouldst endeavour to satisfy thy followers, with the limited knowledge they may acquire of Him, by the simple contemplation of His works.'

Here she closed her address, and a short but deep silence succeeded to the music of her voice. I observed that whilst she was speaking, the penetrating eyes of her sister were sometimes fixed upon her face, and sometimes instantaneously bent upon the ground; and I imagined I perceived a blush suffusing the expressive countenance of Natural Religion; but as I was gazing upon them, the vision vanished from my sight.

‘FOR THE EARTH SHALL BE FILLED WITH THE
KNOWLEDGE OF THE LORD, AS THE WATERS
COVER THE SEA.’

AN! when will that era so glorious arrive,
When warfare and tumult shall cease?
When nation with nation no longer shall strive,
But dwell with each other in peace?

A pruning-hook then shall be made of the spear,
 A ploughshare be formed of the sword,
 The olive its peaceable branches shall rear,
 And earth its abundance afford.

The wolf with the innocent lamb by its side,
 The leopard along with the kid,
 Together in pastures of peace shall abide,
 Together in harmony feed.

The din of the battle it then shall be stilled,
 The wicked and faithless shall flee,
 For the earth with the fear of the Lord shall be filled,
 As the waters now cover the sea.

(HOLMAN SHEPHERD.)

UNITY IN DIVERSITY OF OPINIONS.

ALL men ought to maintain peace, and the common offices of *humanity* and friendship in diversity of opinions.—(LOCKE.)

DRESS.

SIR MATTHEW HALE, while a student at Lincoln's Inn, neglected his apparel so much, that he was once taken, when there was a press for the King's service, as a fit person for it. Some that knew him coming by, and giving notice who he was, the pressmen let him go; from which time he began to be more decent in his appearance.

Augustus Cæsar used to wear no other apparel but such as his wife, his sister, or daughter, made him: and used to say, 'That rich and gay clothing was either the ensign of pride, or the nurse of luxury.'

TRUE AND FALSE GLORY.

TRUE glory is that which results from deeds of goodness and beneficence ; and false glory, that which accompanies the actions of great generals and commanders—men who have slain countless numbers of their fellow-creatures ; it is to this kind of renown Shakspeare alludes :—

*Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceases to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.*

AFFECTING NARRATIVE OF THE MARTYRDOM
OF TWO YOUNG MEN DURING THE IRISH
REBELLION.

THE following narrative contains a few particulars relative to two brothers, named John and Samuel Jones, who were put to death by the insurgents, on the day of the burning of Scullabogue-barn, in the lawn near it :—

Samuel Jones, the younger of the two, had attended the meetings of Friends, and was considered to make no other profession of religion. But if unconquerable faith and fortitude in the hour of extremity could entitle any one to the name of martyr, his name and the circumstances of his death deserve to be recorded, as affording an instructive example of Christian heroism ; and he might have been justly regarded as a worthy associate of any Christian community. They lived at Kilbraney, near Old Ross, in the county of Wexford.

Samuel was of a meek and tender spirit, and remarked for the benevolence of his disposition. At one period he had applied himself closely to the perusal of Fox's *Martyrology*, and other religious books ; thus fortifying his mind, as it were, against the day of trial. As the preparations for the impending conflict were going forward, he became very thoughtful, apprehending that some serious calamity would befall him from the insurgents. About a month before the lamentable event took place, he told his wife that he did not expect to die upon his bed ; and on one occasion, having, with her, accompanied some young women to their place of abode, who were gay and lively, he remarked, with much seriousness, ' How little do these poor creatures know what is before them ! ' The last time he attended the meeting at Forrest, it appeared as if he considered it to be a final parting with his friends.

Shortly after this, as the troubles increased, and danger became more imminent, he was urged by his Protestant neighbours to fly for refuge to the adjacent garrison town of New Ross ; but he and his wife thought it right to remain at their own residence.

He was taken prisoner, soon after, with his elder brother John, and conveyed to the mansion of F. King, of Scullabogue, his wife accompanying them. John lamented his situation and former manner of life, signifying that he was ill prepared to die ; but Samuel encouraged him by repeating the declaration of our Saviour,

‘He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.’

The house where they were imprisoned was close to the noted barn, in which, within a few days after they were taken, a number of their fellow-creatures were horribly burnt to death. Like many others confined there, they had little to eat; and his wife, having procured a loaf of bread, brought it to him; but being more inclined to sleep than to eat, he placed it under his head, intending to reserve it till he awoke; and whilst he slept, it was conveyed away. When he awoke, and his wife was lamenting the loss of it at such a time of need, he patiently answered her, ‘God, who has permitted the food to be taken away, can likewise take away hunger.’ But afterwards, as he was walking about the room, his foot struck against a plate of potatoes, which lay concealed under some clothes, and, though cold, *to them* they were delicious. A New Testament which they had with them, afforded them much comfort. On the morning of the day when the barn was set on fire, which was also the day of the battle of Ross, as they were reading in the New Testament, Samuel’s wife inquired of one of their guards the cause of the peculiar smell, like burning animal matter, which she perceived. He told her it proceeded from some beef steaks they were preparing for breakfast! To a further inquiry she made, ‘What was meant by the firing of guns?’ he replied, ‘It is some criminals we are shooting.’ ‘And will they shoot us?’

said the poor woman. 'O! maybe they will spare you till the last,' was his answer.

In about five minutes after this, the three were taken out.

The rebel officer who commanded there had been reminded by Samuel of their having been school-fellows, and the latter had given him his watch and money to keep for him; it is even stated, that the officer slept in the same bed with him part of the previous night. Having proposed to Samuel that he should conform and turn to the Roman Catholic profession, he replied, 'Where shall I turn, but where my God is?' And when he was urged to have his children sprinkled, he said, 'My children are innocent, and I will leave them so.'

When the two brothers, with Samuel's wife, were brought out into the lawn in front of the dwelling-house where they were imprisoned, to be put to death, some person said, 'They were Quakers.' It was replied, that 'if they could make it appear they were Quakers they should not be killed.' As they were not in reality members of the Society, this was not attempted to be done. Those who had them in custody then took Samuel aside, and on certain conditions offered him his life; but, whatever was the nature of these conditions, he firmly rejected them; and when the *Holy water*, as they termed it, was brought to them, he turned his back upon it.

The insurgents then shot his elder brother, whom he very much encouraged, fearing his

steadfastness might give way—for John had shown a disposition to turn Roman Catholic, if it might be the means of saving Samuel's life; but the latter encouraged his brother to faithfulness, expressing the words of our blessed Saviour, 'They that deny me before men, them will I also deny before my Father who is in heaven;' and he again revived the 39th verse of the same chapter in his remembrance. See Matthew, chap. x.

Samuel then desired his love to be given to different Friends, whom he named—some of the rebels, at the same time, with a view to depress his spirits, telling him that these Friends had been made prisoners before he was, and shot at the camp at the Three Rocks. This communication had partially the effect they intended; he meekly replied, 'They died innocent.' He then took an affectionate farewell of his wife, who, with admirable fortitude, stood between the two brothers, holding a hand of each, when they were shot; and his last words were reported to be those expressions of our Lord and Saviour, which he repeated for the third time in the hearing of his murderers, 'He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.' It was cause of mournful reflection to his friends that he was fired at three times before his death took place. He was an innocent young man, much beloved by his neighbours.

It seemed as if his wife would have shared the same fate, had not the officer who com-

manded interposed in her favour. She was permitted to convey their bodies to their former dwelling on a car; but not being able at that time to procure coffins for them, she buried them in the garden. On the death of their aged father, which took place in the following month, and was probably hastened by the untimely end of his two only sons, the bodies of the three were taken to the burying-ground of the Friends at Forrest, and there interred, about seven weeks after.

Let those who admire military courage, ask themselves, ‘Who, in this case, were the really brave?’ those who were slaughtered, or the soldiers who slaughtered them?

YOUTH.

‘THE flower of youth,’ says one, ‘never looks so lovely as when it bends to the Sun of righteousness.’ How pleasing are the displays of piety in such characters as Joseph, and Samuel, and Obadiah, who devoted their early prime, the flower of their youth, to the Lord, instead of spending in his service the last few years of their life, worn out by age, and sickness, and labour; they devoted the whole to him, and found his ways to be pleasantness, and his paths to be peace. By serving the Lord they were kept from evil, guarded against temptations, and preserved from the paths of the destroyer.—(COPE’S *Anecdotes*.)

CASTE AND DISTINCTION IN SOCIETY.

CHRISTIANITY does not allow of invidious distinctions in society. Where its spirit is truly breathed, it will tend to the same forgetfulness of distinction as was the case with the Emperor of Russia and William Allen; or as was the case with Richard Reynolds and his workmen. When showing his works to a friend, Richard Reynolds pointed out his servant as a Friend. To the surprise of the visitor, the servant, who was a minister, sat above his master in meeting, and appeared acceptably in the ministry. 'Ah,' said Richard Reynolds, in reply to the remark of his friend, 'though I am his master *out* of meeting, he is my master when *in* it.'

WHAT IS HEAVEN?

'The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'—Rom. xiv. 17.

Is heaven a flowery vernal field,
Adorned with fruitful trees,
Where fountains living water yield,
And incense loads the breeze?

Is heaven a new Jerusalem,
More gorgeous than the old,
Her every several gate a gem,
Her streets transparent gold?

Is heaven a temple fair, sublime,
Where countless spirits throng,
And angel harps, with harps from time,
Pour forth seraphic song?

O ! no, 'tis not in vernal plains,
 In golden streets or gems ;
 O ! no, 'tis not in choral strains,
 In thrones, or diadems.

On earth the kingdom of the Lord
 Is all within, *within* ;
 'Tis not in splendour or in word,
 'Tis *power* to vanquish sin ;

'Tis *righteousness* without alloy
 That stands the testing fires ;
 'Tis *peace* with God, 'tis boundless *joy*
 The Holy Ghost inspires.

Above the just shall just remain,
 The pure be holy still ;
 To heaven escaped from sin and pain,
 To do their Father's will.—(*Bible Lays.*)

HIGH TESTIMONY RESPECTING ELIZABETH FRY.

A CLERGYMAN of the Church of England, in depicting Elizabeth Fry's extraordinary character, and in detailing some of her unparalleled labours in the walks of philanthropy, states, that he has 'for many years known much of Mrs. Fry as "a rare specimen of renovated and sanctified humanity."'

The same writer further observes—'With unfeigned sincerity I declare that though I have known many eminent Christian ladies, whose heaven-born spirit and enlarged benevolence have "adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour," I have never met with, nor ever heard of, any one who appeared to be so highly gifted

with the spirit, or so fully to exemplify the virtues of our Divine Redeemer.'—(T. TIMPSON.)

ETERNITY.

‘WHEN I endeavour to represent eternity to myself,’ says Saurin, ‘I avail myself of whatever I can conceive most long and durable. I heap imagination on imagination, conjecture on conjecture. First, I consider those long lives which all men wish, and some attain. I observe those old men who live four or five generations, and who alone make the history of an age. I do more: I turn to ancient chronicles, I go back to the patriarchal age, and consider life extending through a thousand years; and I say to myself, All this is not eternity, all this is only a point in comparison of eternity. Having represented to myself real objects, I form ideas of imaginary ones. I go from our age to the time of publishing the gospel, from thence to the publication of the law, from the law to the flood, from the flood to the creation; I join this epoch to the present time, and imagine Adam yet living. Had Adam lived till now, and had he lived in misery, had he passed all his time in a fire, or on a rack, what idea must we form of his condition? At what price would we agree to expose ourselves to misery so great? What imperial glory would appear glorious were it followed by so much woe? Yet this is not eternity; all this is nothing in comparison of eternity! I go further still. I proceed from

imagination to imagination, from one supposition to another. I take the greatest number of years that can be imagined. I add ages to ages, millions of ages to millions of ages. I form, of all these, one fixed number, and I stay my imagination. After this I suppose God to create a world like this we inhabit. I suppose him creating it, by forming one atom after another, and employing, in the production of each atom, the time fixed in my calculation just now mentioned! What numberless ages would the creation of such a world, in such a manner, require! Then I suppose the Creator to arrange these atoms, and to pursue the same plan of arranging them as of creating them. What numberless ages would such an arrangement require! Finally, I suppose him to dissolve and annihilate the whole, and observing the same method in this dissolution as he observed in the creation and disposition of the whole. What an immense duration would be consumed! Yet this is not eternity; all this is only a point in comparison of eternity!

A lady having spent the afternoon and evening at cards, and in gay company, when she came home found her servant-maid reading a pious book. She looked over her shoulders and said, 'Poor melancholy soul! what pleasure canst thou find in poring so long over that book?' That night the lady could not sleep, but lay sighing and weeping very much. Her servant asked her, once and again, what was the matter? At length she burst out into a

flood of tears, and said, 'O it was one word I saw in your book that troubles me; there I saw the word *eternity*. O how happy should I be if I were prepared for eternity!' The consequence of this impression was, that she laid aside her cards, forsook her gay company, and set herself seriously to prepare for another world.

A religious man, skilled in all literature, was so ardently bent to impress eternity on his mind, that he read over carefully, seven times, a treatise on eternity, and had done it oftener, had not speedier death summoned him into it.

Awful as the consideration of eternity is, it is a source of great consolation to the righteous. An eminent minister, after having been silent in company a considerable time, and being asked the reason, signified that the powers of his mind had been solemnly absorbed with the thought of everlasting happiness. 'O my friends,' said he, with an energy that surprised all present, 'consider what it is to be for ever with the Lord—for ever, for ever, for ever!'

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THOSE WHO COMPOSE THE TOWER STREET
SCHOOL, YORK, BY THOMAS WILKINSON.

IN ancient York, by Clifford's hoary tower,
I passed a portion of the musing hour;
Creative fancy marshall'd to my view
Those scenes which York in long past ages knew.
Round Clifford's tower an army I beheld,
Gloomy and fierce, impelling and repell'd;
But from my mind the dismal picture fades,
As near its base passed on a troop of maids,

Led forth in order, with religious care,
To meet their Maker in the house of prayer,
To wait his presence, and, in holy fear,
Worship the One on high with hearts sincere.
O! discipline, I see thee move with grace
To train the various ranks of human race;
Through tears, I see thee stretch thy arm afar,
To form and mould the brilliant ranks of war;
How lost thy glory, when the hapless slain
Are found, by strangers, cooling on the plain!

But, to revert to that inviting scene,
Which imaged war had east a gloom between,
Lo! here, to draw the blooming train around,
No deafening drum, no trumpet's martial sound;
The signal given, behold, with willing air,
In ranks the maidens to the school repair;
With easy order, and unclouded looks,
They sit collected 'midst the hum of books,
With eyes attentive, bending o'er the page,
They gather wisdom for maturer age,
Or trace, with hearts affectionate and kind,
The lines of love to parents left behind;
O'er fingers bends the linen, white as snow,
That distant brothers may their kindness know;
Or plant with steel, in purple, green, and white,
The alphabet, with every thread aright;
Or through the canvas lead the 'Tyrian twine,
Till colours rise that Joseph's coat outshine.
That coat, recorded as a showy dress,
Led not to harmony or happiness,
But, in my sex, it sowed the seeds of ill
In brothers' bosoms, envy and ill-will.
O! gentle sex, let never gay attire
Such alien feelings in your breasts inspire.
Of all the heauteous flowers we see prevail,
We love the modest lily of the vale;
There is a sweet simplicity in dress,
Whose silent powers we inwardly confess;
There is a dress that keeps the wearer warm,
And guards her peaceful breast from rising harm;

This seems the robe of innocence, designed
By virtue's hand for lovely womankind.

The dinner comes, no turtle feast I ween,
Round which voluptuous epicures are seen,
But gentle females, all in vestments neat,
Round wholesome viands take their ready seat;
Contentment smiles on every open face,
And mild decorum reigns around the place.
The dinner over, and they troop away,
Cheerful and lively, to the hall of play;
Successive sports the allotted moments fill,
Of active vigour and ingenious skill,
While health and pleasure blend their very hues,
And o'er their cheeks a lovely bloom diffuse.
These are the days to be remembered long,
And I record these happy days in song.

On Sabbath evening, pleased I saw you meet,
Beloved girls, like forty sisters sweet,
All of one parent, innocent and fair,
Alike in vestments, and alike in air.
Round one mild maid a still attention hung,
While gospel truths fell gently from her tongue.
Alternate three his sacred precepts read,
And how his life the dear Messiah led—
A life of love, for ever doing good,
To those around him thirsting for his blood.
Yea, in his short sojourning here below,
Broke forth a light that will no period know,
A light that shines in darkness and by day,
To lead poor travellers on their heavenly way.
Beloved children, let me you engage
To prize the blessings of a rising age;
O turn from folly, vanity, and pride,
Lest, looking on, they draw your steps aside.
There is, dear girls, a still, small voice within,
Which whispers warning at the approach of sin;
A secret word that says, 'I must forego,'
When evil tempts to break a righteous law.
This, the first lesson to the obedient, mind,
Then active virtue will its season find,

And honest zeal in time will flush the cheek,
Till listening goodness takes its turn to speak.

Amid the human race, is there a sight
That fills the mind with feelings of delight,
Like that of youth and innocence combin'd
Within the modest form of womankind?

O modesty! thy lineaments divine
From maiden brows with loveliest lustre shine.
When modesty and innocence dwell
Within one virtuous bosom, all is well;
But when I meet with confidence and pride,
Though in a female form, I turn aside.
Yet modesty, however dear in youth,
May join with firmness in the cause of truth;
May join that truth opposed to a lie,
And that blest power that lights us to the sky.
Light, grace, and truth, they differ but in name,
The same in substance, and in power the same.

Your lives before you, in your opening day,
I wish you well, my sisters, on your way
Through this frail world, where specious lures abound,
And dark designers walk their nightly round.
But heaven will still the suppliant maid befriend,
And with a shield her innocence defend.
Remember, oft in early life we take
A character we never more forsake;
With prudence and with goodness then engage
Your hearts, dear children, in your early age,
So true esteem your virtue will repay,
And peace will lead you gently on your way.
Of all the virtues cast in human mould,
Integrity comes forth the purest gold;
Retain it, use it, 'twill be sure to call
Round you, dear girls, the confidence of all.
Integrity, even in these bustling times,
When wealth is sought for in far distant climes,
In sterling worth will be a surety found,
More firm, more stable, than the solid ground.

My blooming sisters, when your gentle hand
To your loved homes is scatter'd o'er the land,

Days spent at York in sweet remembrance keep,
 When some that loved you with their father's sleep;
 If pious feelings there your minds impress'd,
 Cherish at home that treasure in your breast;
 This, more than all, will then your hearts refine,
 'Tis something there of origin Divine;
 'Twill honour Him who walks in light, and, O!
 When you resign these fading things below,
 Through heaven's blest portals opening wide above,
 You'll reach the boundless realms of peace and love;
 Which state of happiness this pen of mine,
 Weak and unfit, presumes not to define.

COVETOUSNESS.

BION the philosopher once told a miser, 'Thou dost not possess thy wealth, but thy wealth possesses thee.'

EARLY FRIENDS ON THE DIVINITY AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

IN 1687, Clement Lake received a letter from a certain John Flavell, exhibiting many high charges against the Society, which he believed it his duty to refute. The following extracts are taken from his reply—

'I believe that Christ is glorified with the Father, with the same glory he had before the world was, according to John xvii. 5. and 1 Tim. iii. 16. He is received up to glory, and that he shall come again in the glory of his Father, with his angels, Matt. xvi. 27. And that he is sitting on the right hand of power, Mark xiv. 62. And that he ascended up far above all heavens, and

that he is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God, and that it is a glorious body, Phil. iii. 21.'

To the charge that 'they [the Quakers] deny the satisfaction of the blood of Christ,' he says—

'This is a false, lying, slanderous charge; charge it who will. For my part, according to what I have heard and seen since acquainted with them, of all the sorts of professors that I have been conversant with, I have not known any to have a greater esteem for, and put a greater value on, the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, than those do who are thus charged; and indeed it is no wonder that they thus value it, seeing a remnant have experienced such inexpressible virtue from it and benefit by it.

'As for my part, I believe salvation is in no other; and out of him, there is none; and I believe and know it is the faith of those with whom I walk, according to Acts iv. 12. And he is the propitiation for our sins, 1 John ii. 2. And he hath purchased us with his own blood, Acts xx. 28. and Rom. iii. 25. and by him we have remission of sin, and we are justified by his blood, Rom. v. 9. and by it we have eternal redemption, Heb. ix. 12; 1 Pet. i. 2. And if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin. And what the difference is between the walking in the light, that is so much derided, and walking in Christ, I know not; but if we walk in him, the blood of Jesus Christ will cleanse us from all

sin, 1 John i. 7. and I believe not only from the guilt, but from the filth also, ver. 9. and I believe that sanctification and justification are inseparable.' Pp. 10, 11.—1687.

BEST WISDOM TO GUIDE.

O! for a little of the best wisdom, and influence of the Holy Spirit to walk circumspectly amongst all men; wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove, and however I may be treated, to be myself full of charity.—ELIZABETH FRY.

SARAH DREWRY,

OF WHITEHAVEN, DIED 1ST. MONTH 21, 1825, AGED
TWENTY-ONE YEARS.

IN the early part of this young woman's illness, she evinced much anxiety to recover; but her mind was soon seriously impressed with the belief that she should not, which caused her to be very thoughtful; and her spirits were at times much depressed. Whilst under these discouragements, two Friends on a religious engagement paid her a visit, from which she appeared to receive much comfort; and after that time until her close, her sweet frame of mind was remarkable. So great was her peace, that at times she expressed a fear whether it might not be a delusion; but, checking herself for entertaining such a thought, she said, 'O, it is the enemy! I know it is the insinuation of the enemy!'

During an illness of six months, thirteen weeks of which she was confined to her bed, and suffered much from bodily weakness, a murmur was never observed to escape her. On one occasion she observed, 'It is all in wisdom that I am thus afflicted ; for I felt, before I was taken ill, that I was getting high ; and if things had continued to prosper with me, I believe I should have got very high ; so that it is all in wisdom I am to be taken away.' Again, 'I have no desire to get better unless it be the will of the Almighty ; then I feel as if I should be willing to recover.' Her only sister once remarking to her, how little she appeared to suffer in mind, to what many did at such a time ; she answered, 'But thou little knowest what I had to suffer, before I attained unto this state ; yet things have been made easier to me than I ever expected.' At another time, feeling herself growing weaker, she remarked to her sister, with a sweet smile upon her countenance, 'It is a happy thought ; I shall soon have to leave this weary world ; I hope it will be soon. How pleasant when I can rest in peace—in sweet, happy peace.'

She advised her sister not to give too much attention to dress, saying, 'Although I dressed consistently, I have now to regret that I should have been so particular in wishing to have my apparel of the finest quality ; but were I to recover, my clothing should be plain and homely.' She also advised her against reading unprofitable books ; and her sentiments, which were found in her pocket book, are worthy of deep

attention ; ‘ It is cause of sorrow to me, that so much of my precious time should have been devoted to reading books of that kind, which are supposed to improve the style of writing ; though they may contain nothing of a hurtful tendency, the perusal of them never yielded me any solid satisfaction. Did young people consider how short their time may be here, and how soon the blessing of health may be taken from them, I believe they would be more careful in employing it to the best advantage.’

The following little effusion was also found pencilled in her pocket book.

Sweet the hours of tribulation,
When the soul can firmly cry,
Lord, each painful tribulation
Patiently to bear I'll try.
Oft the mind knows no restriction
Till the pangs of anguish come,
Softened then by each affliction,
Gladly it would seek a home.
Sweeter than a couch of roses
Does this bed of sickness prove,
When my soul in faith reposes
On the Saviour's arm of love.
Jesus, mayst thou still be near me,
May thy light for ever shine,
May thy holy presence cheer me,
And, at last, may I be thine.

ANECDOTE OF DR. DOBBS.

JOHN DOBBS of Youghal, an eminent physician, and an elder in the Society of Friends, whilst

travelling towards the north of Ireland, happened to be passing through a small village late in the evening. Here his notice was attracted by the merriment usually attendant upon a 'wake' among the poorer class of the Irish; and, feeling a stop in his mind, for which he could not account, he alighted, and entered a small cabin, where he found a number of persons sitting round a middle-aged female. On his approaching and requesting leave to examine, he soon perceived that life was not quite extinct, and, on his making use of some restorative means, she revived, to the surprise of those present; lived many years after; and, as a token of her gratitude to Dr. Dobbs, as the instrument of rescuing her from such a dreadful situation, walked to Youghal, more than eighty miles from her residence, to present him with some stockings of her own knitting.

Dr. Dobbs died in the year 1739, much esteemed for his usefulness in civil and religious society.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

PIERRE RABINEL was a worthy old man, a minister among the little company of Friends at Congenies, in the south of France. He earned a livelihood by pruning the vine, as well as from the products of a small vineyard of his own, which he cultivated himself. The latter was situated on the declivity of a hill, in a retired part of the country.

One evening whilst the moon shone brightly, Pierre Rabinel, after pursuing his usual avocation—pruning, and digging about the roots of his vines—was about to proceed homewards. Hearing a noise near him, he looked up, and saw a wolf advancing towards him, howling and showing his hungry teeth.

Without losing his presence of mind, the good old man, keeping his eye steadily fixed upon the ravenous beast, fell on his knees, and poured forth an earnest prayer to his heavenly Father to be his protector, and enable him to drive away his fearful companion. Rising from his knees, he still kept his eye steadily fixed on those of the wolf, which was only distant from him the length of a pick-axe he had in his hand. He now walked backwards, over a very stony path, if path it might be called, for at least a mile, the wolf keeping close to him all the way, when an unexpected noise so terrified the animal, that, after grinning at him, he turned suddenly away, and soon disappeared.

The Friend who related the above is a native of Congenies, and says the story has been familiar to her since the days of her childhood, having often made the good old man repeat the circumstances to her whilst sitting on his knee. ‘He never related it,’ she adds, ‘without deep seriousness; and the recollection of the power which, in so remarkable a manner, kept his enemy at bay, frequently filled his eyes with tears of gratitude.’

Pierre Rabinel having related this providen-

tial deliverance to two English Friends, whilst on a religious visit to the south of France, they have recorded it in the following lines:—

The sun was setting in the west,
And shed a soft and parting ray,
As Rabinel, in search of rest,
Gently pursued his homeward way.

Early impress'd with serious thought,
He turned from earth to heaven above ;
And, thence inspired, those precepts taught
Which flow from faith and gospel love.

His daily task, to prune the vine,
A lesson of instruction gave,
To let His holy hand refine,
Who died to ransom and to save.

Musing, he shed the grateful tear,
When, in the wood's extended shade,
Deep howls convince of danger near,
' A wolf,' he sighed, and shrunk afraid.

' O save me, Lord !' he raised his eyes,
And saw the prowler mark his prey,
Ready to leap upon his prize,
No arm but God's his soul to stay.

What could he do ? aghast with fear,
Still, still he shrunk, the wolf pursued ;
He then advanced, the wolf came near,
And o'er his victim seemed to brood.

Poor Rabinel, in this dread hour
He knows his Lord can death control,
He clings to him who reigns in power,
And, kneeling, pours forth all his soul.

He prays for help, or strength to bear
The dissolution of his frame,
Then, filled with faith, ' thou still canst spare,
And e'en the wildest creature tame.'

The wolf seemed stayed by hands unseen,
 The pilgrim rose prepared to die,
 When suddenly, with softened mien,
 The creature passed him harmless by.

And now poor Rabinel, though spent,
 Breaks forth in praises to his Lord,
 Recording wonders as he went
 To join the dear domestic board.

And e'en till age his locks had bleached
 He loved to bear the sweet record,
 How fervent prayer the throne had reached,
 And brought deliverance from his Lord.

'Ask, and receive,' the Saviour cried,
 And when all earthly hope is vain,
 How does his providence preside,
 And raise from death to life again.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

'Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity !

'It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garments ;

'As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion : for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.'—Ps. cxxxiii.

'Tis a pleasant thing to see
 Brethren in the Lord agree,
 Children of a God of love,
 Live as they shall live above,
 Acting each a Christian part,
 One in lip, and one in heart.

As the precious ointment, shed
 Upon Aaron's hallow'd head,
 Downward through his garments stole,
 Scatt'ring odours o'er the whole ;

So, from our High Priest above,
To his church flows heavenly love.

Gently as the dews distil
Down on Zion's holy hill,
Dropping gladness where they fall,
Brightening and refreshing all ;
Such is *Christian union*, shed
Through the members, from the head.

COMMENDABLE PRACTICE.

DEAR George Dillwyn remarked to-day that an ancient Friend, a pillar of the church, now no more, used to make it a practice to consider in the morning whether he had any concerns of the church to attend to that day, and, when he had settled this point, to arrange his own business.—(WM. ALLEN'S *Diary*.)

DANGER, DURING THE TIME OF WORSHIP, OF LETTING OUT THE MIND INTO THE CON- SIDERATION OF BUSINESS OR PLEASURE.

FROM the Notes kept by a Friend who attended the Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia in 1792, we find that Rebecca Jones was earnestly engaged therein, in pressing on old and young the necessity of weightiness of spirit in religious meetings. In the course of her remarks, she said that if members were truly weighty in spirit during the time of the meeting, they would not exhibit the lightness which is so much apparent in some before they are out of the house, and round

about it. The solemnity on the countenances of Friends would indicate that they had been with Him whom they met professedly to worship; and, in meekness and humility, they would feel and show themselves to be his humble servants.

How little is known by many of that true introversion, in which the mind, being withdrawn from outward things, is properly prepared to understand the motions of the Spirit, and, through the fresh aspirations thereof, effectually to cry, 'Abba, Father!' Instead of waiting upon God, in earnest desire to draw near him in spirit, many in religious assemblies let their minds out in consideration of their business or their pleasures. How common is this sin! A Friend in Philadelphia, who was by profession a tanner, once dreamed that he was sitting in a religious meeting, wherein he was surprised to observe the congregation with tables before them, at which they were pursuing their usual avocations. The merchant had his books there, the retailer his goods, the mechanic his tools. Indignant at such employment amongst those professedly assembled for the awful and soul-important purpose of Divine worship, he was about rising to reprove them sharply, when, incidentally placing his hand behind him, he found a bundle of calf skins suspended from his own shoulders! How much easier is it to discover the errors of others than our own, and how often we richly deserve the very condemnation we mete out to our neighbours. The wilful indulgence

of wandering thoughts in meeting is sin, and it will be felt to have been so whenever the soul comes really and truly under a concern to be saved.

RELIGIOUS RETIREMENT.

RELIGIOUS retirement ought to be sought, even when we feel a contrary inclination, more especially when the holy flame languisheth, and the spirit of the world prevails.—(WM. ALLEN.)

THE PERSECUTOR'S WARRANT.

It was not unusual in the reign of Charles II., when the Quakers' meetings were broken up by force of arms, for the officer commanding the detachment, when questioned as to his authority, to lay his hand on his sword, and tell the party *that was his warrant*.

SUFFERINGS OF FRIENDS IN BARBADOES.

'REPEAT no grievances,' says one of the golden rules of Charles I., to which the monarch should have added, to make his meaning clear, *the same having been once redressed*. Until redress of some kind be obtained, no just censure is therefore incurred by reviving such facts as the following:—

BARBADOES, 1669—10th case presented to the Government.—Joseph Hobbs, constable, took

from Richard Gay one of his best Negro men,* and one horse, appraised at 7500 lbs. of sugar (the demand was for 4200 lbs.), for not sending his people to help to build forts, and for what are called church dues. The whole was retained.

18th case.—Taken from Edward Oistine by Richard Marshall, by order, in writing, from Christopher Lyne, major, for not sending people in arms to the fort, one young Negro man, about the age of nineteen or twenty years, worth 3000 lbs. of sugar. Also taken from him, one cow forward with calf, appraised at 1700 lbs. of sugar, but worth 2000 lbs. The demand was for 1260 lbs., for not sending his horse into the troop. Nothing of the surplus was returned or tendered.

1689, 22d case.—Thomas Pilgrim, for not appearing and not sending men in arms, £80, 5s. 9d.; for opening shop on the day called Christmas-day, £20, 5s.; and for church

* The Society of Friends have long discontinued the practice of holding Negroes otherwise than as servants. When George Fox visited the West Indies in 1671, he recommended that they should not only treat them with humanity and gentleness, but *that after certain years of servitude they should be set free*. This advice being followed by Friends, caused a general alarm to the inhabitants, who charged the Society with teaching the Negroes to rebel. Accordingly, in 1676, an Act was passed by the Assembly of Barbadoes, 'to prevent the people called Quakers from bringing Negroes to their Meetings;' and continued by a second Act, in 1678, forfeiting such Negroes (or £10 for each of them, at the informant's option), one-half to the informer, the other to the public use of the island.—(Gough and BESSE.)

claims and priests' wages, £29, 13s. 1½d.; in all, £130, 3s. 10½d. Among these distresses, the spoiler seized the principal Negro woman he had in his family, carrying her away from her husband, children, and grand-children, though her master would not have separated her so from them for any money whatsoever.—(BESSE'S *Sufferings*.)

It may be well to apprise the reader that the currency of Barbadoes, or the standard of the value of all commodities, was at the time of these seizures in sugar, the staple product of the island; that the laws of the island required the personal military service of the inhabitants, with that of their servants and horses, inflicting severe penalties in case of default.

At the time referred to, there were so many Friends in Barbadoes that they had several meeting-houses; and their cases of suffering, recorded by the author cited, and presented at several times to the governor, council, and assembly, amount in number to 384, and in value to £11,805; of which sum, £1817 was taken *contrary to law*, severe as the law was. This in the space between 1658 and 1695, and attended with much personal infliction.

NOTICE OF ABRAHAM SHACKLETON OF BALLITORE.

THE names of the Shackletons of Ballitore are familiar to Friends generally as the conductors

of a boarding school of some note at the above-named place, which was first opened by Abraham Shackleton in 1726.

Abraham Shackleton was a native of Yorkshire, born about the year 1696. His mother died when he was six years of age, his father two years afterwards. Though deprived so early of religious parents, the impression made on him by their careful education was not in vain. He used frequently to mention the tender concern of his pious father, who, following him to his bedside, was wont, on leaving him to his repose, awfully to recommend him to seek the Divine blessing. And that blessing did remarkably attend him during the course of his life; for whilst as yet very young, and exposed to manifold dangers, he was enabled to preserve the tenderness and innocence which constitute the happiness of childhood; and often retiring from his companions, he mused in solitude on the love of his Maker. In his youth he underwent great exercise and conflicts, but persevering in the straight path of duty, and yielding obedience to the Divine monitor, through every stage of life the same protection was extended, as the same watchful care to seek after it was maintained.

His bodily frame not being robust, after having made trial of other means of gaining a livelihood, he resigned them, and cultivated his natural taste for literature. Though he was twenty years of age when he began to learn the Latin language, yet, with genius and applica-

tion united, he speedily became a good classical scholar, and even wrote pure and elegant Latin. His acquirements, his diligence, and still more, his character, induced some of the most respectable families of the Society of Friends in Ireland (of which religious body he was himself a member), to encourage him to go into that country and undertake the tuition of their children. He first engaged in the employment of a private teacher, discharging his important trust greatly to the satisfaction of his employers; before his removal he had become acquainted with Margaret Wilkinson of Knowlbank, in Yorkshire. She was pleasing in person and manners, cheerful, of a sweet temper, and endowed with good sense; but what attracted and confirmed Abraham Shackleton's affection to her, was the excellence of her humble and pious spirit. He loved her with a true love, and, in a few years, returned to England, solicited, and obtained her hand. Those Friends who had had trial of his abilities as a private teacher, and who saw the advantages accruing to the youth from such an example as his, were glad to find he had determined to settle in Ireland, and to open a boarding-school. They probably suggested the idea to him, for he was of a diffident disposition. Ballitore seemed to be a suitable place for this purpose, a retired village in the county of Kildare, twenty-eight miles south of Dublin, the river Griese, a pleasant stream, running through the valley in which the village stands, and contributing to its salubrity. It was a situation,

also, which gratified Abraham Shackleton's inclination for the country, and his love of agriculture and planting. Hither, then, he brought his beloved Margaret. Here they passed their peaceful, pious lives; here shone the steady lustre of their bright example; and here they laid down their heads in a good old age. But their virtues left behind a sweet odour, when their places knew them no more; and their memories are handed down, with respect and love, from one generation to another.

The boarding-school was opened on the 1st of the 3d month, 1726, and succeeded beyond the humble hopes of its conductors; so that not only those of their own Society, and of the middle rank, but many persons of considerable note, and of various denominations, placed their children under their care; several of whom afterwards filled conspicuous stations in life; and many not only retained a grateful and affectionate respect for the memory of their preceptor, but good-will and regard for the Society of Friends on his account; remembering his extraordinary diligence and care in their tuition, his fatherly oversight of them, and also the living lesson of uprightness, temperance, gravity, and humility, which he taught by his example. And there is ground to believe, that the principles of the people called Quakers were better understood, and that many illiberal prejudices against them were removed by means of Ballitore school.

Amongst the scholars of Abraham Shackle-

ton, one of the most distinguished for early attainments in literature was Edmund Burke, who, with Garret and Richard, his brothers, was placed under his care in the year 1741. Edmund, being then about eleven years of age, manifested uncommon genius, with qualities which shelter that 'painful pre-eminence' from those envious blasts, which annoy even when they cannot injure; for he was unassuming, affable, and modest. He and Richard Shackleton, the son of Abraham, pursued their studies together. The minds of both were strongly bent to literary acquirements; both were endowed with a classical taste, solid judgment, and keen perceptions; and with similar dispositions, cheerful, affectionate, and benevolent. Between these kindred minds a friendship was formed, which continued through life, notwithstanding the different spheres in which they moved. When they met afterwards, Edmund Burke delighted to converse with the friend of his youth, on subjects that recalled their juvenile days. In private life, he was distinguished by the practice of the domestic and social virtues, and by exemplary moral conduct. His manners and conversation were engaging and instructive; clothed with a simplicity which softened the brilliancy of his talents, and made him even more beloved than admired.

Michael Kearney was another of Abraham Shackleton's pupils, a native of Dublin; a person of acknowledged worth and learning, and as remarkable for his modesty as for his ac-

quirements. At the age of eighty, he gave proof, by a few lines addressed to one of the family, of the permanency of that friendship which, springing from the soil of innocent and cultivated minds, produces blossoms and fruits to gladden the heart in youth and in age. 'A renewal,' says he, 'however slight, of a correspondence with Ballitore, excited a most affecting pulsation in my heart: it attracted my attention to old times, when I was accustomed to receive letters from your father, to whom I am indebted for much instruction in what is laudable and excellent.' Speaking of the pleasure with which he read a description of Ballitore in verse, he adds, 'It bestowed on me a momentary youth. I recollected the haunts of my boyhood with inexpressible pleasure, and retraced events that had occurred on every spot. The cowslips of the Mill-field were not forgotten, and many instructive conversations with your father started into my mind.' It was not the recollection of hours spent with his friend in idleness, folly, or mischievous frolics, which was presented to his memory; but through the long retrospect of much more than half a century, this venerable man could pleasantly contemplate their past studies and recreations. The cultivation of taste and science is favourable to the preservation of purity in conduct and sentiment; and though there are lamentable instances of fine talents being laid waste, and, instead of raising a goodly and useful structure, affording, by their ruin, a shelter to the beasts

of prey and birds of night; yet the generality of the dissipated and profligate appear to be those who have neglected or despised the improvement of their own abilities, and endeavoured to depreciate those intellectual powers and accomplishments which they were either unwilling or unable to comprehend; who, in the words of Gay,

‘ O’erlook with scorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to their parts.’

Of Abraham’s son, Richard Shackleton, some highly interesting and instructive memoirs and letters are published, from which the present particulars are extracted, which I shall conclude with a testimony written, on occasion of his death, by his friend and fellow-student Edmund Burke, who justly appreciated the character of him whom he had loved so long and so sincerely.

LETTER FROM EDMUND BURKE TO MARY LEADBEATER.

Beaconsfield, September 8th, 1792.

MY DEAR MADAM,

AFTER some tears on the truly melancholy event of which your letter gives me the first account, I sit down to thank you for your very kind attention to me, in a season of so much and so just sorrow to yourself. Certainly my loss is not so great as yours, who constantly enjoyed the advantage and satisfaction of the society of such a companion, such a friend, such an instructor, and such an example; yet I am penetrated with a very severe affliction, for my loss

is great too. I am declining, or rather declined in life; and the loss of friends, at no time very reparable is impossible to be repaired at all in this advanced period. His annual visit had been for some years a source of satisfaction that I cannot easily express. He had kept up the fervour of youthful affections; and his vivacity and cheerfulness, which made his early days so pleasant, continued the same to the last; the strictness of his virtue and piety had nothing in it of the morose or austere; and surely no life was better, and, it is a comfort to us to add, more happily spent than his. I knew him from the boyish days in which we began to love each other; his talents were great, strong, and various; there was no art or science to which they were not sufficient in the contemplative life, nor any employment that they would not more than adequately fill in the active. Though his talents were not without that ambition which generally accompanies great natural endowments, it was kept under by great wisdom and temperance of mind; and though it was his opinion that the exercise of virtue was more easy, its nature more pure, and its means more certain in the walk he chose, yet in *that*, the activity and energy which formed the character of his mind, were very visible. Apparently in a private path of life, his spirit was public. You know how tender a father he was, to children worthy of him; yet he extended himself more widely, and devoted a great part of his time to the good of that Society, of no mean ex-

tent, of which the order of Divine Providence had made him a member. With a heart far from excluding others, he was entirely devoted to the benefit of that Society, and had a zeal very uncommon for everything which regarded its welfare and reputation; and when he retired, which he did wisely, and in time, from the worthy occupation which he filled in a superior manner, his time and thoughts were given to that object. He sanctified his family benevolence, his benevolence to his Society, and to his friends, and to mankind, with that reverence in all things to the Supreme Being, without which the best dispositions, and the best teaching, will make virtue, if it can be at all attained, uncertain, poor, hard, dry, cold, and comfortless. Indeed we have had a loss. I console myself under it, by going over the virtues of my old friend, of which, I believe, I am one of the earliest witnesses, and the most warm admirers and lovers.

Believe me, this whole family, who have adopted my interest in my excellent departed friend, are deeply touched with our common loss, and sympathize with you most sincerely I hope you will assure my dear friend, Mrs. Shackleton, the worthy wife of my late invaluable friend, that we sympathize cordially in all she feels; and join our entreaties to yours, that she will preserve to you as much as possible of the friend and parent you have lost.

EDMUND BURKE.

TRUE POLITENESS THE OFFSPRING OF
RELIGION.

TRUE politeness is the genuine offspring of true religion ; a sullen severity of manner is nowhere inculcated in the gospel ; meekness, humility, and condescension are there marked out as fundamental graces ; and where these reign in the heart, they will surely dictate such a sweet and amiable conduct, as is only mimicked by the common forms of what is called good breeding. I find as great a want of this true politeness among the rich, as among the poor. Wealth gives it not, neither does poverty withhold it ; like its illustrious parent, it is confined to no state of life, sect, or denomination.—(CASPARI.)

It is said of William Penn that he was polite beyond all forms of breeding.

‘O THAT MY PEOPLE WERE WISE ; THAT THEY
WOULD CONSIDER THEIR LATTER END.’

WHEN the last hour seems to be approaching, all terrestrial things are viewed with indifference, and the value that we once set upon them is disregarded or forgotten. And if the same thought were always predominant, we should then find the absurdity of stretching out our arms incessantly, to grasp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out ourselves in endeavours to add new turrets to the fabric of ambition,

when the foundation itself is shaking, and the ground on which it stands is mouldering away.—(*Guide to Domestic Happiness.*)

CHILDREN—OUR CONDUCT TOWARDS THEM.

THAT Divine light, which enlightens all men, I believe, does often shine in the minds of children very early; and to humbly wait for wisdom, that our conduct towards them may tend to forward their acquaintance with it, and strengthen them in obedience thereto, appears to me to be a duty on all.—(JOHN WOOLMAN.)

DEFERENCE TO THE OPINIONS OF OTHERS.

THE best proof that can be given of our having attained some degree of wisdom and discretion, is a modest deference to the opinions of those, who, in the natural order of things, may reasonably claim it. Tho young and the ignorant are prone to be self-opinionated, and impatient of control, simply because they are young and ignorant—ignorant especially of themselves.

AN EPISTLE IN TENDER LOVE, BY JOSEPH WOOD, OF HIGHFLATTS.

TO THE NEWLY-CONVINCED AT BARNSLEY.

BELoved FRIENDS—I have felt my mind drawn, under the pure influence of gospel love, to write you; and though I am fully sensible that your

states are widely different, yet I believe all of you have been overshadowed with that heavenly power, light, and life, which comes by Jesus Christ, and which, if you are concerned to seek after, no other knowledge but what comes from this Divino principle, placed in the secret of each heart, and are fully obedient to its discoveries, will lead all of you to a settlement upon that foundation which cannot be shaken. But as this is a work of time (and when the Lord works, the enemy of souls works also, if, by any means, he may frustrate his work, and cause the poor creature to take up a rest short of that which is pure and of the Lord's preparing), I have earnestly desired, that one and all of you may centre down deep in your minds, and labour after that state of pure silence in which the Lord's still small voice is heard and distinctly understood; in which state you will be favoured clearly to distinguish betwixt it and the many strange voices that are in yourselves and in the world; which, though they may raise a fire, and the poor creatures may, for a season, warm themselves at the sparks which they or others may kindle, yet, in the end, these will lie down in sorrow, and the just witness, which may, for a season, be slain by the workings of the creature, will be heard to testify, 'Who hath required this at thy hands?' but, in that state of pure silence, that voice is heard, which leads in the way of safety, and in the path of peace. The Lord hath graciously and mercifully visited some of you who have

sought him, as upon your beds, and in the streets, and broad ways, but found him not; and, in this state, the watchmen that go about the city have found you, and you have inquired of them, and had your expectations too much outward; but the Lord hath followed, and is following these; and O! saith my spirit, that in this, the day of his power, ye may be favoured to pass a little from these watchmen, and then you will find him whom your soul loveth; and when you have found him, hold him, and do not let him go, until you have brought him unto your mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived you. There are others amongst you, who have passed by these watchmen, and know the fool's state—the only way to be truly wise—who are esteeming the reproaches of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of the world; and I hope that these will be favoured, from one time unto another, to follow on to know the Lord—waiting for the renewed discoveries of his heavenly will, concerning them; and, in this waiting state, he will, at times, be unto you 'As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.' I am satisfied the good will of him who dwelt in a flame of fire in the bush, is towards all of you whom I am now addressing: and though your states may be different, there is one, even Christ Jesus, who can speak to them, who yet continues to speak, as never man spoke; for his

words are spirit and life ; may every mind gather unto that light which flows through him unto the hearts of all mankind, during the day of their visitation ; and, by your obedience to its manifestations, know a passing through the many outward and shadowy observations, unto him who is the substance of all types, and end of all shadows. I have been many times deeply instructed in the gradual progressive work of religion in man, by the passage of our Lord and Saviour, when he took his disciples up into an high mountain, apart, and was transfigured before them, his face shining as the sun, and his raiment white as the light, and there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him. Now, this was a favoured state, so that one of them was ready to say, Lord, it is good for us to be here, if thou wilt let us make three tabernacles—one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias. Many of the professors of the Christian name, I believe, in the present day, have come thus far, and are building tabernacles, and taking up their rest here ; but remember, while Peter spake, behold a bright cloud overshadowed them, and a voice was heard out of the cloud, which said, ‘ This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased—hear ye him.’ Now, when they heard this voice, they fell on their face—a truly humbled situation ; self, and all selfish performances were now slain—and they were favoured to see, that without him they could do nothing ; then he came and touched them, and said, Arise, be not afraid ; thus was his strength made per-

fect in their weakness ; thus a remnant can worship him, in the beauty of holiness, and in newness of life, and with hearts prepared by his power. Celebrate his great and holy name, who hath declared he will be sanctified in all those who draw nigh unto him ; and when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man save Jesus only. My beloved Friends,—I earnestly desire that you may be favoured to know these things. Remember they were disciples before this ; and you have heard his call, and, in some measure, been obedient thereunto. Take not up your rest by the way, but follow on through the dispensation of Moses, and through the dispensation of Elias, or John the Baptist, who, in his day, was a burning and shining light ; but the least of the kingdom is greater than he. Those who have known a coming through those shadowy dispensations, until Jesus be left alone, experience Christ to be all and in all. I earnestly desire that you may be pressing forward towards this attainment ; and it springs in my heart to say, ‘See that ye fall not out by the way.’ The enemy may seek to frustrate the work the Lord hath begun, this way endeavouring to divide in Jacob and scatter in Israel. But if you are studying to be quiet and do your business, keeping the eye single, you will be favoured to see and escape his snares, being preserved in that love which thinketh no evil ; thus will the strong bear the infirmities of the weak, and all of you will be clothed with humility, which state the Lord condescends to own ; and thus may you

have a word in season one unto another, which may have a tendency to build up in the faith; and thus will an increase of love to God, and one to another be experienced; and by this mark shall ye be known to be the true disciples of Christ. And the more you are favoured to see that you cannot live by past experience, and brought into a daily dependence upon him who declares himself to be the bread of life, the more you will see the necessity of attending religious meetings, and outward suffering will not deter you from it. And when gathered, as you cannot rest satisfied without renewedly feeling after his power, he will graciously condescend to overshadow you, in his own time, with his presence—making you joyful in the house of prayer; thus will you be favoured to return from your assemblies, as sheep from the washing pool, each one bearing twain.

I salute you in that love which drew me forth to write unto you, and in which love I close; and remain your truly affectionate, and well wishing Friend,

JOSEPH WOOD.

Newhouse, 4th Month, 1802.

SOURCE OF HUMAN WEAKNESS.

MAN is made for reflection; hence all his dignity and value. His duty consists in the right direction of his mind, and the exercise of his intellect in the study of himself, his Author, and his end. But what is the mental occupa-

tion of the world at large? Never this, but diversion, wealth, fame, power; without regard to the essential duties of intellectual man. The human intellect is most admirable in its nature; it must have strange defects to make it despicable; and, in fact, it has so many and so great, as to be supremely contemptible. How great is it in itself, how mean in its corruptions! There is in man a continual conflict between his reason and his passions; he might enjoy tranquillity to a certain extent, were he mastered by either of these singly. If he had reason without passion, or passion without reason, he might have some degree of peace; but, possessing both, he is in a state of perpetual warfare, for peace with one is war with the other; he is divided against himself. If it be an unnatural blindness, to live without inquiring into our true constitution and condition, it proves a hardness yet more dreadful to believe in God, and live in sin.—(PASEAL.)

OUR DUTY TOWARDS CHILDREN.

To watch the spirit of children, to nurture them in gospel love, and to labour to help them against that which would mar the beauty of their minds, is a debt we owe them; and a faithful performance of our duty not only tends to their lasting benefit, and our own peace, but also to render their company agreeable to us.—(JOHN WOOLMAN.)

INCONVENIENCE FROM NOT WEARING A
NATIONAL COCKADE.

DR. WALKER being in France in the time of the Revolution, on account of refusing to wear the national cockade was often subjected to many inconveniences, which, however, were generally escaped when he announced himself a Quaker. Whilst at Paris, the aide de camp of Bonaparte came up to him in the hotel, and asked whether he was one of the proscribed conscripts. The reason of this was his not wearing the national cockade.

On entering France, after leaving Holland, the town first arrived at was Malines. In the company were some military officers and merchants. The sentinels at the gate furiously demanded that Dr. Walker should mount the national cockade. His fellow-travellers endeavoured to persuade him to submit. 'All the way to Paris,' said they, 'at every garrison your refusal will excite a similar storm. It is the law that every one shall wear the three-coloured cockade. The Directory cannot excuse it.' To induce the doctor to submit, they bought cockades for him. However, he would not. When they arrived at Brussels, Dr. Walker thus addressed his friends, 'Citizens, and fellow-travellers, I am very sensible of your polite attention to a stranger; but I wish no longer to prove a source of uneasiness to you. I propose to offer myself a prisoner to the commandant, as acting in opposition to your laws.'

Dr. Walker proceeded forthwith to the commandant's, and on being introduced, said, 'Je vais me rendre prisonnier.' 'Pourquoi; avez vous faites du mal?' 'Non.' He then explained; on which the secretary observed, 'Restez, vous tranquilles. On respecte religion en France.' 'Yes,' rejoined Dr. Walker; 'but unhappily Quakers are but little known there. If thou could'st favour me with any certificate or memorial of what thou knowest of our passive character, it might facilitate my journeyings in your land.' 'If you saw us,' said the secretary, 'making preparations for the invasion of England, would you not endeavour to give your countrymen information of it?' 'If I knew,' rejoined Dr. Walker, 'the English to be about to make a descent on your coasts to-morrow morning, I should now be silent. In like manner, I should be silent towards my countrymen if I knew ye were about to invade. I cannot mingle or take any part in the hostile proceedings of any people. They are all equal in my view. I wish the diffusion of peace among them.' 'That is enough,' said the secretary, who, notwithstanding the multiplicity of his engagements, completed a passport, which opened Dr. Walker's way through every interruption, military, ecclesiastical, and civil, on his presenting it to the constituted authorities. 'Parbleu!' said the astonished Parisians; 'here is a passport would carry thee to the moon.'—(*Life of Dr. Walker*, pp. 135, 136.)

THE PRAYERS OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH.

THE religious worship of the primitive Christians was conducted with the same simplicity and freedom which characterized all their ecclesiastical polity. They came together for the worship of God, in the confidence of mutual love, and prayed, and sung, and spoke in the fulness of their hearts. A liturgy and a prescribed form of prayer were alike unknown and inconsistent with the spirit of their worship.

It is particularly worthy of remark, that in all the examples of prayer in the New Testament, several of which are recorded apparently entire, there is no similarity of form or expression, or any *repetition of a form*, with the single exception of the response, Amen, Peace be with you, &c. Even our Lord's Prayer is never repeated on such occasions, nor is there in all the New Testament the slightest indication of its use, either by the apostles or by the churches which were founded by them. The apostles, then, prayed extemporaneously; and their example is in favour of this mode of offering unto God the desires of our soul.

The Lord's Prayer appears not to have been given to the disciples as a form of public prayer; but as a specimen of that spirituality and simplicity which should appear in their devotions, in opposition to the 'vain repetitions of the heathens,' and the heartless formalities of the Pharisees. It merely enforces a holy importunity, sincerity, and simplicity in private prayer.

Our Lord expressly enjoined upon his disciples to offer other petitions, of the highest importance, for which no form is given. The gifts of the Holy Spirit are offered to those who shall ask, while yet no formula is prescribed, in which to make known our requests for this blessing.

A strict adherence to such a form, is incompatible with a suitable recognition of Christ as our Mediator and Intercessor with the Father. 'Hitherto,' said our Lord in his last interview with his disciples before he suffered, 'Ye have asked nothing in my name.' But now a new and peculiar dispensation was opening to them, by which they might have 'boldness to enter into the holiest, by the blood of Jesus.' We are left then to the conclusion, that neither did the apostolical churches use any forms of prayers, nor is such use authorised by Divine authority.

No such thing is to be found in the Scriptures as a catechism, or regular *elementary introduction* to the Christian religion; neither do they furnish us with anything of the nature of a systematic creed, or set of articles, or by whatever other name we may designate it. Constantine took special care to have fifty copies of the Bible prepared for the use of the churches, and by a royal commission entrusted Eusebius, the historian, with the duty of procuring them.—(Euseb., *Vit. Constant.* lib. iv. 36.) How is it, that the service-book was entirely forgotten in this provision for the worship of God? Plainly because none was used for the purpose.

The Lord's Prayer appears to have been used

by the primitive churches about the close of the second and beginning of the third century; and in the fifth and sixth centuries was a part of the public liturgies of the churches.

The *attitude* of the Primitive Christians in prayer, is against the supposition that they used a prayer-book. What, according to Tertullian (Tertul., *Apol.* c. 30.) was this attitude? It was with arms and eyes raised towards heaven, and hands outspread, or it was kneeling and prostrate with the eyes closed, to shut out from view every object that might divert the mind from its devotions; or, as Origen expresses it, ‘*closing the eyes of his senses, but opening those of his mind.*’ Few facts in ancient history are better attested than this. The coins that were struck in honour of Constantine, represented him in the attitude of prayer. But how? Not with a prayer-book in his hand, but *with hands extended and eyes upturned, as if looking towards heaven.*—(Euseb., *Vit. Const.*) ‘First, stereotype the mind and heart of man, and then is he prepared to express his devotions in the unvarying letter of a liturgy.’—(Coleman’s *Church without a Bishop*, chap. ii. pp. 319–352.)

It is evident, from what we learn of the primitive Christians, that they appreciated the injunction of our Lord, ‘*Men ought always to pray.*’ They practised this important duty, and experienced its efficacy. Prayer is the language of the soul, through which, by the aid of his Spirit, our inmost wants are made known to God. Whether in secret aspirations, or clothed

in words, the Spirit helps our infirmities, and through the mediation of our living Advocate with the Father, our prayers ascend as incense, and find access at his throne of mercy. Our various sorrows and necessities, ever changing like the vicissitude of night and day, are too mingled and too mighty to be enumerated, and can only be expressed in the ejaculation, 'Lord, thou knowest all things.' When thus pressed in spirit, and pouring forth the unrestrained effusions of a full heart, in the name of Jesus, aided by his Spirit, how vain is the idea that such warm petitions can be breathed to heaven through the cold formality of any prescribed rule! In every individual there is some particular hidden want, which the words of others, however beautifully and pathetically arranged, can never reach; some peculiarly susceptible string in every heart, that can vibrate only to the immediate touch of the Holy Spirit.—(PHILOS.)

THE FLIGHT OF TIME (1845).

With steeds swift-winged and in harness bright,
As he left the caverns of dreary Night,
Rushed forth Old 'Time in his ivory car,
Like a Tuscan king as he rode to war;
And fearless and swift was his wild career,
And *Forty-Five* was his charioteer.

And first they flew o'er the lovely isle,
Where rural eots amid roses smile,
Where the lanes are shaded with arching trees,
And flowers pay tribute to wandering bees,
And athwart the meadows the hedges gleam,
And the willow weeps by the murmuring stream.

'Ah! many a change,' said Old Time, 'I see
Since here I journeyed with *Thirty-Three*.
Where the cowslip smiled in its grassy bed,
Now, cumbrous sleepers and rails are spread,
And men hope soon they may see the day,
When they equal the pace of Old Time, they say.'

'Twill be long, I trust, ere that day arrive,'
As he lashed his steeds, muttered *Forty-Five*;
'And yet I would not so much complain,
If men were not driven by lust of gain,
If their minds' advance were but more their care,
Nor better thoughts were the sleepers there.'

'Ah! would,' said Time, 'they would ponder well
The sober truths that my flight should tell;
Nor all the tendrils of hope were curled
Round the fading things of a transient world;
But 'twill soon be known what the end will be;—
Now guide thy steeds over yonder sea.'

Then the charioteer with his guiding rein,
His coursers turned o'er the western main;
And the mariner started as Time rushed by,
And he marked his flight, and he heaved a sigh,
For he thought from his friends he was far away,
Of winds the sport and of waves the prey.

At length they came to the distant shore,
Where giant rivers their waters pour,
Where Nature sows with a liberal hand,
And wide outspread is the prairie land,
And Freedom boasts of her own domain,
As she binds the slave with the galling chain.

With limbs untired the coursers flew
Where beside the marshes the rice-plant grew;
And toiling there 'neath the sun's fierce ray,
The slave was waiting the close of day;
And he looked on Time, and he dropped a tear,
When thus to his lord spake the charioteer:

'Ah! when shall it be that the clanking chain
Of the wretched slave shall be snapt in twain,

Nor man shall look on his fellow-man
As under the curse of a fearful ban;
But master and slave shall as brethren meet,
'Neath the holy shade of the mercy-seat.'

And Time looked dark, and he knit his brow,
And to earth he turned as he vowed a vow,
That never the land of the slave he'd bless
With peace, and plenty, and fruitfulness;
But on it a grievous curse should be,
Till the chain was burst, and the chained were free.

And swift they flew from the slave-curst shore,
And came where the waters of ocean roar,
And many a vessel they passed whose sails,
Outspread, were wooing the favouring gales,
Till the isles of coral they reached, that lie
Like glittering stars in a midnight sky.

And there the bananas their foliage spread,
And the palm-tree raises its towering head,
And the cotton-shrub and the lime-tree grow,
And the sugar-cane, and the indigo,
And the natives rest 'neath the shadowing trees,
And are fanned by the breath of the odorous breeze.

And gladly his course would Old Time have stayed,
To repose awhile 'neath the cooling shade;
For now no more as in bygone days,
The cannibal shout they were wont to raise,
Nor the babe's last shriek met his startled ear;
When thus he spake to his charioteer:—

'Good fellow, we may not our course delay,
Or much 'twould have harmed me awhile to stay,
And grave the records for deathless fame
Of conquests worthy a conqueror's name,
Of conquests won by a holier sword,
Than of Roman chief or of feudal lord.

'All hail to those who thus dared to brave
The savage spear or the ocean grave;
Who bore the ills of a foreign clime,
Nor looked for gifts at the hand of Time,

But strove the torrent of sin to stem,
And live for Him who had died for them !'

Onward and onward the chariot flew
O'er the glittering isles and the ocean blue,
Till they reached a land which extending wide,
Resounded with clamour from side to side.
' Ah ! here,' said Old Time, 'are the brave Chinese,
Many as locusts, and busy as bees.'

And here they gathered the tea with eare,
And sowed the rice by the streamlet there,
And proudly at rest in the spacious bay
The opium cargoes securely lay ;
And Time looked dark, and he frowned severe,
And thus he spake to the chariotceer :

' Alas ! alas ! for the crimes untold,
That Britons dare in their thirst for gold !
I'll write the truth upon History's page,
And hand it down to the latest age,
That soiled is the brightness of England's fame,
By her lust for gold, and her deeds of shame !'

And his voice was loud, and it drowned the roar
Of the surge that broke on the Indian shore ;
And the echoes woke from their caves around,
And the Himalah mountains gave back the sound,
And the cry of ' Shame !' like the lightning ran,
To the farthest limit of Hindostan.

Swift flew the car o'er the Indian main,
And sailed aloft over Araby's plain ;
Nor hill nor mountain its course forbids,
And its shadow fell on the pyramids ;
And it hastened onward to proud Algier,
When thus spake Time to his chariotceer :—

' Now haste, good fellow, and turn thy rein,
For War is here with his hideous train ;
There's a scent of burning, and slaughter, and death,
And the air is fouled with his pestilent breath ;
And Time as he passes no eye would see,
For here men sport with Eternity.

‘ Oh! War, War, War, ’tis in vain I bring
The snows of winter, the showers of spring,
The glorious light of the summer days,
Or the autumn sun with its chastened rays,
For where the wheels of thy chariot pass,
The earth is iron, her hills are brass.

‘ And hushed is the maiden’s joyous strain,
For her lover lies on the battle plain;
And the children weep at the cottage door,
For a father’s care they will know no more;
And the grandsire’s eye is bedewed with tears,
For the staff is broke of his failing years.’

Meanwhile the reins of the charioteer
Had guided the coursers from proud Algier,
And they hastened towards the eaves of Night,
Where never had entered the cheering light,
Where mountains frown and where icebergs rise,
And the cold of winter the sun defies.

And straight they flew o’er the midland main,
And soon were crossing the German plain,
And there on the wing of the stormy blast,
The shade of Luther before them passed;
But on ‘Time’s worn brow was a look of care,
For Luther’s spirit he saw not there.

‘ Ah! shade,’ he cried, ‘ of the noble dead,
From thy parent-land is thy spirit fled?
O! still let it cheer as in days of old,
For Religion is faint and her heart is cold;
And the balm which Reason and Learning give,
Cannot make her spirit rejoice and live.

‘ How long will it be ere her strength shall show,
What healing streams from the gospel flow?
Ere her children’s hopes she shall plant above,
And bind their faith in the bonds of love,
And show the world in their lives combined,
A lively zeal with a lowly mind.

' 'Twas thus with one* whom in friendship's gloom,
I saw consigned to the recent tomb;
But I mourn her not, for to her 'tis given
Whom she loved on earth to behold in Heaven,
And sing the praise of his boundless love,
With the joyful choir of saints above.

' She is gone ! she is gone ! but her honoured name
To the latest age shall Old Time proclaim ;
I'll sing her worth in her own loved isles,
And where Jura frowns, and where Lemman smiles,
By the flowery banks of the wandering Seine,
And the length and breadth of the German plain.

' How bright the day when a Christian band
Like her, shall traverse from land to land,
And with zeal untiring, fan the glow
She strove to kindle while here below,
Till the truth her lips would so oft proclaim,
Shall burst at length in a mighty flame !'

' Ah ! bright indeed would that day appear,'
As he lashed his steeds, said the charioteer ;
And he looked on his lord, and he heaved a sigh,
For he saw that the caverns of Night were nigh,
And he knew that Old Time he should drive no more,
With the swift-winged coursers from shore to shore.

And soon they entered the caves of Night,
And awhile were hidden from mortal sight ;
And again like a Tuscan who rode to war,
Rushed forth Old Time in his ivory car ;
And fearless and swift was his wild career,
And *Forty-Six* was his charioteer.

THE KEY OF DAVID.

ARCHBISHOP SECKER said, ' Before any one can
peruse the sacred Scriptures to profit, the Lamb
must open the Seven Seals.

* Elizabeth Fry.

ON THE CONDUCT OF EARLY FRIENDS IN
ENTERING AND PREACHING IN THE ESTAB-
LISHED PLACES OF WORSHIP, DURING THE
TIME OF DIVINE SERVICE.

THE following extract from Gough's *History* may induce some in the present day to view the conduct of the early Friends in a different light than they may have been in the habit of doing, as regarded their going into places of worship:—

At the first appearance of this people (1649), several, as well as George Fox, thought it their duty to go to the public places of worship, to declare to the priests or people the burden of the word on their minds; mostly, though not always, waiting till their worship was ended, and then delivering, or attempting to deliver, their sentiments in quietness, as far as I can discover from their accounts, and in as few words as possible, for which they were often treated with great violence and outrage; and, to palliate such treatment, irreconcilable to the professed purity of this period, or to the good order of civil society, great pains have been taken to describe their conduct in terms of aggravation to a heinous offence, and at this day it may seem to deserve censure. Let us take a retrospective view of the manners and principles of that age, and I think we may find some cause of excuse for their seeming intrusion.

This people were not single at that time in their sentiments concerning the gospel liberty of prophesying, but the Independents also, as

well as the Baptists, adopted the opinion that the ordained ministers or pastors had not, by any ordination of Christ, or the order observed amongst the primitive Christians, an exclusive right of speaking in the church, but that all properly gifted might speak one by one. It had been, during the time of the civil war, and still continued to be no unusual practice, for laymen, soldiers, or others, to speak or preach in the public places of worship, and elsewhere, with the connivance, if not with the approbation, of the ruling powers. Oliver Cromwell, in his correspondence with the ministers of Scotland, in the following year after the battle of Dunbar, vindicates the practice. Oliver having made, to the ministers who had taken sanctuary in the castle of Edinburgh, or who had fled, an offer of free privilege to return to their respective parishes, the Scotch ministers, in reply, objected to his opening the pulpit doors to all intruders, by which means a flood of errors was broken in upon the nation; to which Oliver answered, ‘We look upon you as *helpers of*, not *lords over* the faith of God’s people. Where do you find in Scripture that preaching is included within your function? Though an approbation from men has order in it, and may be well, yet he that hath not a better than that hath none at all. I hope He that ascended up on high may give his gifts to whom he pleases, and if those gifts be the seal of mission, are you envious though Eldad and Medad prophesy? You know who hath bid us covet earnestly the best gifts,

but chiefly that we may prophesy, which the apostle explains to be a speaking to instruction, edification, and comfort—this the instructed, edified, and comforted can best tell the energy and effect of. Indeed, you err through mistake of the Scriptures. Approbation is an act of convenience in respect to order, not of necessity, to give faculty to preach the gospel. Your pretended fear lest error should step in, is like the man that would keep all wine out of the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy to deny a man the liberty he hath by nature, upon a supposition he may abuse it.' Aud, in answer to the governor's complaint—that men of secular employments had usurped the office of the ministry, to the scandal of the reformed churches—he queries, 'Are you troubled that *Christ is preached*? Doth it scandalize the reformed churches, and Scotland in particular? Is it against the covenant? away with the covenant if it be so. I thought the covenant and these men would have been willing that any should speak good of the name of Christ; if not, it is no covenant of God's approving, nor the Kirk you mention the spouse of Christ.'

By this, it appears evident that a participation of the laity in ministerial offices was not only allowed, but patronized by some of the leading men of that time.

BERTIE ON THE QUAKERS.

It is a lamentable trait in human nature, that there was not a sect established at the Reformation that did not avow, as part of their religious duty, the horrible necessity of destroying some of their fellow-creatures (mostly by burning alive), on account of what they severally termed heretical tenets. The Quakers were absolutely the first Christian community, since the Middle Ages, who disavowed all destructiveness in their religious precepts. How furiously these friends to their species were persecuted, the annals of New England can tell; and Great Britain, though more sparing of their blood, was equally wasteful of their lives, for they were penned, by Cromwell and Charles II., by hundreds in jails; such jails as were provided then, rife with malignant fevers and every horror. James II. declared to the Hon. Mr. Bertie that he had released 1230 Quakers, confined in different jails, at his accession.—(*Original Letters of Bertie, Retrospective Review*, Second Series, quoted in STRICKLAND'S *Queens of England*.)

THE UNDERSTANDING AND THE SPIRIT.

You place the whole stress of your inquiries upon reason; I am far from discarding reason, when it is enlightened and sanctified, but spiritual things must be spiritually discerned, and can be received and discerned no other way, for to our natural reason they are foolishness;

1 Cor. ii. 14, 15; Matt. xi. 25. This certain something I can no more describe to those who have not experienced it, than I could describe the taste of a pino-applo to a person who had never seen one. But scriptural proofs might be adduced in abundance, yet not so as to give a solid conviction of it till we actually experience it. . . . Upon your present plan how can I hope to satisfy you, though even St. Paul asserts it, that the carnal mind is enmity against God? You will readily agree with me to the proposition as it stands in St. Paul's words, but I think you will not so readily assent to what I have no more doubt than of my own existence is the sense of it—that the heart of man, of any man, every man, however apparently amiable in his outward conduct, however benevolent to his fellow-creatures, however abundant and zealous in his devotions, is *by nature* enmity against God; not indeed against the idea he himself forms of God, but against the character which God has revealed of himself in the Scriptures. Man is an enemy to the justice, sovereignty, and law of God, and to the alone method of salvation he has appointed *in the gospel*. . . . Whatever is of the flesh is flesh, and can rise no higher than its principle.—(NEWTON'S *Cardiphonia*.)

FRUITS OF CHRISTIANITY.

If the principles of the Christian religion were well rooted in the hearts of all mankind, what excellent fruit would they produce! There

would be no more wars, nor rumours of wars. Kingdom would not rise against kingdom, nor nation against nation; but all princes would be at peace with their neighbours; and their subjects at unity among themselves, striving about nothing but which should serve God best, and do most good in the world.—(HOLT's *Extracts*.)

HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath *humility*.

When Mary chose the 'better part,'
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently-opened heart,
Was made for God's own temple meet:
Fairest and best adorned is she,
Whose clothing is *humility*.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most, when most his soul ascends;
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of *humility*.—(MONTGOMERY.)

GENERAL CAUSE OF WAR.

It is apparent that lust of power, and the senseless quarrels of princes, are generally the causes of *wars*, and of the devastations and slaughter of their subjects attending them. About 100

years ago, the King of Pegu made war against the King of Siam, with an army of above 1,000,000 of foot, 200,000 horse, 5000 elephants, 3000 camels, &c. The cause of this *war* was to take two white elephants from the King of Siam; and to do the like from the King of Pegu, the Kings of African and Tangu waged *war* with him.—(*Considerations on War.*)

LOVE INSEPARABLE FROM TRUTH.

WE should hold the truth with firmness, but it should also be *in love*; otherwise, zeal for orthodoxy may dictate such violent measures, as shall more distract the church, and injure the cause of Christ, than false teachers themselves could do. But by *faith which worketh by love*, we grow up into Christ in all things; and acting in a believing loving spirit, every minister and Christian, as a part of that body of which Christ is the head, contributes to the proportion, union, and prosperity of the whole.'

CHRISTIANITY AND THE WORLD.

I AM not inclined to view things in a gloomy aspect. Christianity must undergo a renovation. If God has sent his Son, and has declared that he will exalt him on his throne, the earth and all that inherit it are contemptible in the view of such a plan! If this be God's design, proceed it does and proceed it will. Christianity is such a holy and spiritual affair, that perhaps

all human institutions are to be destroyed to make way for it. Men may fashion things as they will; but, if there is no effusion of the Spirit of God on their institutions, they will remain barren and lifeless. Many Christians appear to have forgotten this.—(CECIL.)

PROOF OF HUMILITY.

HE that thinks little of himself can bear to be thought little of by others.—(SERLE.)

EXCESSIVE SEIZURE FOR CHURCH-RATES.

ONE hundred and eight cane chairs were taken from William Hughes of No. 7, Scott's Yard, Cannon Street, London, on the 22d of the seventh month, 1845, by R. Ibbett, auctioneer, 167, Fleet Street, for a demand of £9, by a warrant procured by Ford Hale of Cannon Street, and Frederick Barry of Turnwheel Lane, church-wardens of St. Mary Bothaw. In the spring of 1844, sixty chairs were taken from the same individual for tithes, together 168 in about fifteen months.

There is *no church at all* in the parish.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

IN 1834, the monthly meeting of Hobart Town, in Van Dieman's Land, received an application for membership from a person who adopted the

principles of Friends on conscientious grounds. The father of this person became convinced of the accordancy of the principles of Friends with the gospel, in consequence of reading a copy of Barclay's *Apology*, which he purchased in London from a person who had seized it from a Friend for an ecclesiastical demand.—(JAMES BACKHOUSE'S *Journal*.)

DEATHS OF FRIENDS IN PRISON UP TO THE YEAR 1690.

J. BESSE gives the names of 366 Friends, as the total number who died in the British dominions, 'under sufferings for their religious testimony,' from the first rise of the Society, to the year 1690. What proportion does this number bear to that of those who generally died more violent deaths, in the persecutions under Queen Mary?

IN TIMES OF PERSECUTION THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS PROSPERED AND INCREASED.

IN 1685, at the close of the reign of Charles II., the number of Friends imprisoned in Cornwall at one time was twenty-eight; of whom nineteen had been premunired, and had remained under confinement for two years, two had been immured for three years, and one for seven years. In the following year they were all discharged under a general pardon from King James II. It is worthy of remark that, in those times of severe persecution, the Society prospered and

greatly increased in numbers, but as suffering ceased there was an evident decline.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE DEPARTURE OF THE 'GREAT WESTERN'
FROM LIVERPOOL, ON THE 23D OF 8TH MONTH, 1845.

By this vessel a committee embarked, appointed
by the Yearly Meeting in London, to go over to
America, to endeavour to heal a breach amongst
Friends in that country.

THE vessel sails, and bears away
Our brethren from our view,
But O! may He still be their stay
Who can their strength renew,
And give them power when storms assail,
'To trust in Him who ne'er will fail.

May He convey them safely o'er
The ocean's stormy wave,
Give them to feel still more and more
'That He is strong to save;
Then, may He grant them full success,
And every effort deign to bless.

And when—their work of love complete—
They cross the boisterous main,
May He permit them yet to meet
Their much loved friends again,
And on their heads the blessing pour
Promised to those who peace restore.

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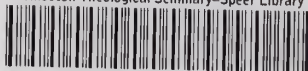
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